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THE EKLY ★

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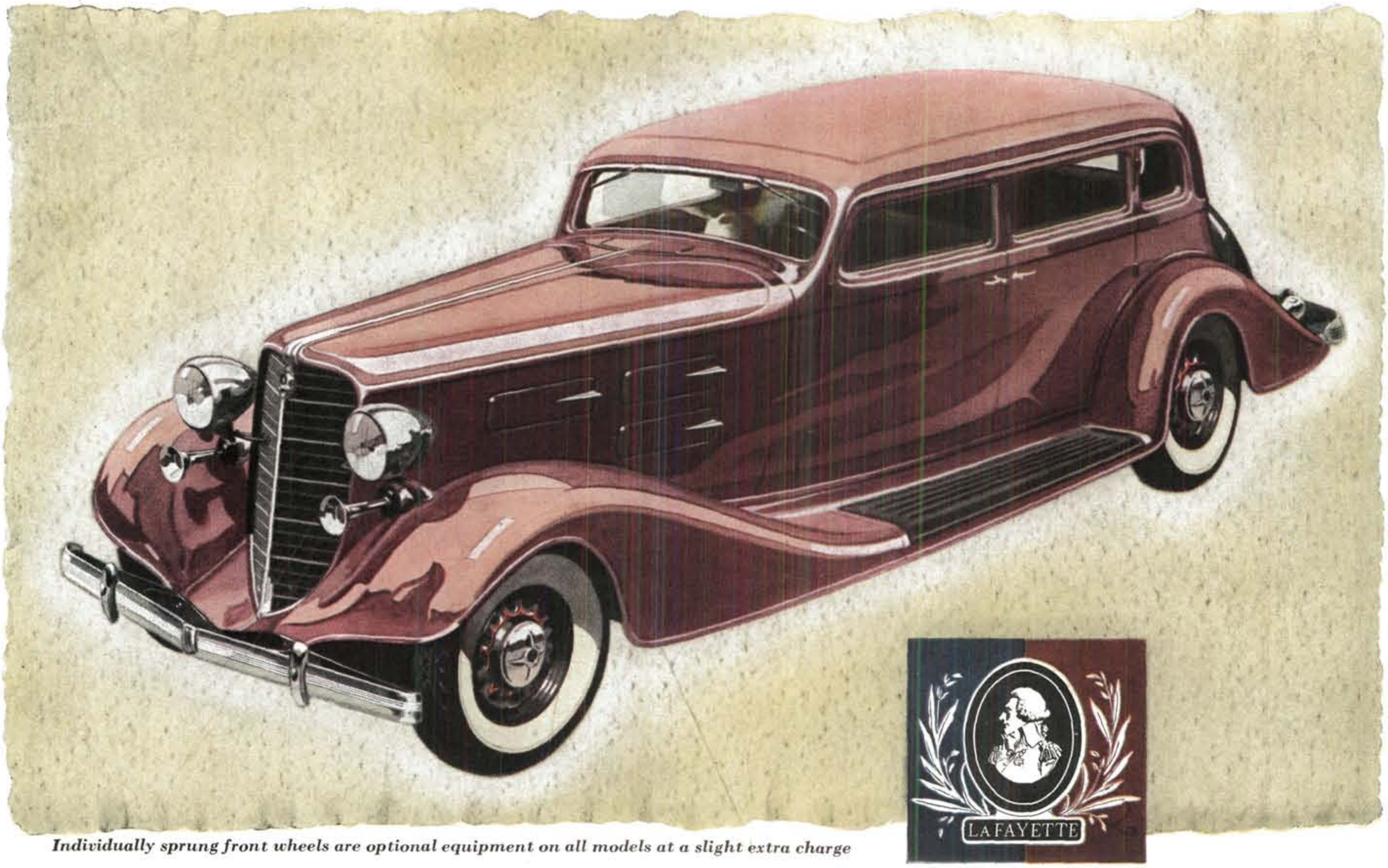
Frances Tipton Hunter

Must Russia Fight Japan? By M W. Vaughn

PRIL 7, 1934



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The new "jeweled movement" LaFayette, created by Nash, is definitely *bigger*, more beautiful. But there is something else. People have discovered it. The LaFayette is a *new kind* of low-priced car.

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Nash can give them to you in the new LaFayette because this company knows how to build fine cars more economically. Every vital part of the new LaFayette has been tested and proved by Nash over a period of years.

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NASH DEALERS EVERYWHERE ARE NOW DISPLAYING THE NEW LAFAYETTE. Five six-cylinder models: Five-passenger, Four-door Sedan, $695; Five-passenger Touring Sedan with trunk, $685; Two-passenger Coupe, $635; Four-passenger Coupe (rumble seat), $675; Five-passenger, Two-door Sedan, $645. All prices f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. . . . . . . NASH sixes and eights, four series: $775 to $2055 f. o. b. factory. Prices subject to change without notice

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A Man and his Dandruff are soon pa
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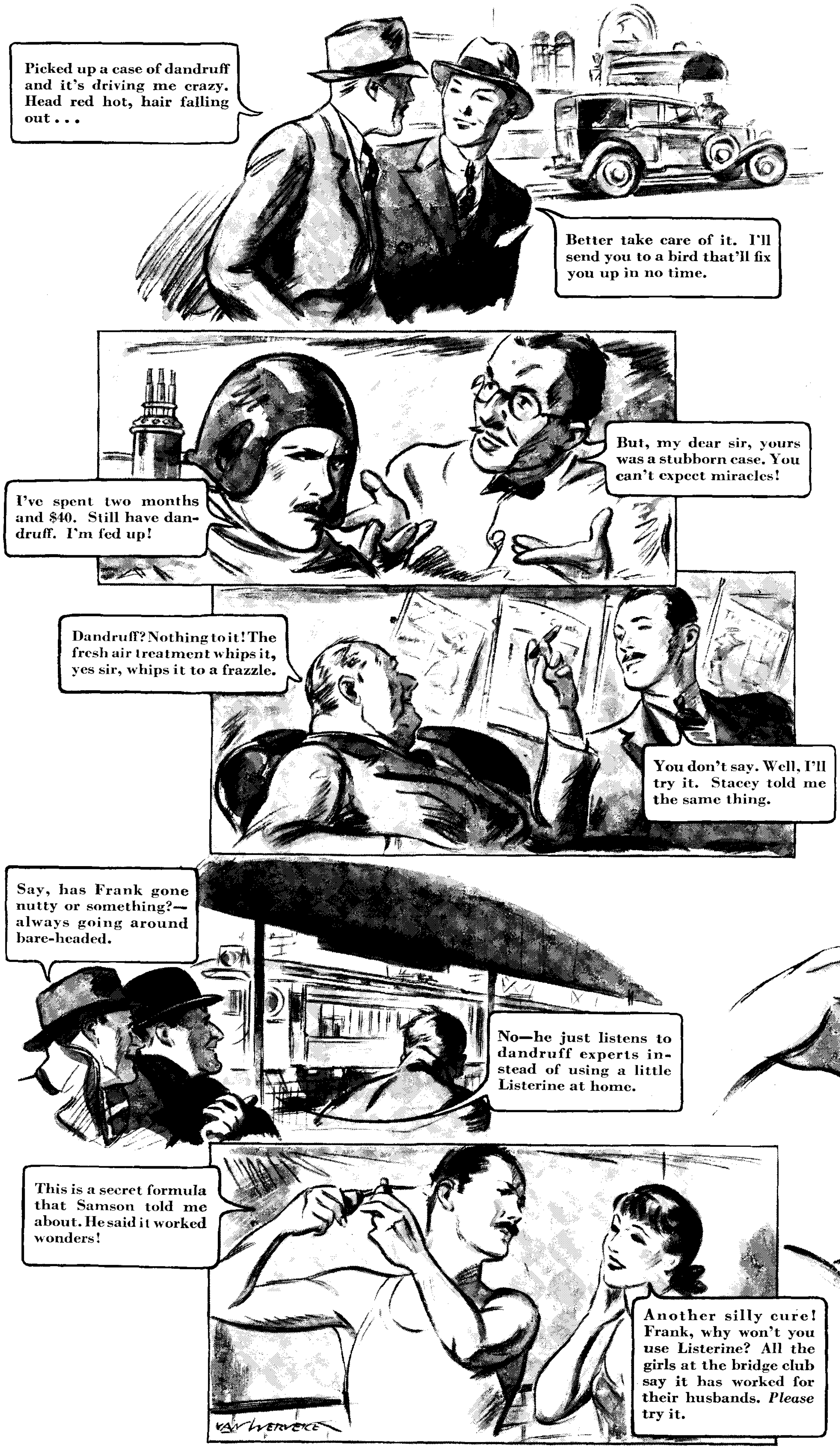

Picked up a case of dandruff and it's driving me crazy. Head red hot, hair falling out . . .
Better take care of it. I'll send you to a bird that'll fix you up in no time.
I've spent two months and $40. Still have dandruff. I'm fed up!
But, my dear sir, yours was a stubborn case. You can't expect miracles!
Dandruff? Nothing to it! The fresh air treatment whips it, yes sir, whips it to a frazzle.
You don't say. Well, I'll try it. Stacey told me the same thing.
Say, has Frank gone nutty or something?—always going around bare-headed.
No—he just listens to dandruff experts instead of using a little Listerine at home.
This is a secret formula that Samson told me about. He said it worked wonders!
Another silly cure! Frank, why won't you use Listerine? All the girls at the bridge club say it has worked for their husbands. *Please* try it.
VAN WERVEKE

Listerine treatment often gets brilliant results within 7 days

Removes scales and crust—cleanses and invigorates the scalp

If your head feels hot and itchy, if your hair is beginning to fall, if you show the slightest evidence of loose dandruff, get to work with Listerine at once. You will be delighted to find how quickly it attacks this irritating and humiliating condition. Thousands have used it successfully.

Most men experiment around with complicated and expensive so-called cures before finding, in the end, that Listerine would have done the job for them at little cost and in a short time.

The treatment is ridiculously simple. Just douse Listerine on the head and massage thoroughly with the finger tips either before or after the soap and water shampoo. Often one treatment will get results. Even stubborn cases frequently yield in seven days. If the scalp is dry, use a little olive or castor oil in conjunction with the Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
checks
Dandruff

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IF YOU had seen T. Stuart Blaisdel coming down the steps of University Hall, in tweeds, swinging a rough ash stick, you might have mistaken him for a tailor's drawing of correct informality.

But the men who came back to Harvard from the war had had experience in separating appearance from reality. They had seen, on German gas masks, leather that looked like leather but was made of paper and crumbled in the rain. It was *Ersatz*, substitute, counterfeit, fake.

The first time Tab King saw Assistant Dean Blaisdel, he knew him for what he was—a counterfeit. But the girl Tab loved was engaged to marry him. So there was nothing to do about it. In the end, though, any *Ersatz* gives itself away. Bernard DeVoto, in a bright and dramatic love story, tells you how Assistant Dean Blaisdel did it.

VERY soon a dam is going to burst. It's our duty to warn you. After the deluge has passed over, you'll probably not recognize your world.

The dam in question is the late economic depression. Behind it the flood waters of inventive genius have been piling up with dizzying speed. Now the results are apparent, but only in research laboratories and workrooms. Mr. W. B. Courtney has been tiptoeing about in these hatcheries of the future—in Pittsburgh, in Cleveland, in Schenectady. Next week he gives you a preview of the brave new world that lies in wait for us. "There's a Great Day Coming."

CERTAIN ships are born with a curse upon them. The curses differ. They make some ships killers, some suicides; they made the Pole Star a mischievous tomboy. Her jokes broke her owner's heart, and she seemed to chuckle when she heard him swear. You'd think she hadn't a serious timber in her, but just the same she ended the revolution in Benzara with one sweep of her rusty stern. Albert Richard Wetjen tells you about "The Jonah" in an uproarious comedy of the sea.

ERIN insisted that they get married. They could get a divorce immediately afterward, but everything was arranged and they had to go through with the ceremony. Then she insisted on going west with him. That's how Roger earned his "Diploma in Women." Marian Sims writes the story.

THE Short Short Story is by Fannie Hurst. Ernest Haycox and Arthur Somers Roche continue the serials. And Quentin Reynolds, George S. Brooks, Ray Tucker and others supply you with zest and variety. You do the reading.

This Week

●

April 7, 1934

Cover by Frances Tipton Hunter

MILES W. VAUGHN
Must Russia Fight Japan? **The low-down on the smoldering conflict in the Orient, given by an expert. A brilliant article.** Page 7

FREDERICK NEBEL
Unfriendly Call. **In the tropics, where colors are bright.** Page 10

ROARK BRADFORD
The Witch of Willow Chute. **Black magic on Little Bee Bend.** Page 12

ROLAND PERTWEE
Shock Tactics. **The comic possibilities of injudicious divorce.** Page 14

FRANK BUCK
Bull Strength. **Elephants at close range.** Page 16

ELMER DAVIS
In Office Hours. **The love story of a girl who was fond of lost sheep.** Page 17

ERNEST HAYCOX
Rough Air, Part VIII. **The district attorney opens fire.** Page 18

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Part V. **Who could be impartial about Rose Ames?** Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Garrison Finish, **by George S. Brooks.** Page 22

KYLE CRICHTON
The Roar of the Serfs. **Sounds of turmoil from the camp of the Athletics.** Page 24

RAY TUCKER
Soft Answerer. **Cordell Hull, amiable diverter of wrath.** Page 28

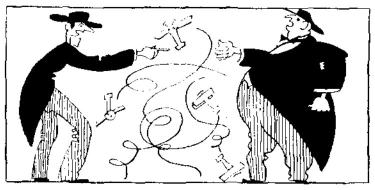
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **What do you know?** Page 49

EDITORIAL
The Answer Can't Be "No." Page 58

●

Any Week

MRS. LORA B. CLOHRER of Chattanooga, Tennessee, wants it understood that she is not a bitter woman, having learned a lot about tolerance "in eighteen years of a just and happy married life." "But," says she, "the families of the young Army air pilots who lost their lives in their heroic and unprepared attempt to carry the mails and at the same time uphold the traditions of the Army must have enjoyed the passage at arms between Postmaster General Farley and his predecessor regarding each other's veracity."



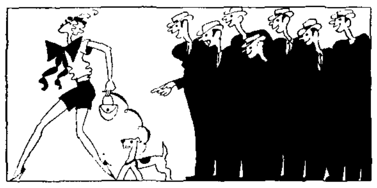
AND from Miss Edith Gresham of New York City we learn of an error in Eddie Cantor's recollections of Flo Ziegfeld. Miss Gresham is the daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Gresham, who directed the principals in Mr. Ziegfeld's first Follies. Mr. Cantor had it that Mr. Gresham, a Chicagoan, married one of those principals—Miss Lillian Lorraine. Mr. Cantor was wrong. Miss Gresham tells us that her father was born in London, England, came to America with Mr. Henry E. Dixey in Adonis, and in 1895 married Miss Martha Ford of Baltimore, Miss Gresham's mother. This marriage continued, Miss Gresham informs us, until Mr. Gresham's death about thirteen years ago. We are, of course, very pleased to set this straight.

JUDGE JOHN I. PALMER of the District Court in Saguache, Colorado, invites us to recall that "in his inaugural address President Roosevelt quoted from Proverbs as follows: 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' Was it by accident," continues Judge Palmer "or design that he omitted the concluding clause, 'But he that keepeth the law, happy is he'? Subsequent events seem to indicate that this clause does not fit in with the New Deal."

REMINDING us that our friend, the Reverend Millard L. Robinson, secretary of the New York Bible Society, told us last week that in 1933 his organization distributed 755,272 volumes of that invaluable Book in seventy-nine foreign languages. Making us hope that it all means that more and more people are taking to our favorite Book of Ecclesiastes. We used to have an ambition to memorize the whole twelve chapters and go around quoting it to the populace.

FROM his office in Buena Vista, Virginia, where he is president of Southern Seminary, Doctor Robert Lee Durham looks with what amounts to askance at Quentin Reynolds' "Straight from the Feed Box," which, as you well know, was about horse-training in Florida. "Methinks," writes Doctor Durham, "I hear a snort from the grave of my Grandfather Tracy, who, as a boy in the 1830's, rode his father's quarter-milers Yankee Doodle and Red Legs on the race paths of South Carolina's hill country. It was professional stuff. . . . The horses jumped off from a standing start and won with speed, not wind, and they were never 'cold,' not even for that short flash of power. It is not surprising that with this cold treatment Mr. Reynolds' Waterspout has been taught to 'neigh softly.' All of which spurs this horse lover to yell quietly."

NOW here's somethin' we'd like to make pretty clear. When we published the pictures of those two girls in Betty Thornley Stuart's article, "In Short," we hadn't any idea that so much furor was going to ensue. Any number of young fellows are demanding names and addresses. And Mr. H. Eugene Reneau of Electra, Texas, informs us that a pretty hot argument is thriving there regarding the comparative beauty of those same girls. But what we want to impress upon you lads is that we're not as young as we once were. Therefore, we decline firmly and finally to have anything to do with the matter.



WE WERE just about to answer this one offhand—dismiss it airily. Luckily we caught ourselves. Doubts assail us; and when that happens we're said to be a sorry sight. It's a question from Mr. F. G. Locke of Fly Creek, New York. "Do you think," inquires Mr. Locke, "that all the New Dealers will be able to exist after they have exhausted the taxpayers? Rugged individualism is usually found among the managers. Would" (and here's the part that had us down) "Collier's be a better magazine if it were managed by its printers?"

"COLLIER'S," writes Mr. John Hubert Mee of San Francisco, California, "is a pretty good book and not too crazy."

JUST enough.

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A. B. Dick Company, Chicago

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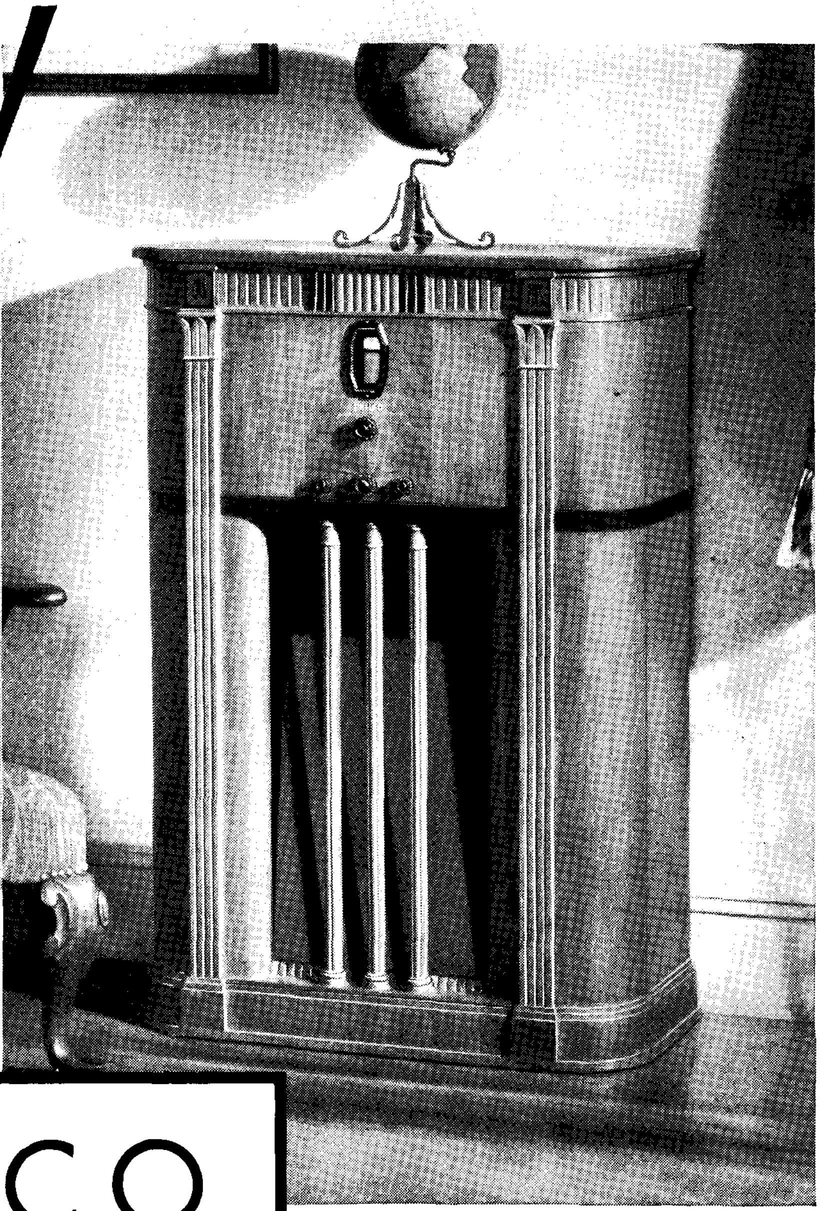

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Prices slightly higher Denver and West—All prices subject to change without notice.

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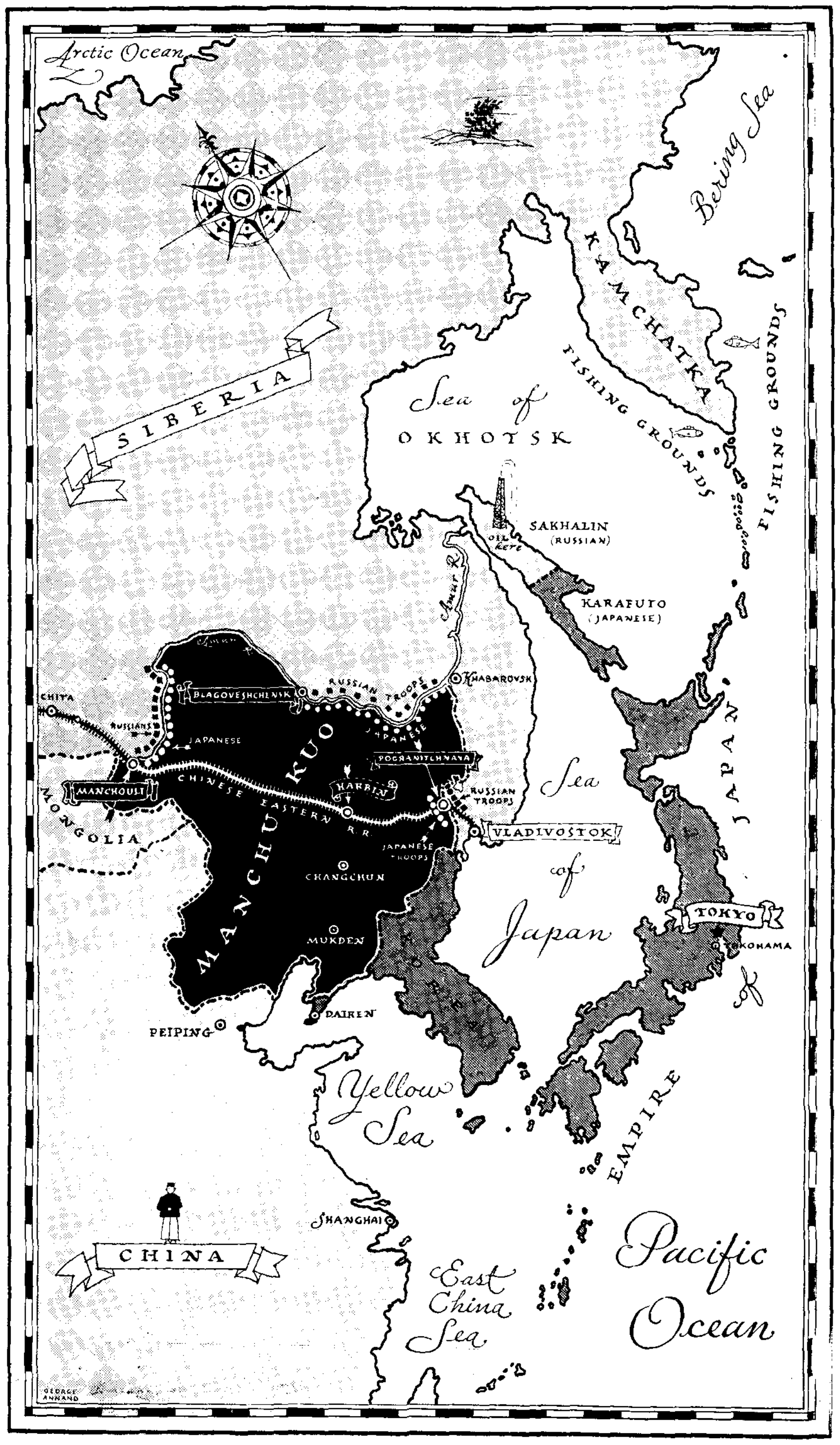
Must Russia Fight Japan?

Six hundred Soviet airplanes are massed on the eastern frontier. Across the frozen surface of the Amur River rival armies snarl at each other. Will the spring thaw bring war? Many think that it must. Here Mr. Vaughn, who for years has been following at first hand the intricacies of Oriental politics, gives you his reasons for thinking it will not

By Miles W. Vaughn

Keystone

Empire builders in action. Japanese field guns support an infantry advance during the occupation of Manchuria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Sea of OKHOTSK
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Yellow Sea
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CHINA
East China Sea
Pacific Ocean
GEORGE ANNAND

JAPAN and Russia are preparing for war.

That declaration has been drummed into the ears of an apprehensive world for more than two years. In the past two months it has been reiterated in the shrill tones of immediate horror.

But is it true?

"No!" says Tokyo.

"We fear we will be attacked," says Moscow.

"Probably," says the rest of the world.

Let us examine the facts. Why should the two greatest powers in the Orient risk their very existences in a bloody test which would leave both of them crippled? Why should two nations, both of which have known the odium of almost universal condemnation, again pour acid on the raw nerves of a civilization still quivering from the horrors of Armageddon?

There are plenty of reasons.

First is the Chinese Eastern Railway. Russia has fought to retain control of it in the past. She may fight to regain it.

Second is the Amur River. Rival Soviet and Japanese armies today snarl at each other across its frozen surface.

Third is the fundamental foreign policy of each country—policies which are aimed at domination of Asia.

Fourth—and a very important reason it is—Japan has not yet convinced the world that her army is under the control of her government.

Fifth is the perennial quarrel between Muscovites and the descendants of the tribesmen of Yamato for exploitation of the rich fishing areas off Kamchatka.

Sixth is a broad conflict in civilizations—in fundamental beliefs.

But there are just as good reasons to believe neither power wants, or will risk, a major struggle. They include:

First, the Emperor of Japan.

Second, the General Staff of the Imperial Japanese Army, which has its hands very full in Manchuria.

Third, the United States of America.

Fourth, the aggressive opinion of the Japanese people.

Fifth, the peculiar commercial positions of both nations.

Sixth, the fact that the time is not ripe for either country to strike.

Now let us examine these points in detail.

Why should Japan and Russia fight about the Chinese Eastern Railway? Tokyo describes it as an antiquated streak of rust connecting Manchouli with Pogranitchnaya—a railway which has ceased to have a reason to exist. But Moscow does not. Stalin considers it worth $200,000,000.

Look at your map. You will see the broad bow of north Manchuria—or shall we call it the Empire of Manchukuo?—pressing into the vitals of Siberia.

Manchouli is at the left end of the bow, Vladivostok at the right.

The string is the Chinese Eastern—renamed by Manchukuo the North Manchuria Railway.

It has a tragic history. "Every cross-tie represents the life of a man," say the Chinese.

Russia's Key to the Pacific

Built by Russia with money borrowed from France—on soil that was once Chinese—it was a potent instrument of that grandiose dream of imperialism which played so great a part in wrecking Russian czarism.

Russia lost the railway once, twice, but each time she regained it. And each time she regained it with cannon and bombs. Why did she fight for it? Because it is a vital link in her communications. Because it is part of the direct line from Moscow to Vladivostok. Because, without it, Russian armies can retain control of Vladivostok, in event of war, only by a miracle.

And Russia must retain Vladivostok, her only port in the Pacific, if she is to be even a factor in Oriental affairs.

Vladivostok is to Russia on the Asiatic mainland what Dairen is to Japan, and more. And to Japan Dairen is an only base in northern Asia except in the Japanese possession of Korea.

If Vladivostok is lost Kamchatka is lost. If Kamchatka is lost the basin of the Amur River is lost, the north Pacific fishing grounds are lost, the oil fields of Sakhalin are lost.

Look at that map again.

Sakhalin is a large island almost directly north of Tokyo. It all but touches Japan's island chain, which flanks it to the south and east.

The southern half of the island belongs to Japan. The northern half to Russia. And—on the northern half are rich petroleum fields. And—the Imperial Japanese navy desperately needs a supply of fuel oil. It now buys most of that oil from the United States with yen worth less than three to the dollar.

One understands Moscow does not want to lose the Chinese Eastern Railway.

In 1928 Marshal Chang Hsiao-liang, that likable and shy youth who inherited Manchuria from his bandit father, Chang Tso-lin, coveted the Chinese Eastern and took it by force. He did not keep it long. The Red army of Russia massed on the frozen Manchu-Siberian border near Manchouli. Moscow spoke softly, "Let us negotiate." Chang replied by seizing the gold hoard of the line's general management in Harbin. Then Russia spoke.

Red bombing planes roared out of Siberia and bombed Hailar. Red cavalry thundered across the steppes. Red cannon roared.

Chang Hsiao-liang awoke from his dreams of grandeur with a headache.

Moscow was again master of the C. E. R. Vladivostok was safe.

The Russian bear again was a power in Asia.

But in 1932 it was a different story.

Japan Comes to Manchuria

On the night of September 18, 1931, somebody exploded a bomb on the main line of Japan's great South Manchurian Railway near Mukden. It was a signal for a succession of events which stunned the world, crippled the League of Nations, wrecked the structure of a machine for the preservation of peace painfully constructed by statesmen from Woodrow Wilson to Frank Billings Kellogg and set Japan on a path which may lead to her domination of Asia and an unquestioned position as one of the greatest of world powers.

The bomb was exploded at 10 o'clock at night. By dawn all key points in south and central Manchuria were in Japanese hands. A quarter of a million crack Chinese troops were scattering and in retreat.

In Peiping Chang Hsiao-liang summoned his able friend, Sir Miles Lampson, who was British minister to China. Cables hummed to London, to Washington, to Geneva, to Tokyo.

Harried Japanese diplomats tried to explain. But the imperial army marched on. It marched toward Mongolia, toward the Amur River.

In Tokyo the Cabinet was soon to fall. Baron Kijuro Shidehara, one-time ambassador to Washington, perennial Japanese foreign minister, advocate of "patience with and friendship for China," slumped at his desk a broken man.

"All news from now on will be bad news," he said as he went into retirement.

But the army marched on.

Its eyes were on the Chinese Eastern Railway.

In Geneva harried leaders of the League of Nations called a meeting of the council. The council adopted a resolution, another resolution, a series of resolutions.

Tokyo tried to explain.

But the army marched on.

In Washington Herbert Hoover summoned his Secretary of State.

In London an unbelieving Foreign Office sent frantic instructions to its ambassador to Japan, to its representatives at Geneva, to its minister to China.

Ewing Galloway

Vladivostok, Russia's only port on the Pacific, is of vital importance

Secretary Stimson issued a statement.

London issued a statement.

Tokyo issued a statement.

But the army marched on. It marched toward Mongolia, toward Harbin, toward the Chinese Eastern Railway.

The pistols of assassins flamed in Tokyo and Tsuyoshi Inukai was called to form a new government.

Inukai himself fell before an assassin. The army still marched.

The Assembly of the League of Nations, after the League had sent the austere Earl of Lytton to Manchuria to investigate conditions "on the spot," adopted a resolution condemning Japan.

Emperor Hirohito retaliated with a rescript. Japan left the League.

The army marched on—it occupied the C. E. R.

Japan was united behind the sword. The Emperor had spoken.

Henry Pu-Yi, one-time boy Emperor of China, called from his retreat in the Japanese Concession in Tientsin, was seated in a chair in Changchun that was to grow into an imperial throne as the name of the railway junction was changed to Hsinking—the "New Capital."

A Game with Tremendous Stakes

Moscow watched these events in seething silence.

Red diplomacy never played a harder game. Maxim Litvinov, at Geneva, tried to win a trick with a speech condemning Japan. The League would hardly let him in the game. But Moscow showed no sign of irritation. Instead the Soviet leaders took advantage of the presence of Japan's new foreign minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, in Moscow, to propose a Soviet-Japanese nonaggression pact. The Japanese army said no. Yoshizawa temporized. The army had the Chinese Eastern Railway and it was not going to talk about it.

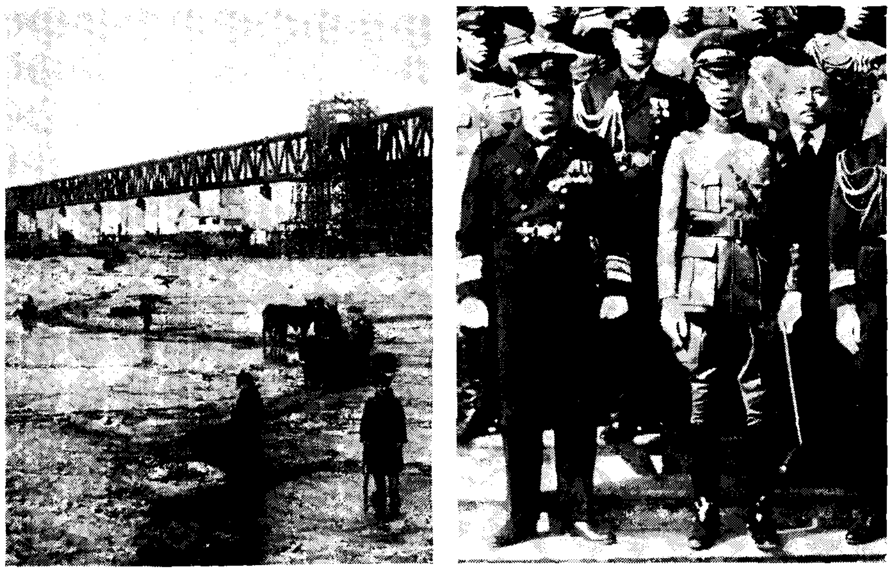
As the smoke cleared and Japan granted formal diplomatic recognition to the infant state of Manchukuo—admittedly a child of the imperial army—Russia played her next card.

Moscow blandly offered to sell her title to the railroad. She had a title—one wrested from China and at least tacitly agreed to by Japan.

Tokyo was equally bland.

Japan, it was explained, had nothing whatever to do with the Chinese Eastern Railway. The railway was in Manchukuo. Manchukuo was an independent state. If Russia wanted to sell a railway in Manchukuo it was certainly none of Japan's business.

Stalin almost lost his temper. He could afford to be irritable, for he had just told the world that Russia had shifted her giant industrial program from one of peace to one of war. Red troops were massing on the Manchurian border. Red airplanes zoomed over them.



Wide World

Acme

A modern railway bridge on the Chinese Eastern at Harbin. Right, Admiral Kobayashi, Japanese naval head, and Henry Pu-Yi, Emperor of Manchukuo

The world knew of Manchukuo being a puppet state of Japan, Stalin stormed. Tokyo said nothing.

Moscow then made the best of a bad offer and agreed to deal with Manchukuo, in a conference in Tokyo, with the Japanese government tendering its "good offices."

Tokyo's diplomatic corps snickered as the Manchurian and Soviet delegates arrived. Here was one of the strangest conferences of a conference-mad world. And, like other conferences of the era, it came to naught.

Russia offered to sell the Chinese Eastern to Manchukuo for 400,000,000 gold yen or about $200,000,000. Ohuichi Ohashi, who quit the Japanese diplomatic service to become foreign minister of the new Manchurian state, offered 50,000,000 paper yen and added, gratuitously, that "it wasn't worth that."

The Russian pot boiled over.

A Warning from Russia

Events were not moving badly for the red bear.

Maxim Litvinov had made a hurried trip to Washington in response to an invitation from President Roosevelt. The United States and Russia had agreed to the establishment of normal diplomatic relations. Alexander Troyanovsky, one-time Soviet ambassador in Tokyo and an expert on Far East affairs, was in Washington.

And China, too, under pressure of the loss of her "three eastern provinces," as Nanking called Manchuria, had patched up her difficulties with Mos-

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1,500,000 Japanese fishermen depend on the disputed fishing grounds of Kamchatka

cow and sent an ambassador to Russia.

Russia was not down and out in the Orient.

Stalin showed his teeth. He snarled of "swinish snouts" to his Russian Communist Party Congress and, mentioning Japan by name, warned the owners of those snouts out of the Russian "potato patch."

War Commissar Voroshilov echoed the cry and was seconded by General Vassily Bleucher, who had been virtual commander of the Chinese revolution until ousted by Chiang Kai-shek. Bleucher is commander of the Russian army in the Far East and he served blunt notice to Japan and the world that his troops were prepared to fight "if Russian soil is invaded."

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The boundary line on Sakhalin Island. Russia's half produces much oil, which the Japanese need badly

That "if" should be remembered. It runs through all the train of belligerent Red asseverations. It has run through them ever since the Japanese army occupied the Chinese Eastern Railway. It is an "if" which may mean that Russia hopes and believes she is not going to fight.

But Russian and Japanese troops still face each other across the Amur, and when troops face each other is there not always danger? Of course there is. It would be greater if the Amur were not a wide stream. It would be greater if the troops were not well disciplined. It would be greater if the peoples of each country really wanted to fight.

Armies have confronted each other without fighting. They can do it again. Japan has less than 70,000 soldiers in all Manchuria and there is no indication from Tokyo that that number will be increased. Russia has some 300,000 on her side of the border—and Russia has pledged the world she will not attack.

But there is still that question of fundamental foreign policies. Both Russia and Japan would like to be dominant in Asia. Moscow showed its hand when General Bleucher and the able Michael Borodin joined with that great dreamer, Sun Yat Sen, to put life in the Chinese revolution in Canton a decade ago. They trained troops who swept through the valley of the Yangtze River to Peking and renamed that ancient capital Peiping—City of Peace. They also trained a youth named Chiang Kai-shek, who took their revolution away from them and drove the Russians across the desolate plains of eastern Asia to Moscow. Chiang Kai-shek has played many hands in the modern oriental war game and—he was educated in Japan.

When Japan drove through Jehol last spring to the gates of Peiping to consolidate Manchukuo within its ancient boundaries Chiang remained in Nanking and he kept his crack troops there. He always has been careful not to irritate Nippon. Chinese are practical. Japan is certainly nearer to dominating Asia now than any other power—far nearer than Russia—and Chinese are not given to violating a proverb which warns them of the danger of tweaking the whiskers of a tiger.

Japan's High-Handed Army

Those who watch the actions of Chinese leaders always will gain a good idea of relative Russo-Japanese power in Asiatic councils.

And it should be remembered this desire for Asiatic domination is a permanent policy in both Moscow and Tokyo. Neither side has to hasten—certainly neither need leap into an immediate war.

Now we come to the status of the Japanese army. Why is it not entirely under the control of the Tokyo Cabinet? Why is that lack of control a possible reason for war?

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A Russian woman pilot, and she's actually in the Army Air Corps. Right, a Red army anti-aircraft training unit

The army is largely independent simply because it always has been. The army announces itself to be the "repository of the imperial tradition." Roughly that means it is the defender of the Emperor and responsible to the Emperor alone. It does not admit that it is, in times of national stress, even bound to report its activities to a parliamentary government. During the fighting in Manchuria frequently it did not report to the Cabinet. At times it even acted in open defiance of the Cabinet's wishes.

To understand all this one must study carefully the history of Japan. At the Restoration, after an American sailor had opened to occidental trade the hermit empire that was Nippon, Japan was ruled by a feudal hierarchy. Feudalism rested on the sword. And only warriors, the *Samurai*, were allowed to carry swords. When the imperial family was restored to power the warriors had to be disposed of. They were put into the army and navy. They carried with them their warlike tradition, their fetish of blind loyalty, all the virtues and the vices of a heritage in which the sword was worshiped as a holy thing—a symbol of bravery and purity.

Thus the Japanese armed services have a background of narrow and intense loyalty. That loyalty is to the imperial tradition—not to Parliament. It is a loyalty based partly on the finest traditions of a magnificent knighthood—partly on self-interest.

It was the conflict between Parliament and the armed services, essentially, which led to the series of political assassinations that ended with the murder of Premier Inukai by soldiers and sailors. The descendants of the *Samurai* were sick of "corrupt party politics." So sick that some of them favored the murder of all politicians.

And how is all this a threat to Russia? It potentially is a threat because it means the army might start a struggle with Russia to suit its own purposes. On May 15, 1932, the date Inukai was assassinated coincidentally with the bombing of "capitalistic institutions" in Tokyo, Japanese believed they were very near a military dictatorship—to a government by, of and for the army. Many of them feel that threat is not yet removed. They know the Japanese army could start a war with Russia if it wanted to and that it could force the country to go along with it just as it did in the early days of the Manchurian adventure.

The army is not likely to abandon its thesis that in time of stress, subject to the will of the Emperor, it is the supreme power in Japan—with the right to decide national policy as it may wish.

Successive civilian governments have tried in vain to destroy this precedent. None has come even near success. The army may yield for a time, as it did in the decade after the World War, but when a crisis comes it takes power in its own hands.

An Emperor in the Background

For the army envisages itself as identical with the Emperor, and the Emperor, by virtue of Article XIII of the Constitution, has the right to declare war, to make peace, and to conclude treaties.

But in practice the Emperor rarely takes an active part in exercising these powers. "The Emperor is all powerful because he does not use his power," Japanese say. That is typically Japanese and literally true.

To an Occidental it is impossible to understand the exact status of Japan's ruler. He is, by virtue of a constitution he granted his people, supreme commander of the army and navy. He determines the organization and the peace standing of the armed services.

(Continued on page 46)

Unfriendly Call

By Frederick Nebel

In which some old scores are settled by a man and a woman—a story of Malaya, where they're still wondering what happened. For scoundrels can be silent, on occasion

SHE found it difficult to run, for during the excitement and in her haste to get away she had lost one of her gray satin slippers. So she stopped and removed the other slipper; then, sobbing, she ran on through the darkness.

At her bungalow, she flew up the steps and, crossing the veranda, slipped into a large living-room where two amber-shaded floor lamps glowed.

The divan was convenient. She threw herself on it. Here she could cry to her heart's content, and she did. She had been hurt and humiliated many times during these past two years, but tonight, she felt, represented the last straw. And feeling this way about it, she cried harder, knowing how alone she was, how far removed from friends, real friends, the people she had grown up with. Here in Malaya she had never felt at home.

When her sobbing eased off, she lay breathing rapidly. She was afraid, physically afraid. How she dreaded his homecoming!

She rose and crept to the secretary and opened one of the drawers and stared down at the small Webley automatic. She shrank from the thought of ever using it; but still it might give her a sense of security to have it near at hand. Finally she picked it up, her breath catching, and jerked it open; the harsh sound its mechanism made frightened her. She hated guns. She hated all cruel things.

Turning, she hastened toward the inner corridor, but midway across the living-room she stopped short, almost tripping; for a man was standing in the doorway leading to the veranda. He was a young man, maybe thirty, with coarse, sandy hair that lay loosely on a broad head. His face was broad, pleasant, the cheeks solid but not fat, the jaw a mild wedge. The coat of his wrinkled tan suit was open, his hands making the pockets sag, and there was the dull gleam of a metal belt buckle.

Fortunately, she thought, her hand containing the gun was hidden to him by her body; but then instantly she reflected that he must have heard her pull it open. Her husband had remarked that soon he was expecting a machinery agent from Singapore.

THE man said, with a lazy, rueful smile: "I didn't mean to give you a start. Guess I was dozing on the veranda and didn't hear you come in. There was a houseboy who said I could wait." He was not apologetic in tone. His head was dipped a bit, the chin way down, and the upper half of his face was in shadow, so that she could not see his eyes distinctly; though she imagined an idle curiosity in his manner.

"You want to see Mr. Carewe?" she asked, trying not to be breathless, not succeeding.

He said "Yes" in his quiet, unhurried manner. "My name's Adams. . . . Mrs. Carewe?"

"Yes; yes, of course."

His slow smile was engaging. "Glad to know you." He spoke laconically, but good-humoredly. She felt that under other circumstances his presence, his personality, might be soothing; he appeared to be one of those comfortable young men, the way he rested indolently, back on his heels.

He was saying, "It was a nice night out and I walked over from the Rest House."

"You—you'll pardon me a moment?" she stammered; and then: "Will you have a drink?"

"Thanks, but the houseboy left a bottle before he turned in." He shrugged. "Don't let me bother you. I'll just hang around till Mr. Carewe shows up, if you don't mind."

"Do, please."

She went quickly to the inner corridor door, turned before entering to say, "It sounds familiar and good, your accent."

"So does yours. I was born in Bakersfield."

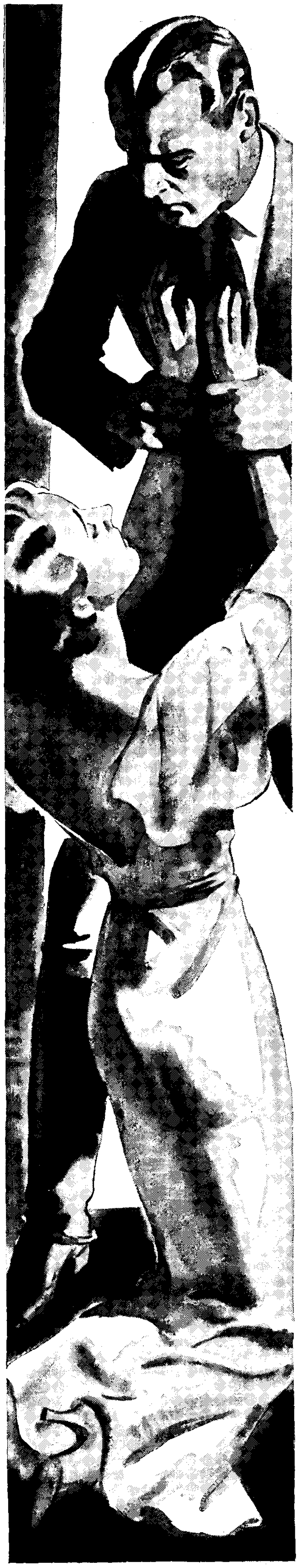
Her eyes glowed. "Santa Barbara!"

"Small world."

She nodded, biting down on her lower lip, feeling the tears behind her eyes. She turned quickly and entered the corridor, reached her room and turned on the twin lights flanking her dressing table. Sitting down before it, she leaned forward, raised a forefinger and lightly touched the small discoloration on her jaw. It wasn't the pain so much as the spectacle of it and the thought of it. Her lips quivered. And looking at the gun again, her throat closed, a tinge of horror touched her eyes. But presently she set her lips firmly, and then, with a little muffled sob, placed the gun in the drawer of the small table beside her bed.

ADAMS did not move for a long minute. By nature and inclination he was not the type to go through a lot of waste motion. Besides, he had taken on a number of whisky *stenghas* and felt comfortably lethargic. He was well set-up, fairly tall, but the way he carried himself, slack-shouldered, slack-hipped, did not do him complete justice. His hands were good—large, square-ended, tawny. A pressing would not have harmed his suit and his tie might have been done with more care.

He went out to the veranda table, mixed another drink and wandered with it unhurriedly back into the living-room, where he flopped down on the divan. He felt a damp spot on the cloth where she had cried and, remembering she had not had shoes on, he picked up the satin slipper, looked abstractedly at it and quite as abstractedly retained it while he drank.



She fell at his feet and cried, "Please, Hugh! You're hurting me horribly!"

His eyes after an interval slid sidewise to the secretary from which she had taken the gun. He'd heard her come up the veranda steps, crying that way, but he had not moved, had not wished to make his presence known, for it might have embarrassed them both. He had heard the gun being opened. Impulsively, he had gone to the doorway; and seeing her face, its wan anguish, the touch of strain, he had instantly regretted his act. Most men naturally shy away from emotional scenes, and Adams was no exception.

There was the sound of a car stopping out front; there were voices, blurred by the little distance; and then the sound of gears being remeshed. The purr of the car went away in the darkness as the hard rap of heels grew on the veranda steps. The screened door banged, the heels beat shortly on the veranda and then Carewe came, tall and straight, into the living-room.

He drew to attention like a soldier on parade, legs and arms straight, heels smartly together. He was a very smart-looking man, having the best tailor in Singapore, getting his hats from Bangkok and his boots from London. He wore his black hair close-cropped and his face was lean, deep brown, with flat temples and a bold Roman nose. His carriage was elegant. He rode better than anyone in the State of Perak, was a better pistol shot, excellent at polo and cricket and a good golfer, a fast, dangerous tennis player. He raised the best dogs and was an ardent sportsman, loved anything that was truly and spectacularly male. He was head of the tin mines here, owning a financial interest as well, and was popular at the Residency.

"Hello, Hugh," Adams said, smiling sleepily over the rim of his glass; he added, "To you, kid," and drank.

CAREWE stood like one rooted, the color driven magically from his face, his eyes wide and round, shocked, surprised, frozen in their sockets. Then he made a sharp quarter turn, strode across the room, plucked a cigarette from a humidor and with his back to Adams lit up. His hand, strong, smooth, well-groomed, did not shake. He blew the match out, let it drop to a brass tray. Pivoting, he said in a low, taut voice:

"When did you get in?"

"A little while ago."

Carewe picked up a chair and carried it toward the divan, his long legs moving with a fine limberness. He sat down close to Adams, facing him, and folded his arms, clamped fingers down securely on his biceps. His voice was very low, deep:

"Well?"

"Surprised?"

"Moderately."

Adams chuckled to himself and leaned over, placing his glass on the floor. A patch of sandy hair fell across his forehead but he did not bother to push it back. Humor crinkled the corners of his good-natured eyes. He said quietly, almost confidentially:

"I've come to collect, Hugh."

Carewe was stern. "Collect what?"

"About twenty-five thousand, American money." Adams leaned back languidly, clasped his hands at the back of his neck. "Only don't rush yourself. I can hang around a few days, a week even."

Carewe's bold, brown eyes drove hard into Adams' face but produced no effect. Adams looked idly from the slipper that lay on the divan to the one whose toe protruded from Carewe's coat pocket.

"My dear Walt, I can't imagine—"

"I'm not your dear Walt, Hugh. I'm bad news to you, sweetheart. You see, I know all about you. I know you're one of the big swells here, in thick with the Resident. You carry on like one to the manner born—and of course you were born to the manner. But there was an interlude, Hugh—seven years ago. I just got the real dope on it about three months ago. It took me a while to locate you. Maybe some fellows would go gunning after you. I'm not that kind, Hugh. I like peaceful things. You know it. And I only want what's coming to me, what you chiseled me out of. I can use it now. Come across—or see what happens."

He stood up, hitching at his belt. "I'll hang around till you can get the money up from Singapore, or wherever you bank." He walked leisurely out to the veranda, got his hat. "Good night, Hugh," he said from the veranda doorway, and went down the steps.

CAREWE remained seated. He sat now with his palms on his knees, his arms braced straight from the shoulders; his boldly modeled face was impassive, granite-hard. In these few minutes seven years had been violently telescoped. He had not thought Walt Adams would ever show up, since he remembered Walt as an easy-going, pliable man; he had always considered him a sucker. Nor had Carewe ever regretted the affair of seven years ago; his conscience had not troubled him once.

The American interlude had really set him up for life. A young engineer working his own claim, he had found a deep vein of gold that, beginning near the edge of his own claim, plunged into Adams'. Walt Adams was away at the time, sounding for oil in western Texas, and he had returned almost at the expiration of the year, to put in the required one hundred dollars' labor on his gold claim. On the way he had been attacked by several men, beaten horribly, all identification removed. For one month he had lain helplessly on his back in a hospital, and it had taken him another month to recover fully.

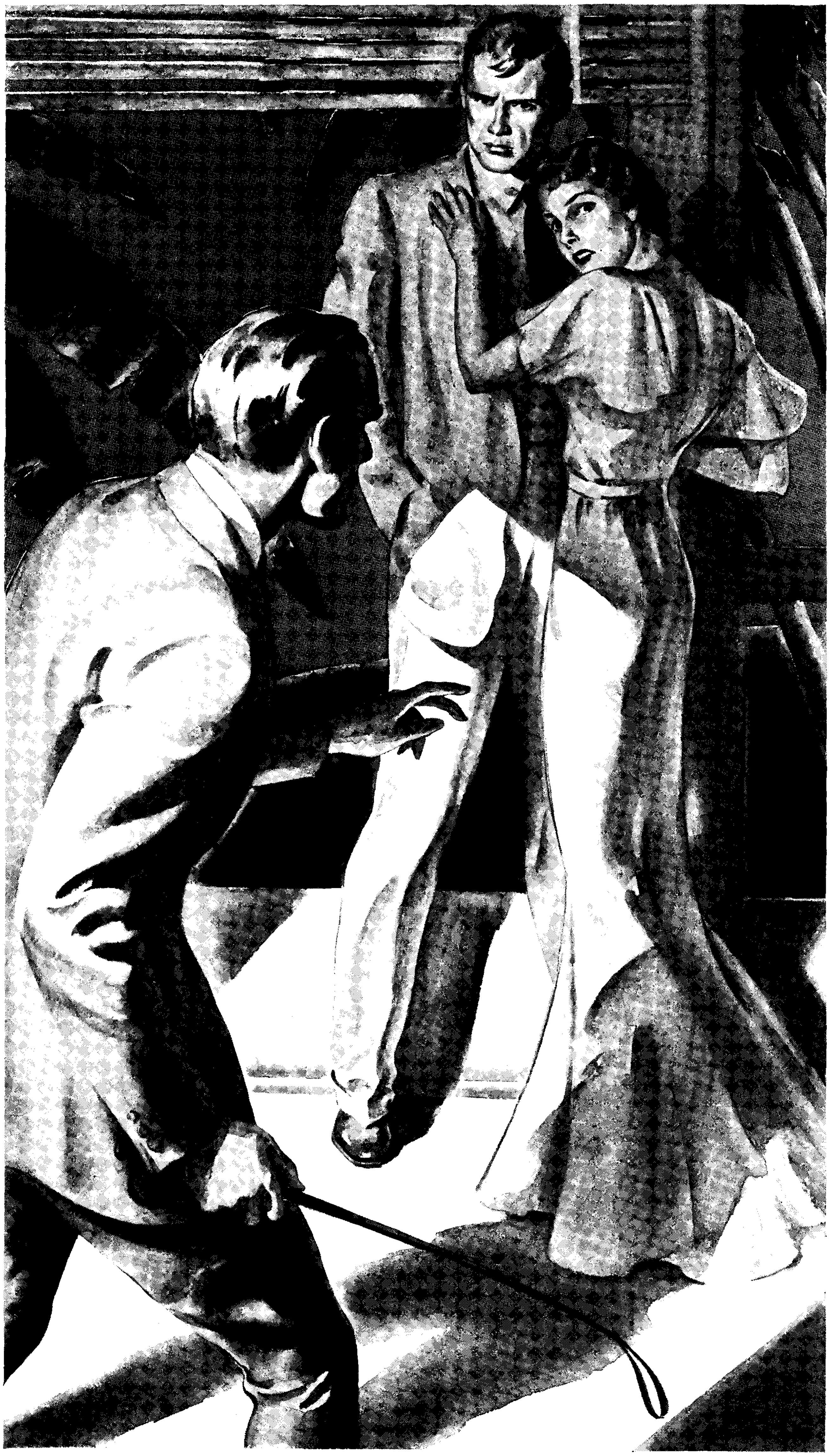
On midnight of the day his year expired, while he lay unconscious in the hospital, Carewe had walked onto Adams' claim, restaked; and, realizing the danger of remaining, he had found it expedient and profitable to reassign within thirty days to a syndicate. With this money, and with what he had of his own, he had bought himself into Malaya tin, won thereby the position he now held. Never in his wildest imaginings had he supposed Walt Adams would turn up.

SUDDENLY he rose with an exasperated outburst of breath, a dark, malignant scowl. Many people had felt the almost insensate force of his iron will, his mad urge to get on in the world, at any cost. Elinor, his wife, had felt it during the two years of their marriage. He sought to dominate her completely as he dominated his horses, his dogs, the men who worked for him, even his social acquaintances. And he had one great advantage over her, one he realized and which he used to its extremity: she was alone, a stranger in a strange land. She had begged him many times during these past few months to let her go, give her just enough to get home again. He had laughed, said, "No woman has ever left me, my dear. I'm sure my wife shan't."

Publicly he was very gallant with her. The women of the town thought him grand, dashing. The men respected him, but in his heart he knew they envied him his position, his wife, the way she would not look at another man. And he knew they waited, watched, hoping against hope for something to happen that would break the living legend he had created in himself. Publicly he may have been gallant with her, but privately he could twist her wrists till tears came to her eyes.

Tonight at the club a great colonial governor had brought with him several reels of film depicting scenes in the American West. Familiar sights reeling off on the screen had brought nostalgic tears to her eyes; quietly she had

(Continued on page 43)

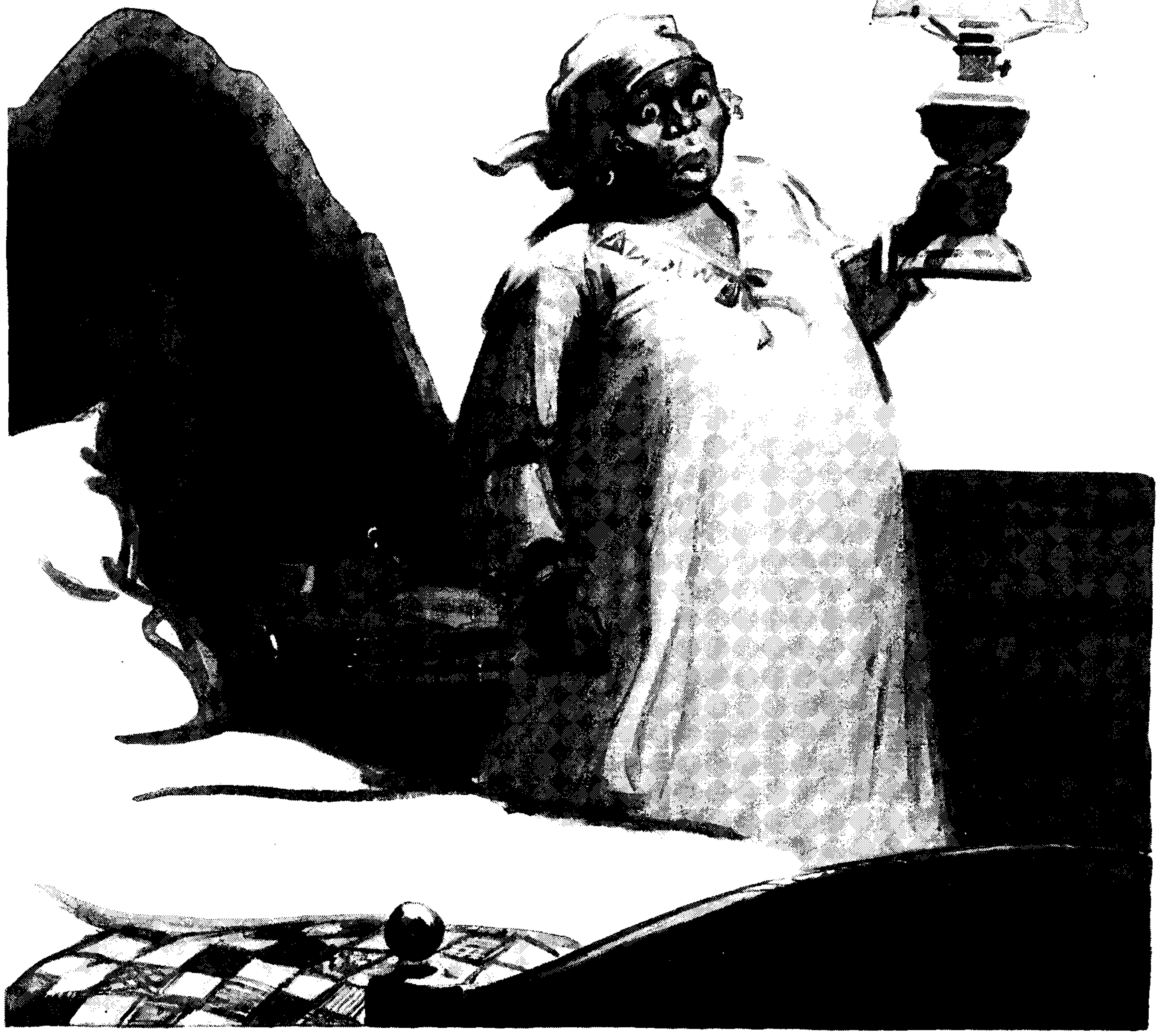


Adams said in a dull voice: "Should I smack him down?"
"No!" she replied. "Just let me stay here. Just—just save me"

The Witch of Willow Chute

By Roark Bradford

No, sir! Foreman Giles, of Little Bee Bend plantation, does not believe in witches. But what's a man to do when the Widow Duck makes magic?



"Aw, Mis' Duck," Cricket protested, "don't fuss at us. Us is tired and hongry"

THE Widow Duck's house stands in a bend on Willow Chute bayou, far enough from the big road to insure privacy but not too far to make it seem isolated from the goings on about the plantation. A chinaball tree on one side of her door gives her shade in the summertime, and the weeping willow on the other side keeps her humble in her heart so that God will bless her good.

Her cabin is not large but it is large enough for her. Four husbands have lived in it with her, and since God took Big Jim Haley, the last husband, she has housed, from time to time, various young married couples.

The Widow Duck sat in the warm early spring air, and looked across the fields. They looked sweet to her. Giles had kept the plowhands busy all winter "gettin' ready for spring," and the rows stretched out long and straight, each bed rounded high. A hard rain had fallen since the last furrow was plowed and had "settled" the ground into perfect condition for the seeds. She eyed specifically the uniform rows in her own field close by. Cricket had plowed those rows like that, and Cricket would plant seeds in them as soon as the planting was started. Then the Widow Duck and Cricket's young wife, Sugarlee, would start hoeing.

Her old mind ran along ahead of the immediate present into pleasant anticipation. "Dat field ought to make might' nigh two bale to de acre," she said aloud, "de way us gonter work hit dis year. Wid Cricket's double shovel and Sugarlee and me's hoe, us'll work hit like a gyarden."

Cricket and Sugarlee were "over town visitin' amongst they kinnery" for the moment. In fact, they had been gone since the Saturday before. That was all right; the work was done, everybody was waiting for the ground to get dry enough to begin planting, and the Widow Duck knew Cricket and Sugarlee were "good hands" and dependable.

While she sat thus, half thinking, half dreaming, Lou Netty Vance slouched up and flopped on the porch at the Widow Duck's feet. Lou Netty was practically barefooted, her long jaybird heels pushing out through the backs of her shoes and her prehensile toes protruding through the caps. She wore no stockings. Her dress was rumpled and none too clean and her hair bushed, unkempt, all over her head.

"What de trouble, daughter?" the Widow Duck inquired solicitously. "You feel ailin'?"

"No'm," Lou Netty grunted.

"Yo' man whup you?"

"No'm."

"Den what you mopin' round for like a chicken wid de mopes?"

"I comed over," Lou Netty stated bluntly, "to see c'd I git de loan er fo' bits."

"Fo' bits!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "Gal, what you want wid fo' bits?"

Lou Netty sighed, shifted her legs and leaned back against a post. "Albert," she said slowly, "is ramblin' about at night. He claim he wawkin' de road, but I know better."

"And no wonder!" the Widow Duck snorted. "Look at dem shoes! And dat dress ain't had a Lord's blessed iron to hit since hit was washed, and I bet you done forgot when dat was! And I never seed such a nappy haid, wid ev'y hair squattin' down by hitself, like a yard-child at a family picnic! I don't blame Albert. Efn I was a man I wouldn't pull sheets wid no woman as tacky as you is!"

Lou Netty sat through the tirade in an abused silence, batting her eyes and all but lifting her arm to parry the sharp accusations of the Widow Duck until the latter almost felt ashamed of herself for using such harsh talk.

"HONEY, you didn't used to be like dat," the Widow Duck went on, softening. "You used to be a smart gal, and keep clean and—"

"Yas'm," Lou Netty said. "But when Albert started ramblin' on me, I jest ain't got de heart to clean up."

The Widow Duck frowned, remembering the reason for this visit. "So," she said coolly, "you wants fo' bits. You fixin' to hire Albert to stay home?"

"Naw'm," Lou Netty replied. "Efn I had fo' bits, I c'd git me some Husband-Stay-Home powders f'm Modom Aw-Bear—"

"Dat hoo-doo!" The Widow Duck was good and mad, now. "De devil'd git you and Albert, bofe. Don't you know de Lawd is agin witches? 'Blessed is him which gits not familiar wid de witches and de hoo-doos; wharfo', go ye to de familiar sperrits, and I speweth you outn my mouth like a drink er lukewarm water and bound you a thousand years in de chains er Satan.' So say de Sperrit, soul. Be not discouraged, 'cause God will change conditions." It was the strongest anathema the Widow Duck could think of, and she pronounced it with evangelical zeal.

Lou Netty didn't even bat her eyes. "Yas'm," she said, "but dat Husband-Stay-Home powders sho' keep him offn de bayou at night."

The Widow Duck calmed and began to study the situation. At last she said, "Efn I give you some Husband-Stay-Home powders, will you keep away f'm Modom Aw-Bear?"

"I didn't know you was a hoo-doo," Lou Netty said wonderingly.

"Hit's a heap you don't know, honey," the Widow Duck chuckled. "I got some Husband-Stay-Home powders dat's guaranteed to keep yo' man home ev'y night. And dat goes for Sadday night, too."

Lou Netty brightened. "Efn hit works," she said.

"Sho' hit'll work," the Widow Duck promised, and went into the house.

She returned with an unopened box of powdered laundry soap.

"Dat ain't nothin' but washin' powders," Lou Netty protested.

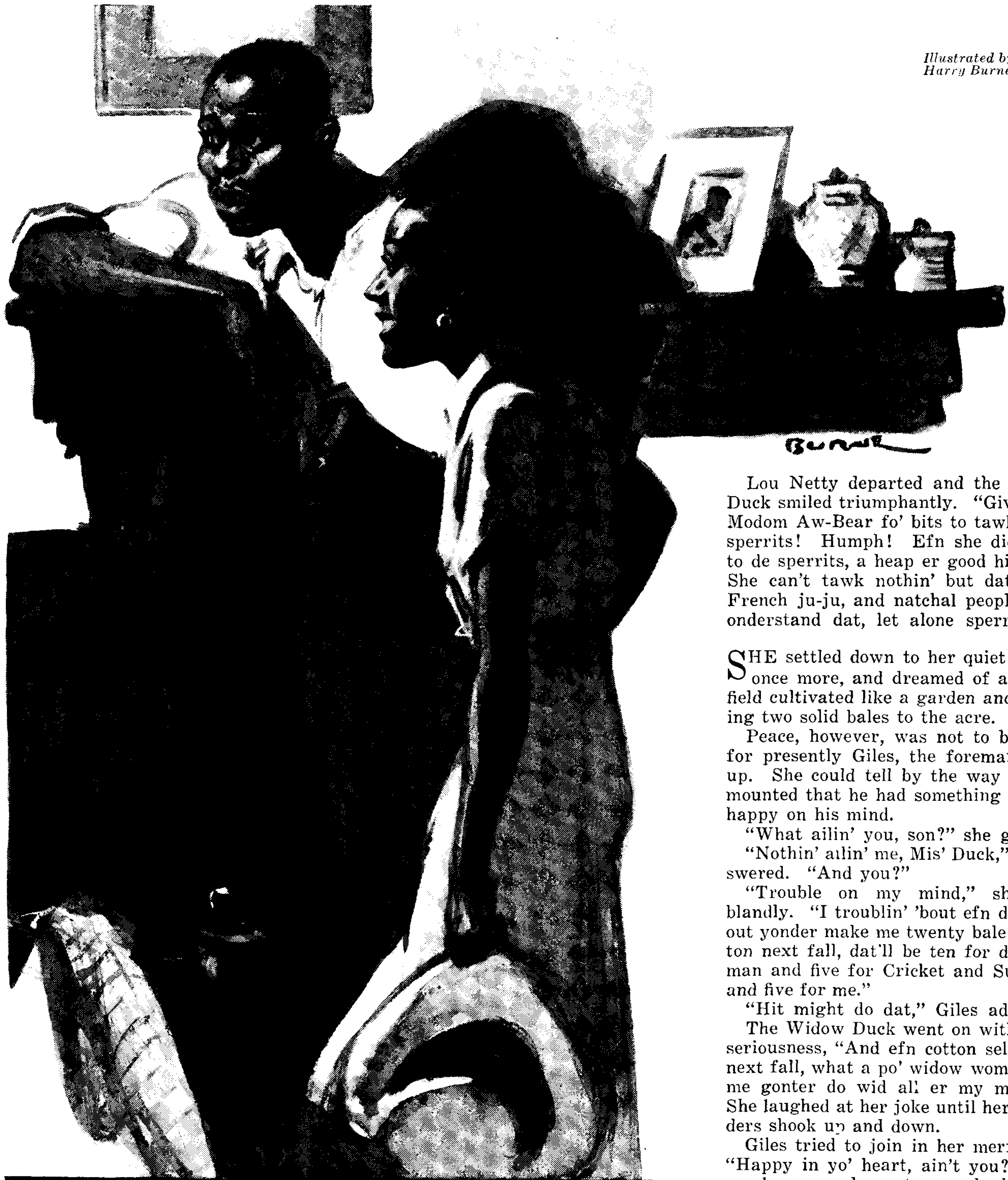
"Dat's what I'm tawkin' 'bout," agreed the Widow Duck. "But you wait to I gits done witchin' on 'em." And the old woman made mysterious passes with her chubby hands, meantime reciting in a deep voice:

"Witchy voo-doo,
Witchy vendor,
Dis stuff come f'm
De Witch er Endor."

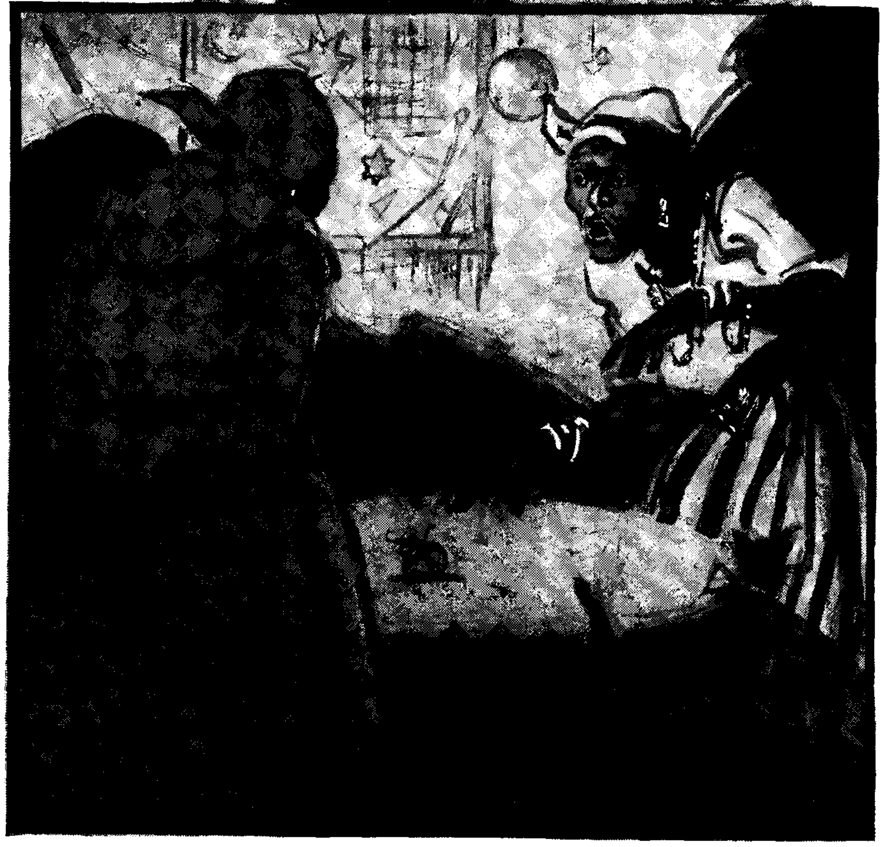
SHE handed the box of soap to Lou Netty and continued in her best mysterious voice: "Now you go home and take dis witchin' powders and wash yo' clothes in hit, and den you wash Albert's clothes in de same water. And while dey's dryin' out, you wash up ev'ything in de kitchen and den wash de floors up good. Den, you scoot out to de bayou and ketch you a couple er fish. And by dat time de clothes'll be dry enough to iron. So you iron out de clothes. And den you take de fish and —wait a minute—" She disappeared into the house and returned with a teacup filled with corn meal. "You take and sprinkle dis powders over de fish and fry 'em, jest like hit was cawn meal, and feed Albert on de fish."

"Yas'm," Lou Netty nodded, impressed. "You reckon hit'll work?"

"Work?" repeated the Widow Duck. "Hit'll put a spell on dat nigger dat nothin' but dirt and laziness about de house kin break."



Illustrated by
Harry Burne



The witch woman appeared to be horrified

Lou Netty departed and the Widow Duck smiled triumphantly. "Givin' dat Modom Aw-Bear fo' bits to tawk to de sperrits! Humph! Efn she did tawk to de sperrits, a heap er good hit'd do! She can't tawk nothin' but dat crazy French ju-ju, and natchal people can't onderstand dat, let alone sperrits!"

SHE settled down to her quiet revery once more, and dreamed of a cotton field cultivated like a garden and yielding two solid bales to the acre.

Peace, however, was not to be hers, for presently Giles, the foreman, rode up. She could tell by the way he dismounted that he had something not too happy on his mind.

"What ailin' you, son?" she greeted.

"Nothin' ailin' me, Mis' Duck," he answered. "And you?"

"Trouble on my mind," she lied blandly. "I troublin' 'bout efn dat field out yonder make me twenty bale er cotton next fall, dat'll be ten for de bossman and five for Cricket and Sugarlee and five for me."

"Hit might do dat," Giles admitted.

The Widow Duck went on with mock seriousness, "And efn cotton sells high next fall, what a po' widow woman like me gonter do wid all er my money?" She laughed at her joke until her shoulders shook up and down.

Giles tried to join in her merriment. "Happy in yo' heart, ain't you?" His words were pleasant enough, but his voice betrayed him.

"Go 'way wid you, Giles," said the Widow Duck. "What ailin' you?"

"Whar Cricket and Lou Netty at?"

"Over in Shrevepo't, visitin' amongst de kinnery."

"Plantin' starts at daylight in de mawnin'," Giles announced solemnly.

"Cricket'll be hyar," the Widow Duck assured him. "He a good'n, Giles. He jest visitin' when hit wa'n't a blessed thing to do."

Giles sat upon the porch and looked at the ground. "Mis' Duck, how long you been on Little Bee Bend?"

"Sixty-three year, comin' June. Why?"

"How long you been croppin' on yo' own?"

"What eatin' you, fool?" the Widow Duck asked. "You know I been makin' a crop ev'y year since I got married up de first time. Exceptin' de year de gentleman f'm away up Nawth comed down hyar and tried to work gas engines to de plows 'stid er mules. And Lord knows didn't *nobody* make no crop dat year."

"Um-humh," Giles grunted.

"Dat," continued the Widow Duck reminiscently, "was de year after de Lawd snatched de place outn de hands er Old Man Bodcau. You wa'n't hardly bawned den, Giles. Or else you was mighty little. God tuck de place away f'm Old Man Bodcau 'cause he made de niggers chop cotton on Sunday. Me, same as de rest. Choppin' cotton on Sunday is ugly, Giles, and God don't love ugly."

"Um-humh." The Widow continued her reminiscing while Giles listened.

"And de next year was when de gentleman put de gas engines in de fields, and didn't nobody had no luck dat year, 'cause God don't like nobody, white or black, messin' up de way he got de world planned out. God hyared old Balaam's mule tawkin' and he say, 'Dat mule gittin' too big for his britches, tawkin' like a natchal man, so I gotta fix 'em.' And he ruled dat de mule got to plow cotton f'm den on."

THE Widow Duck paused dramatically in her recitation, and Giles punctuated the speech with another grunt.

"So," she went on, "God ain't puttin' up wid nobody, black or white, who try to work gas engines when he got he sweet mind made up to work 'em wid mules."

"Um-humh."

"And dat give us bad luck. De white man had to git sold by de sheriff. Me, I wage-chopped a little, in de neighborhood, and might' nigh starved to death. And Douglas—he was my husband den—he went over to de public works to make a few wages, and a levee camp woman hit him wid a razor and might' nigh cut his haid offn his shoulders.

"But de next year, de bossman buyed de place and put de mules back in de field, and I been good-luckin' ev'y since. Why, Giles, de first pop outn de box, I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm a frail brown down on Duke's Bend, and married him befo' plantin' time!"

"Cricket," interrupted Giles, "done runned off."

"Naw!" The Widow Duck would not believe it. "He a good'n, Giles. He jest visitin' amongst de kinnery."

"He runned off," Giles insisted, "and went to railroadin'."

"Hit's a lie," the Widow Duck blurted out. "Cricket ain't runned off. Who told you dat?"

"De bossman, hisse'f," Giles stated flatly. "He say Cricket workin' on de N. R. and A. And dat's what I comed to tell you. Times is too tight to git any more hands, and I got to split up you and Cricket's field amongst Nud and Joe Boody and Newman. So you gonter have to wage-chop dis year."

THE Widow Duck was stunned. She knew there was no arguing with the bossman. She, herself, was a strong believer in plantation discipline, and if the bossman had said Cricket had sprouted wings and flown away she would not have questioned it. But she did not believe that Cricket had deserted the plantation, just when the crop was about to be planted. She knew Cricket too well, and she knew Cricket's whole family too well.

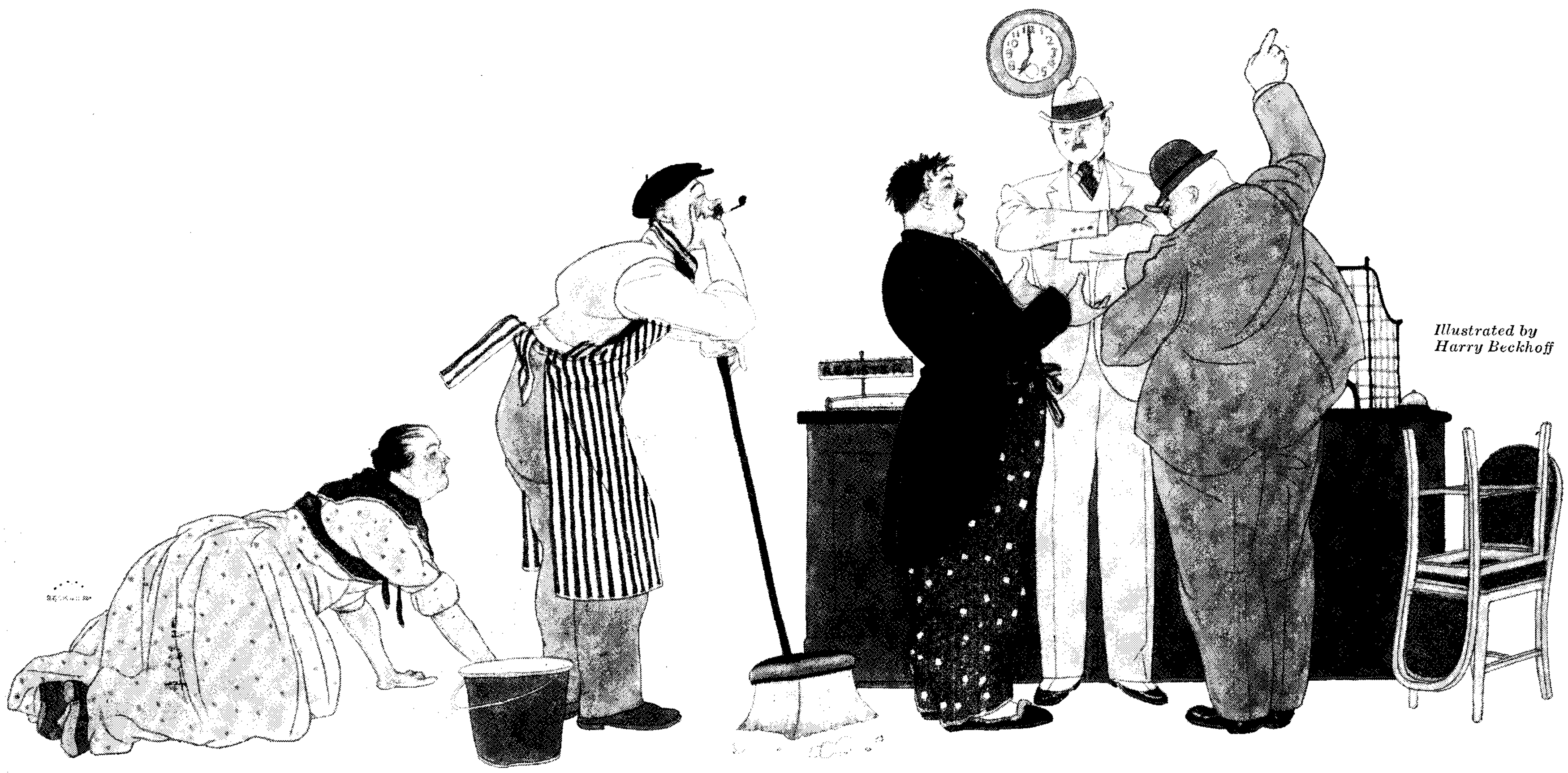
Nevertheless, the bossman had said it. And that meant that her field was to be parceled out to other workers. A field had to have a plowhand, and women never plowed on Little Bee Bend plantation. Her arrangement with Cricket and Sugarlee, as it had been each year with the most promising young married couple on the place, was that the couple would live with her and eat her food, the man to do the plowing while the woman and the Widow Duck did the hoeing and picking.

It was a good arrangement. It made the Widow Duck independent, and it helped the young married couple get a start in life.

"What Cricket doin' on de railroadin' job?" she asked meekly.

"I don't know," Giles admitted. "Firin', I reckon."

(Continued on page 51)



Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff

"Do you allow us to go up or do you not?" Sam was saying

Shock Tactics

We wish it distinctly understood that we do not approve of a lady calling her husband an insect—unless he is one. Now go on with the story: a comedy of life and love in brightest London

By Roland Pertwee

WHEN Tim Bowling returned from Cannes he was met by a regular stunner. His sister Nell administered it, and he loved Nell like a brother.

"Sam is divorcing me," she said.

"You're divorcing him, you mean?"

"I mean what I said, Nitwit. Neither more nor less. I like your new flat, Tim. Pall Mall is so convenient. Any cocktails about?"

Tim looked in the canteen. It had nothing on Mother Hubbard.

"Not a sausage," he said, and rang for help.

The servant who took the order said: "The manager is sorry that your name isn't on the board in the hall yet, Mr. Bowling, but the sign-writer has sprained his thumb until next Thursday."

"I'm facing a worse calamity than that," said Tim, "so make those cocktails dry and plentiful." Then to his sister: "But he hasn't any grounds—or has he?"

"None. I've run around a bit with a few trusties but I've always been home well ahead of the milk."

"It's a knock-out!" said Tim. "And Sam of all fellers! I mean, everybody knows his dossier. Why, practically from the minute you married him. . . ."

"Yes, but for the time being he's reformed—he's playing safe."

Tim seemed dazed.

"Yes, but it isn't done—divorcin' one's wife. Decent fellers park a hotel bill with the lawyer blokes and leave the judges to tot up the items."

"Sam's different. Doesn't want to pay alimony. I often think that he must have crawled from under a stone when the chap with the insecticide was looking the other way. It's a pickle, isn't it? No one wants a divorce more than I do, but what have *I* done to be shot at?"

"There's nothing for it," said Tim. "I must zoom round and take a swing at him."

"What's the use? The only way of getting at Sam is to make him look a fool."

Tim looked disheartened.

"But that's more a wife's job than a brother's, surely."

"I mean in public," said Nell. "He's the most conceited creature alive."

"You say he has no evidence?"

"Not a scrap—not yet. But I am beginning to lose patience. At any moment I may do something quite insane, if only to get rid of these awful people that follow me about."

Tim colored angrily.

"You don't mean . . ."

"Of course I do. One of 'em is downstairs now—a creature named Underwin—and, oh, my dear, the microscope never disclosed anything worse."

TIM rejected the idea of taking a swing at Mr. Underwin and asked how Nell had got hold of his name.

"I put on a boy friend to sleuth him. Seems he's quite a big shot in the detective agency world. He runs about three of them. He's got plenty of money and infests a large house at Golders Green. Eddie says there's a bust of the brute in the front drawing-room. Imagine it!"

"The whole affair stinks to heaven." Tim declared. "And you say that this bit of refuse follows you around all the time?"

"He or one of his brethren. It's his tour of duty today."

"Must be breakin' his heart at you," Tim said with a sardonic laugh, "spendin' an afternoon with your brother."

"He may not know you are my brother. I've never been here before—this is a new flat, and your name isn't on the board."

"Holy Crow!" exclaimed Tim, making use of an expression reserved for those rare occasions when his mind gave birth to an idea.

MR. CHARLES UNDERWIN did not follow Nell into the hallway of the flats, but had contrived to be lighting a cigar outside the open front door when she trebled: "Number fourteen, please," to the porter, who was also in charge of the elevator.

Its ascent was the cue for Mr. Underwin to enter the hall and make a brief study of the mahogany name board which embellished it. In gold characters against number fourteen was the name "The Hon. Furnace Chester." It was a name which seemed to exhale the fiery breath of corespondence.

With his vast experience of those affairs which prelude divorce, Mr. Underwin decided that here, in the embraces of Furnace Chester, his goal would be reached.

Had further confirmation been needed it was supplied by the atmosphere and the character of the flats themselves. Luxury flats for bachelors. Apartments for young men of title and of leisure. Nor was this all, for among the names on the board were no fewer than three with whom, *sub rosa*, and in the way of business, Mr. Underwin had been associated.

The clash of gates above drove Mr. Underwin to retreat into Pall Mall, where he interested himself at the windows of an adjacent gun shop.

It was not Mr. Underwin's policy to oil up to servants in search of information, since he had found that they were apt sometimes to display a distressing loyalty to their employers. Had he broken this rule and spoken to the porter on the subject of the Hon. Furnace Chester, he would have saved himself both contumely and disaster. But he did not. Instead he waited for something to come along and was so employed when a girl's voice resounded in his ear.

"Good Lord, Uncle Charlie. How absolutely ghastly!"

Mr. Underwin turned with a frown to behold his niece Dawn looking him over with that air of faint contempt which he seemed always to inspire in her. He said:

"Look here, my dear, I'm busy and have no time to talk to you now. So run along."

"But I thought you worked in the City. You always said so."

"Kindly do as I tell you, Dawn. And don't let me have to speak again."

"Very up-stage, aren't we? Got a date with someone?"

MR. UNDERWIN drew himself up to his full height of five foot one. It had the effect of throwing his stomach into exaggerated prominence.

"You should know me well enough, Dawn, to realize the injustice of that suggestion. I have said I am busy. Let us leave it at that."

Dawn shrugged her shoulders.

"I think it's up to a girl to know how her guardian spends his time. Matter of fact, I'm rather glad to have bumped into you. There's something I wanted to talk about."

Mr. Underwin looked toward the entrance to the flats and twiddled his fingers irritably.

"Not now. The moment is most inopportune."

"Yes, now. You see, I was on my way to consult a lawyer."

"About what?"

"That company of yours you want me to put my money into. Adjustments, Ltd."

"But why see a lawyer? I can tell you all you need to know about the company." There was an anxious note in his voice ill calculated to inspire confidence in a prospective investor.

"Before I go into it I want to know *what* we adjust."

Mr. Underwin endured the unpleasant sensations of a man who has been put on the spot. Had Dawn been an ordinary calculating female with no other interest in life but jewelry and dividends, he would not have hesitated to tell her the truth. But she was not. She was a clean-run, downright modern girl, who would give him a kick in the pants as soon as look at him. Consequently he was driven to evasion.

"Justice is what we adjust—just that—the adjustment of justice."

Dawn shook her head.

"That doesn't sound sensible to me. It sounds more like a test for drunkenness. You'll have to put up a better sales talk than that if you hope to count me in."

THE position was getting desperate. At any moment his quarry might emerge from the flats and it would give away the whole business to Dawn if he started off in pursuit of them.

"Listen, my dear, let us talk this matter over later and at length. Seeing lawyers is a waste of money."

"Then name a time. How about tonight?"

Mr. Underwin stroked his chin, for he was in a dilemma.

"Er—yes. Although it is possible I may not be home tonight. A certain business deal . . ."

Dawn looked at him and nodded.

"So it *was* a date!" And she walked off without saying goodby.

There was little time to lament the unfortunate nature of their meeting, for other matters required Mr. Underwin's urgent attention. From the hallway came the sound of the elevator descending, followed by a man's voice saying: "Ring up Mason's Yard, Porter, like a good egg, and ask 'em to send round the old buzz-box."

"Your car, sir, yes."

Followed the sound of the door of a telephone booth closing.

"I was a chump not to have sent for it while I was packing."

Then came a voice which Mr. Underwin recognized with joy as Nell's; she said, "It's been too awful lately. I'm terribly glad I'm going away with you."

"It's the only thing to do, old lady, and the *right* thing."

Sotto voce Nell remarked: "Not so much of the old lady. Sounds like a silver wedding." And aloud, "I suppose it's all right for me to go down in an open car?"

"I'll keep you warm," said Tim, fervently. Then, in a whisper, "Look! Sun's out and the silly blighter's shadow is strung right across the doorway. Is he really as bad as that?"

"Worse. He looks for all the world like a Dunmow flitch." Once more she lifted her voice: "Where are you going to take me, boy?"

Tim gave the question due pause, as he had done during the rehearsal upstairs.

"I thought we'd drool along and garner your night props, then simmer gently down the Great North Road as far as the Brewer's Web. There's quite a decent band there and we can take a splash in the pool tomorrow to keep the bodies white."

Mr. Underwin's attentive ear caught a tone of anxiety in Nell's reply: "The Brewer's Web? But isn't that rather public?"

Tim's reply was all that might have been expected from a man with a name like Furnace Chester. It betrayed that reckless mood which even the noblest women cannot resist.

"Who cares, old thing? If Sam wants to know where you are he can find out. My motto is 'Cut the painter and the devil take the hindmost.' "

That was the moment that a mechanic delivered the car at the doors of the mansion.

Mr. Underwin did not wait for his quarry to come out. He had learned all that he needed. It only remained to ring up his client Sam and make a rendezvous at the Brewer's Web for seven o'clock the following morning, whereby the lovers might be confounded.

There is a post office at the foot of St. James' Street and it was here that Mr. Underwin put through the call.

A voice that he recognized as Sam's replied:

"Yes—yes, Underwin. Take your nose out of my ear, Pinkie!"

A feminine laugh trembled over the line.

"Shut up, you idiot. Yes, what is it, Underwin?"

Mr. Underwin explained. His news was received with a whistle of surprise.

"Yes. I shall certainly be there. At 7 A. M. Very creditable work of yours."

"I always try to give my clients satisfaction," replied Mr. Underwin and hung up.

THE Brewer's Web is one of those road houses which recently have sprung up in the environs of London, designed to dispel from the minds of their patrons any idea that they are in the country. From an early hour in the afternoon until late at night a jazz band plays without remission. The numerous dining-rooms, wherein are assembled some of the smallest heads in the Empire, are crowded to suffocation like an Underground Railway compartment during the rush hours.

Here, at six-thirty that evening, Tim and his sister duly arrived, together with suitcases and a parcel of grease paints. A half-crown bestowed on the park attendant was fruitful of Tim's being allowed to leave his two-seater where it could be removed without having to shift every other car in the affected zone.

At the bureau they were allotted a couple of rooms—"adjoiners," as Tim called them—with a communicating door. They registered as brother and sister in the name of Bowling.

Tim had been against using his own name, but his objections were worn down by Nell's assurance that it was a sound and cunning move. She pointed out that the septic Mr. Underwin might, perhaps, have discovered his identity from the porter and that, even if he hadn't, it was unlikely that he would have bothered to acquaint himself with what her maiden name had been before she made the fatal error of swapping it for Sam's.

Having distributed their belongings and satisfied themselves that it was an easy climb into the garden from Tim's bedroom window, they descended to the bar and, perching themselves on scarlet stools, drank success to their virtuous schemes in a procession of cocktails appropriately termed White Ladies.

They were thus occupied when Mr. Underwin, peering through the glass panels of the door, beheld them. As a business man he had delayed registering his arrival until he was satisfied that his quarry was on the spot. With the pleasant knowledge that all was well, he hastened to do so. His professional eye was quick to observe the entry "Mr. and Miss Bowling" in the visitors' book and a casual question or two left no doubt as to their identity.

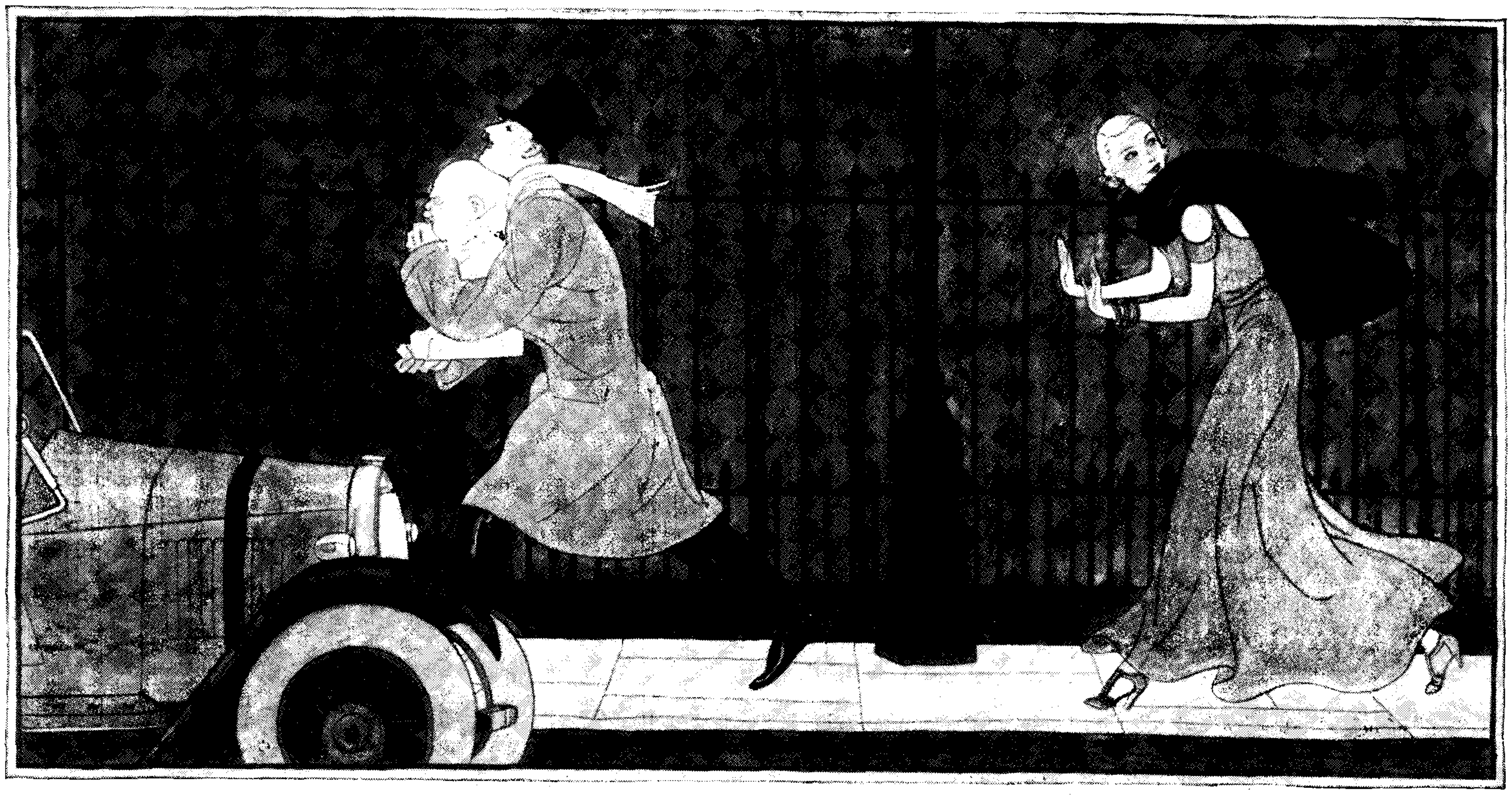
Every true huntsman is conscious of a glow of achievement as he approaches the kill and Mr. Underwin was enjoying this sensation to the full as he accompanied a bell boy to the room allotted to him. Like any other man he felt a natural impulse to communicate his joy to all and sundry. In consequence he patted the bell boy on the head in lieu of sixpence.

He wondered if he ought to put through a call to Dawn and tell her that business would keep him away until the morning. But her words in Pall Mall discouraged him from doing so. It was better, perhaps, to let her wait at home in the belief that he would turn up later on, than to foster an impression that he was having a date.

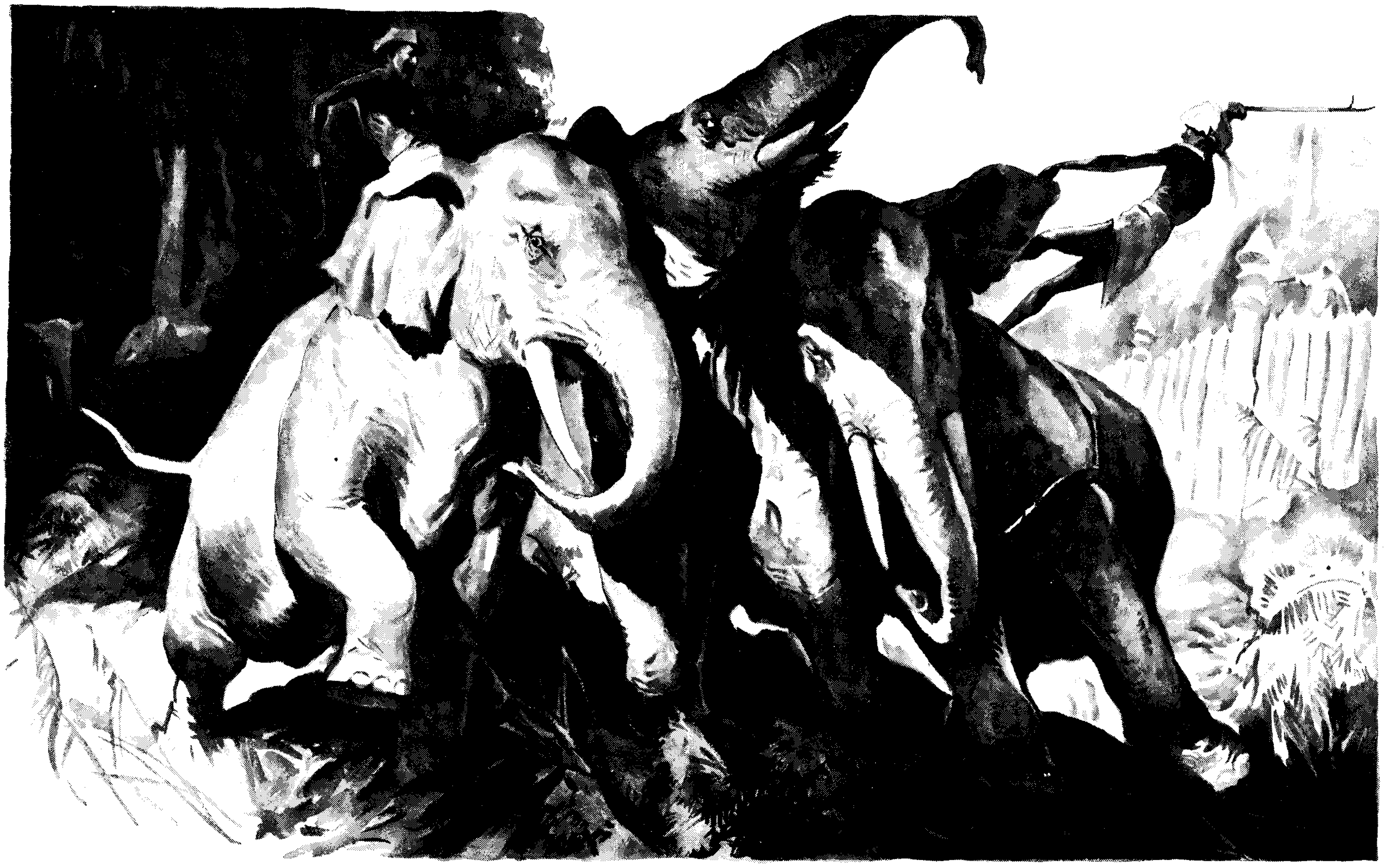
His mind made up, Mr. Underwin fell to pondering upon the ten thousand pounds which Dawn owned, and how best they might be diverted to his own uses.

MR. UNDERWIN'S picture of Dawn patiently awaiting his arrival at Golders Green was a figment of the imagination. No such Victorian passivity beguiled her. With the knowledge that upon the morrow she would be twenty-one, and mistress of her own fortune and destiny, Dawn was speeding West-Endwards with some lively companions on whoopee bent. A program of the evening's entertainment, covering practically every night club between the British Museum and Millbank, had been prepared beforehand and was adhered

(Continued on page 55)



The hundred yards to the corner where his car was waiting proved to be the longest Tim could remember



R. H. Collins

Before he knew what was happening they had him penned between them

Bull Strength

Hundreds of men (including the entire Ratwatti family) worked several months to capture a single pair of elephants. And if you think that is extraordinary, try to visualize a trap covering eight acres of wilderness. As your first lesson in elephant catching, we invite you to follow Mr. Buck through the Ceylon jungles

By Frank Buck

ELEPHANT! There is a strangely romantic sound to the word "elephant." It conjures up visions of all the old maharajahs of India, riding down ancient streets in all their glory—jeweled trappings flapping in the tropic sunlight, and natives prostrating themselves before their ancestral rulers.

Well, there's still a lot of romance in an elephant. I know, because I have just brought two back alive from the jungles of Ceylon. It's over ten thousand miles from Ceylon to New York, which may make it more romantic for you—but after all, it's business with me.

Yet there was an element of romance in these two elephants, because, you see, they were male elephants. It isn't generally known, but there are very few bull elephants in America. As a rule circuses and zoos will have nothing to do with them. A bull elephant is apt to go "must" at any time, get rough and wreck everything about him. So you're pretty safe in betting ten to one that in the next circus parade you see all of those big pachyderms will be nice, gentle females.

Before I left America on this last trip I had an order for two fine, husky male elephants. This was a pretty big order; I don't mean in numbers, I mean big in dollars and cents, because it meant a whole elephant drive to get my two males. And it was big in the element of work, because an elephant drive is no child's play, as you'll soon find out. But my order called specifically for two male elephants, and even though I had to capture over twenty to fill it—I filled it. Filling orders is my business.

Ali, my Number-One Boy, wasn't any too pleased when I showed him the order in Singapore. But while the catching of a clouded leopard floored him, this merely made him wipe imaginary perspiration from his brown forehead.

"*Kerja sukar!*" he said, and looked as if he already had been working for weeks.

"Certainly it's work," I told him. "That's what we live for, Ali."

The Mecca of Elephant Men

Ali looked a little bewildered at the idea of anyone living for work. Not that I could ever accuse Ali of being lazy; he's been very useful to me for many years, and pitches into a job as hard as I do. His was merely the Malayan attitude toward work, and after a time a Westerner thinks nothing of it. But before I had those two male elephants I had wiped my forehead actually, and wiped it many times, as Ali wiped his in gesture.

I had orders for a great many animals this trip, so fortunately I could time my elephant drive. I decided on Ceylon rather than India, Siam or Burma because of the Festival of the Tooth. This Festival of the Tooth is held each year at Kandy, and is a survival of the most ancient rites of the Buddhists. A supposed tooth of Buddha himself is paraded amid much pomp. There is a string of elephants that make our American circuses look like five-and-ten-cent editions. And gathered there at Kandy are all the big elephant men of Ceylon.

So I planned my arrival at Colombo when the moon was right for the annual Festival of the Tooth. From there I journeyed the two hundred miles into the hills and the land of the ancient Kandy kings. This section of Ceylon is as wild as any country anywhere in the world. It is the center of hundreds of square miles of solid jungle, practically untracked by white men, and as primitive as when Nature made it.

As I've said, I knew all the elephant men of Ceylon would be at Kandy, and it didn't take me long to single out Ratwatti, an old acquaintance of mine. The Ratwatti family dates back to the Kandy kings themselves, and is one of the oldest and most respected in the section.

After the customary Eastern preliminaries were over, I approached Ratwatti on the idea of an elephant drive. This is not as easy as it sounds. You can't go into the jungle and take elephants the way you can other game. In Ceylon, and all through the Far East, the elephant is one of the most valued possessions of the country. I don't mean in a sacred way—I mean from a pure business standpoint. The elephants that are caught and shipped to our American and European zoos and circuses make up a very small percentage of captured elephants.

The Beast of All Burdens

By far the majority of these animals are taken by native princes, rajahs and other Asiatic rulers for court functions and ceremonies. Many are required by the government, the planters, and the teakwood business. They are very useful in hauling heavy teak logs from the forests to the rivers, where the logs are floated sometimes as far as a thousand miles to the sawmills, where elephants again handle them. Elephants are used on plantations, for government road work, and even by the military. A good work-elephant is worth about two thousand dollars almost anywhere in Asia.

So you can easily see why the wild

(Continued on page 47)

In Office Hours

By Elmer Davis

[illegible]

No girl should ever fall in love with her boss—if he's married. But circumstances (see the story) alter cases

"BUT of course, my dear," said Marcia soothingly, "everything's going to come out all right." She kissed him goodby. "Don't worry," she commanded, smiling.

"I never worry after I've talked to you. . . . There's nobody like you, Marcia." She shrugged lightly; you wouldn't have known that she'd just swallowed a yawn, or that her head had been aching for the last half hour.

"Nonsense," she said. "Run along, now, or you'll miss your train."

He clattered down the stairs; and she turned back dizzily to her one-room apartment. Cigarette smoke hung in opaque clouds; she flung open the window, emptied the ash trays. She rinsed the glasses in the kitchenette sink, and noticed that her new bottle of whisky was almost empty. She'd nursed a single highball all evening, but Bill had needed frequent refills as he told her his troubles. . . . And it was almost one o'clock, and she had to be at her desk at nine.

Of course Bill had been in a terrible state of mind—who wouldn't be, out of a job for so long and living with a brother-in-law in New Rochelle whose hospitality was beginning to wear thin? —and she'd talked him out of it. But what had she got out of the evening? Five hours' conversation with a man who could always amuse her for an hour and a half. And it wasn't as if Bill Caraway was the only one. Nor was he the worst; she hadn't had to hear, tonight, about a wife's inability to understand. . . . Wearily she got into her pajamas; and the telephone rang. Bill again.

"Marcia! There's another angle to that situation. I'd like to talk it over with you. . . . No, not next week; tonight. It won't take long."

"Heavens, Bill, it's too late. And you've got to catch a train."

"I'll catch the next one. Just let me run up long enough to get your slant on this. . . . No? Why not?" he demanded, aggrieved.

"Why not? Well, for one thing," she said irritably, "I work for a living and I have to keep office hours. Tell me about it the next time I see you."

HE HUNG up without a word, and she realized that she'd said the wrong thing. Failure had made him touchy; and she'd pointed out that she had a job when he was broke and unemployed. She might better have said anything else; but when you were tired out, and had a headache—

She had to be at her desk at nine because she was running the department, temporarily—the personnel department of the Planetary Trade Corporation. It was the third time she had been running it temporarily in the last three years, while the higher-ups looked around for a new manager; and a tardiness that any manager would have excused in the competent Miss Summers she wouldn't permit to herself. She had been there half an hour before Bee Collins, secretary to the manager when there was one and Marcia's right-hand woman in the intervals, came in, smothering a yawn.

"All right, all right," she said, before Marcia could get in a word. "Yes, I was out on a party—dancing at the Coronado till closing time. But we'll get through the day's work; and I'll get through my part of it better for taking an extra half hour to get organized this morning."

"You probably will," Marcia agreed. "But when we get a new manager—"

"New manager? Have you got any dope on who—"

"Not yet. But we'll get one some day, who doesn't know how you can work when you get started. No more late parties then, my girl."

"Then I might as well make hay while the sun shines," said Bee serenely. "And after all, they might not get a new manager. Why should they?"

Why, indeed? Marcia caught herself wondering that at intervals all morning. The manager's salary was twelve thousand a year, and half the time she was doing the work for sixty a week. Some day, surely, it would occur to the higher-ups that they might as well leave her on the job—

BUT she had slumped from these high imaginings when she went out to lunch; and Bee, morose and sleepy, was not very good company.

"Too much party," said Marcia severely. "Bee, what does it get you?"

"Well, I'll never marry a millionaire or a movie actor unless I meet him, and I'll never meet him unless I circulate. It's true I never seem to meet anybody but buyers from Kansas City, and cautious old citizens taking an evening off from their wives; but I keep on hoping."

"Marriage isn't the final answer," said Marcia bitterly. "Oh, I know they don't all turn out as badly as mine." (Once, for a year or so, Miss Summers had been Mrs. Brown.) "But anyway, if parties tire you out—"

"For that matter," said Bee critically, "you don't look exactly like a dewy cowslip yourself."

"I know," said Marcia meekly. "Last night I sat up late. Much too late—but when a man you like is feeling rotten and discouraged—"

"And he's outgrown his wife," Bee supplied, "only, of course, he can't leave the children. I know the line. . . . Oh, this one wasn't married? . . . I see; just unemployed and sorry for himself. My God, Marcia, you do have the most appalling collection of misfits. Why do you bother with them?"

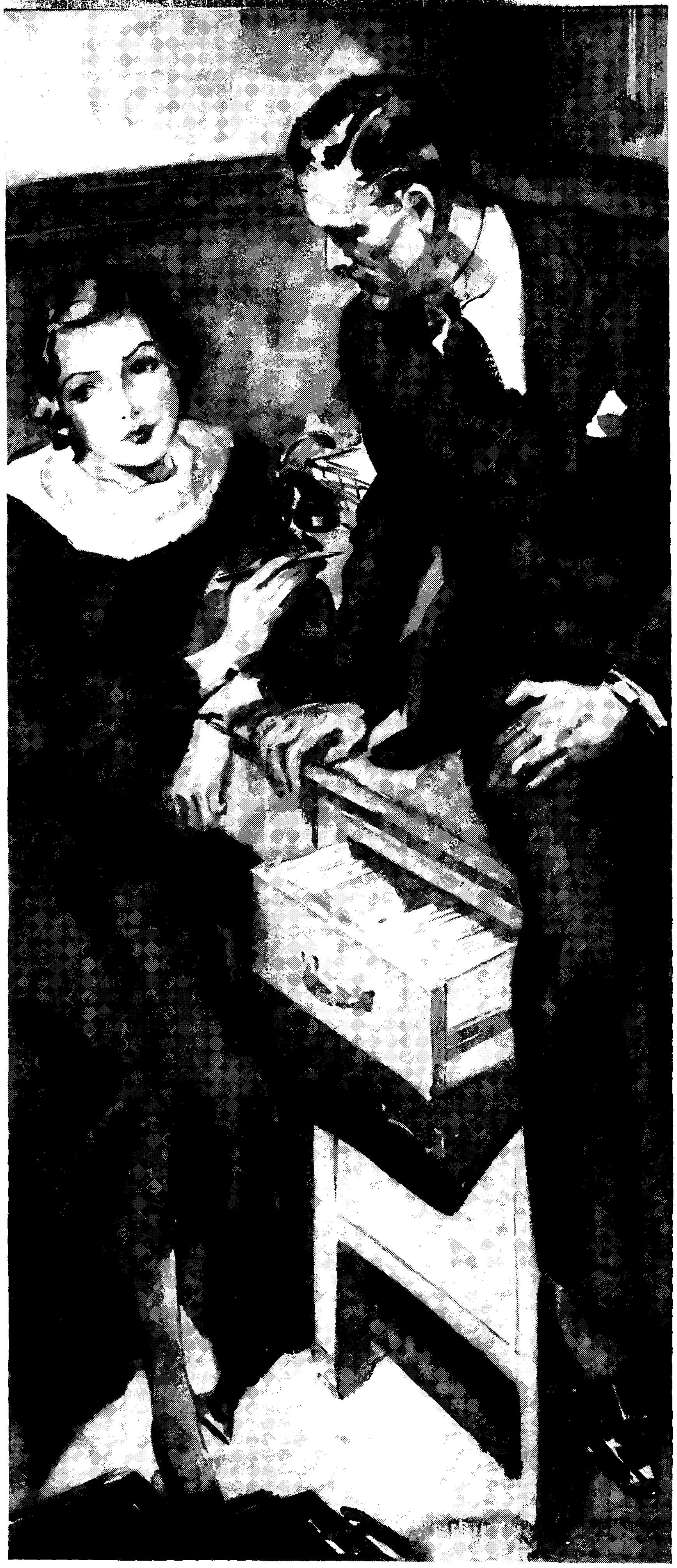
"Well, when you can cheer a man up just by talking to him—"

"Though if you felt like letting him make love to you, he wouldn't say no. I know them, I tell you! But you—Whoever appointed you shepherd of all the lost sheep? You may have this fatal fascination for unsuccessful men, but why give in to it? What does it get you?"

"I'm beginning to wonder," Marcia sighed.

But when Paul Turnbull called up

(Continued on page 32)



As he talked she saw the door of opportunity that he had slammed in her face opening wide once more

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

DESPERATELY in love with Jim Breed, noted motion picture flyer, Anne Carson, Hollywood reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper, misinterprets certain episodes and breaks her engagement to Breed, who, she believes, is in love with Carol Castaine, star of a great new picture in which he is working.

Knowing that Anne is in peril (blackmailers have made a flashlight picture of her, with Barry Trent, Carol's handsome leading man, in what the public would regard as a compromising situation), Breed, who adores her, makes a valiant effort to save her. Thanks to a tip from Bill Gaynor, Anne's city editor, he finds the blackmailers, seizes the negative and destroys it. . . . Carol Castaine, too, loves Jim Breed. She tells him so, begs him to marry her. Desperate, feeling sure that Anne no longer cares for him, Breed promises to do so. He tells the girl, though, that he still loves Anne. A few hours later, en route by plane to Juarez, Mexico (where they plan to be married), he and Carol are in El Paso.

That same night Anne receives a caller—one Dolly Vay, a faded beauty with an ugly reputation—who announces that she is Barry Trent's wife (Trent has always passed as a bachelor); that it was she who ordered the flashlight made; that she is going to sue Trent for a divorce, naming Anne as corespondent!

The news appalls Sunshine Smith (one of Breed's fellow flyers and his closest friend) and Sam Wein, Breed's publicity man. If Breed marries Carol, they know what the public will think: that Jim Breed, fearing scandal, cruelly dropped Anne Carson to marry a second choice. Smith sends Breed a frantic wire. Then, following it by plane, he finds the couple in El Paso. To his amazement, Breed had not received his message. . . . Carol (as she confesses) had intercepted it, kept it.

Leaving Carol, Breed flies back to Los Angeles. The papers are shrieking the story of the divorce suit, with Anne's name featured. . . . Following a talk with Anne (who inquires frantically if Breed and Carol are married), Sunshine Smith buys a paper. Barry Trent has been murdered—shot to death in his apartment with a small-calibre revolver. Sunshine goes to Breed's apartment. He is out—*and his .32 automatic is gone.* A detective, watching Smith from a car, drives down a near-by alley, stops, turns off his lights, and sits there, scowling.

VIII

JIM BREED went out to eat dinner at seven. When he got back the last light was fading from the day and a breath of cooler air ran through his windows. During the few previous hours, he had done all the thinking that seemed of any account; and in fact his thoughts had chased the vicious circle around, finding no way out. Weary of it, he poured himself a drink, swept everything off the table and tried a little solitaire. But he was too restless. He kept expecting Sunshine back, he kept listening for the phone; and all this while a rankling discontent surged through him like a wicked current. There was no philosophic resignation in this man. He wanted to reach out physically and break the evil net surrounding Anne Carson, yet however he might approach the problem Hollywood stood in his way—its subtle and ironically civilized forms taunting his helplessness. At last, irritable and disgusted, he put his coat on and went out.

"In Hollywood," he thought, "you've got to grin and bear it. It's all a good joke. Somebody gets burned and they laugh. There's no heart in this town."

Without any particular sense of destination, he drove out Hollywood Boulevard, turned left and presently found himself near Trent's place. He circled the block twice; on the third turn he stopped a few doors from the apartment, cut his lights and looked up to Trent's heavily curtained windows at the back corner of the building. Light there. And at this point all his worries concerning Anne returned in full force and prompted him to do what he had determined not to do. He threw his cigarette away suddenly and opened the car door—and drew it shut again.

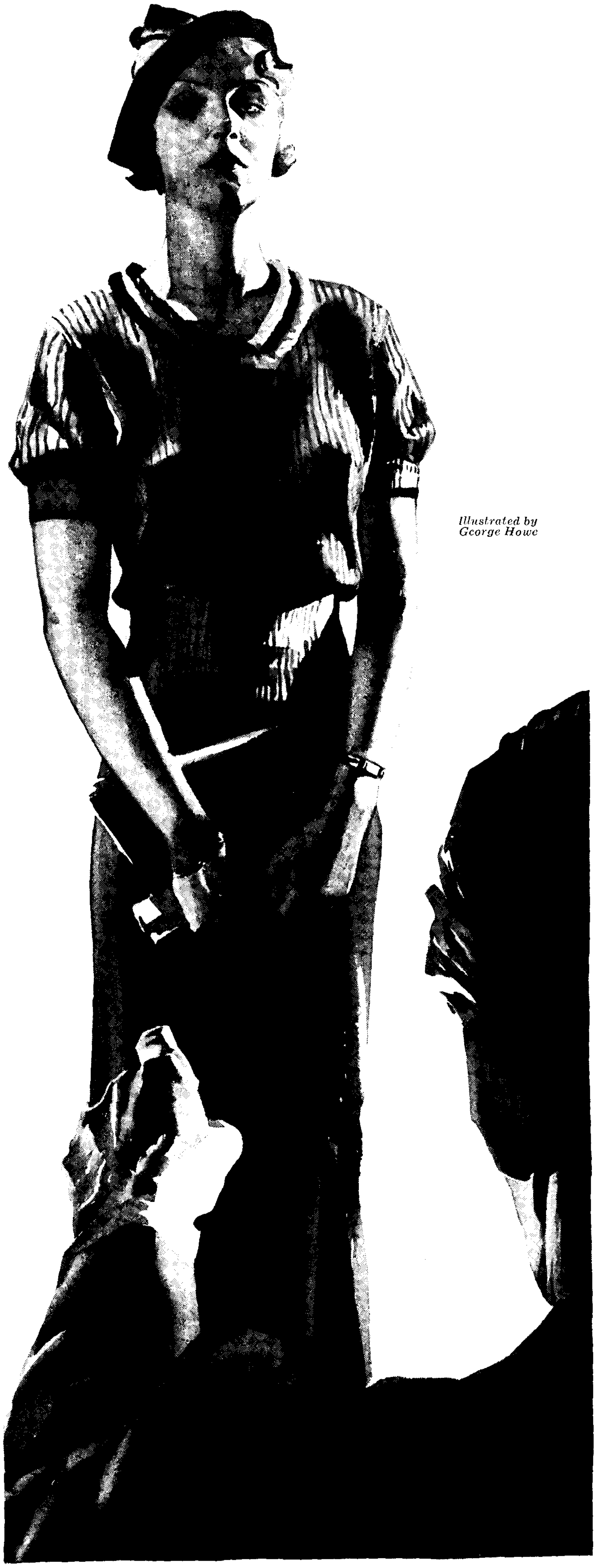
Wyn Andrews crossed the street from farther shadows, walking with her head down. She idled past the apartment house, came by Breed's car, not seeing it, and went as far as the street corner. She wheeled and returned at a faster pace, as though impelled by sudden purpose, reached the other end of the block and disappeared.

"That's a game she can't beat," Breed said to himself. He thought about Wyn with a real regret. A pretty kid, an ambitious kid, fresh out of adolescence, all the world in front of her. Somebody's girl and somebody's daughter. What the hell kind of a system was it that permitted this sort of a tragedy? Breed folded his big, flat hands on the steering wheel, mouth hard. A truck and two trailers chugged along the street, shuddering the building walls with a heavy labor. There was a lot of folly behind him, he knew; but he had never traded on any girl's dream of romance, he had never gone behind his conscience. There ought to be a special purgatory for the Trents of the world.

HE SAT up, staring at Trent's window with a more alert interest. Behind the heavy curtains a shadow moved, and vanished, and in another moment it reappeared with a second shadow, both swaying. The big truck slowed to turn the corner and the collecting gas fumes exploded in its muffler like a pistol's shot. The two shadows left the window suddenly.

Breed opened the car door. "Nice business," he muttered. "Nice business." He watched the window closely. "That's what Anne can expect—the worst of it. I can't keep out of this—I'll have to see that man." He left the car and strode toward the apartment court. He saw someone, through the glass panel of the door, coming down the hall. At once he wheeled into the street again and got to a corner of the building. Looking back from there he saw a figure slide out of the door and retreat across the court. "Nothing," he grunted, "but the fear of God will ever stop him."

He passed on behind the apartment house to an alley, walked into its denser darkness and paused by a janitor's exit. He tried the knob, pushed the door open and went in to a landing that met steps going down to a basement and to steps going upward, around a corner, to a hall. Faint light came from the hall. A refrigerating system clacked somewhere in the bowels of the building and a noisy radio echoed down from the higher part of the place. He took the stairs leading upward, irritated by their squealing. Not yet around the turn of these steps he heard a door close and somebody coming downward rapidly. Instantly he retreated to the landing and then descended on toward the basement. Whoever advanced was in a hurry; and intended to use the rear door. A body, very vague in this almost opaque area, dropped down to the landing and fumbled for the door's knob. A woman, he thought, and breathing fast; he caught the faint odor of perfume before she passed on into the alley.



Illustrated by George Howe

Breed's warning struck out more forcibly. "Let it ride, Anne. Let the district attorney prove his guesses"

"Damn' place full of people who don't want to be seen coming or going. Nice business!" He listened a moment and followed the stairs upward again.

Ten minutes later he came down and went out the front way, walking to his car. He got in and sat momentarily idle, rubbing two sweaty hands together; he looked at his watch, bending forward to read the time by the glow of the instrument panel lights; that glow colored a roused glitter of emotion in his eyes. He replaced his watch, kicked on the starter and drove off. Two blocks onward an arc light laid its white gleam through the surrounding shadows, but Breed avoided it by turning at the first corner, into the darkness; and so, angling in this manner from street to street, he came out upon a main boulevard ten minutes afterwards and opened the throttle. Beyond town he held the speedometer's needle at sixty all the way to the airport. He got out there and walked in to see Henry Brixey.

"Sam Wein," said Brixey, "is crying his eyes out. He wants to see you."

"Yeah?"

Brixey stared curiously at Breed. "Something on your mind?"

"Just fed up, Henry."

"You're a high-powered mug."

BREED smoked a cigarette without saying more, went back to his car and returned to town. He stopped at a speak patronized by flyers and wasted an hour there, drawing lines on a map of the United States. After that he drove home, put the car in an adjacent garage and tramped up the stairs. Just before he entered his room he looked at his wrist watch again. Eleven—straight up.

Sunshine sat up to the center table with his—Breed's—portable typewriter mostly taken apart. He had a toothbrush, a handkerchief and a bottle of oil. He looked around and Breed thought this ordinarily immaculate man must be drunk; for Sunshine's yellow hair was disheveled and his eyes looked bad.

"Heard the news?" Sunshine grunted.

"What news?"

Sunshine nodded at the paper, also on the table. Breed came on, glanced down at the black-typed banner. He rested both his hands on the table, read the story through.

"Say nothing bad of the dead," Breed murmured.

"I'll say it," said Sunshine in a taut voice. "He was a dog alive and he's a dog dead."

"There'll be no divorce now."

"It's worse than it was," Sunshine answered; he sounded as though fury burned in him. "It was scandal before. Now it's murder. Anne's in that, too."

"Yes—she's in that, too. There's no end to this jackpot. And I started it, Sunshine."

"Alive or dead—he's a dog," growled Sunshine.

Breed walked the length of the room. He took off his coat and threw it to the divan. He rummaged the bathroom for a glass and came back and tapped the bottle Sunshine had on the table. He drank in one swallow, and looked across to Sunshine's humped back. He said irritably: "What in hell are you doing with my typewriter?"

"Just had a streak of cleaning. Finished oiling my gun, so I thought I'd work on this mill. You want your gun cleaned?"

"Go ahead."

Sunshine dropped his toothbrush rather quickly and rose from the chair. He went to the bureau and opened the third drawer. "Ain't here."

"All right—never mind."

Sunshine's tone was thinned out. It snapped through the room. "Where is your gun?"

Breed hooked one of his elbows on the fireplace mantel. He met Sunshine's queer eyes. "In the ship."

Sunshine walked to the table and capped the bottle of oil. "You ought to clean it. This dry air's no good on barrels." He looked down at the gutted typewriter without any further interest. "Somebody's going to swing for killing that guy, Jim."

"I suppose."

"SUPPOSE, nothing. It's in the bag. Every detective in Los Angeles will be looking around. A famous movie star. Whoever did it was a sucker to think he could get away with a play like that. It's too big a case. Everybody from the flatfoot on the beat to the governor of the state will have his hands in it. Why? Front page for every newspaper from here to Siam."

"Sure," said Breed in a dead, indifferent manner.

Sunshine cast a quick, oblique glance at Breed. "Who you suppose did it?"

"No idea."

"By God," broke out Sunshine, "we all better have good alibis for the past six hours. I'm not foolin'. Everybody and anybody that ever crossed Trent's path will be yanked in for questioning. You know that, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"What a jam—what a jam!" muttered Sunshine. He stopped, throwing up his head like some animal scenting the wind. There was a vague wailing coming out of the distance, through the open window. Sunshine threw a strained question at Breed. "You sure your gun's in the ship?"

"Yes."

"It's gonna be tough."

The wailing developed into a full-throated siren's yell. It wakened all the echoes along the immediate street below, and died out hoarsely. There was a suddenly collecting crowd down there and a quick rise of excited talk. A man said, "Get back, you people—get back."

"Sunshine," called Breed, "did you happen to see one of those dumb Signet men around here lately?"

"No—why?"

"I saw one at the corner—the smaller fellow—around dinner ."

"I said we'd left a couple loose ends to trip us up," muttered Sunshine, and halted his restless moving. There was a brief knock on the door; Sunshine remained in his tracks, waiting for Breed to speak or move. Breed slowly inclined his head.

"Open it up, kid. I guess we got some questions coming up."

Sunshine walked on reluctantly and drew the door back. A slim young fellow in a deputy sheriff's uniform looked in at Sunshine and then at Breed. Two other deputies stood posted behind him. Curious people began to stray up the stairs.

"Captain Breed?" inquired the deputy.

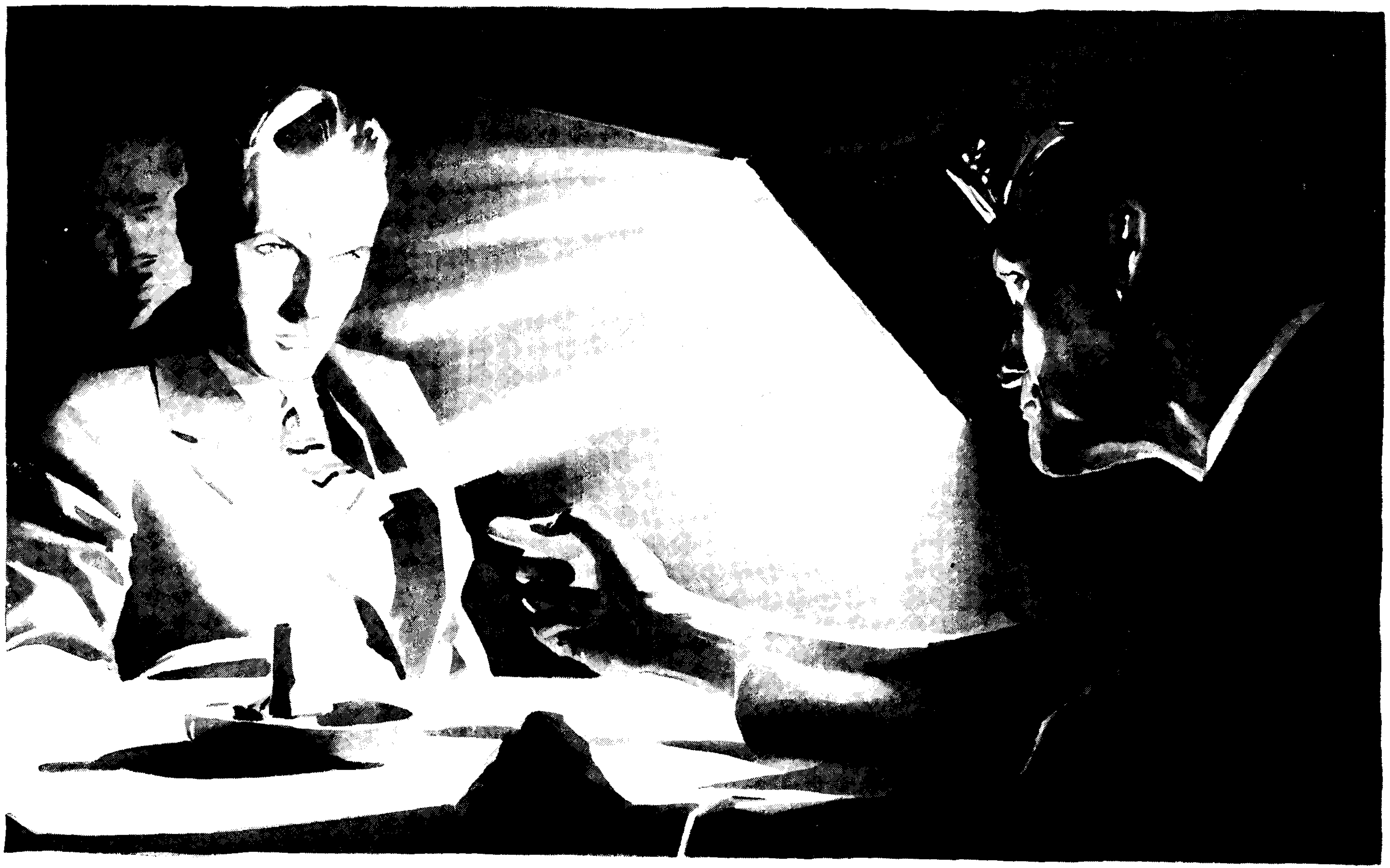
"Yes," Breed said.

"Very sorry to trouble you," the deputy announced courteously, "but the district attorney wishes to see you."

Breed reached for his coat. Sunshine turned back to another part of the room, staying there until he saw the door close behind his partner and the officers.

BREED came out of an anteroom, after a half hour's wait, into the district attorney's office and took the chair indicated to him. This was past midnight but they had turned off all lights excepting one on the district attorney's desk, and this was tilted to play across Breed's face. He got the stage effect of it immediately. There was a stenographer in the background and four other men waiting against the far walls, silent and shadowed. He really didn't have a clear view of the district attorney until the latter bent forward, putting his arms on the desk and his

(Continued on page 37)



The district attorney instantly pushed his question forward. "You resented Trent's interest in Miss Carson?"

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

ROSE AMES, accused of murdering her husband, the wealthy John Ames, is brought to trial. Brilliantly defended by Carlton Forman, an attorney whom she had jilted to marry Ames, she is acquitted. Whereupon Forman (who, she knows, still loves her) tells her bluntly that he believes her guilty—and sails for Europe.

The cleverest of all New York's crime investigators—Sam Kernochan, a newspaper reporter—agrees with Forman. He does not accept Mrs. Ames' story—that while in her bedroom she had heard a shot, hurried to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. Every exit had been locked *on the inside;* there had been no finger-prints on the revolver: and only Mrs. Ames had been present. Infuriated with his paper, for which he reluctantly writes a story extolling Mrs. Ames as a heroine, Kernochan is fired. And his greatest adventure begins. With her uncle, Coghlan Buell, Mrs. Ames calls on him. Well aware of his feeling toward her, she offers him fifty thousand dollars to prove her innocent —*or* guilty! And Kernochan accepts the offer.

He sets to work at once. From Laurette Marks, a white-lights butterfly, he learns that John Ames had been quite a play-boy. His last affair, according to Laurette, had been with the gorgeous Emily Trephon of The Jollities. Tommy Turner, a theatrical agent, introduces Kernochan to The Trephon. Kernochan, alone with the girl at a restaurant, describes a murder (the Ames case, slightly altered) in which a jealous lover plays a part—and the girl faints!

The following day Kernochan meets Laurette Marks on the street. "Better lay off Emily," she says. "You know Jimmy Pottery, the racketeer? Well, she's his girl—*and dynamite!*" Important news, that. Emily Trephon, he knows, had had an affair with Ansell Layman. Layman had been murdered. Emily Trephon had had an affair with John Ames. Had he, too, been murdered? Now, at last, Kernochan has something to work on.

Or has he? Rose Ames had admitted to him that Ames had often struck her; that it was she who had wiped the finger-prints off the revolver after handling it herself. He cannot bring himself to believe that the woman is innocent. . . . In his room he receives a telephone call from Mrs. Ames. She asks him to dine with her that evening at the Colony. He accepts the invitation. And he makes a resolve—whatever happens, not to fall in love with her.

V

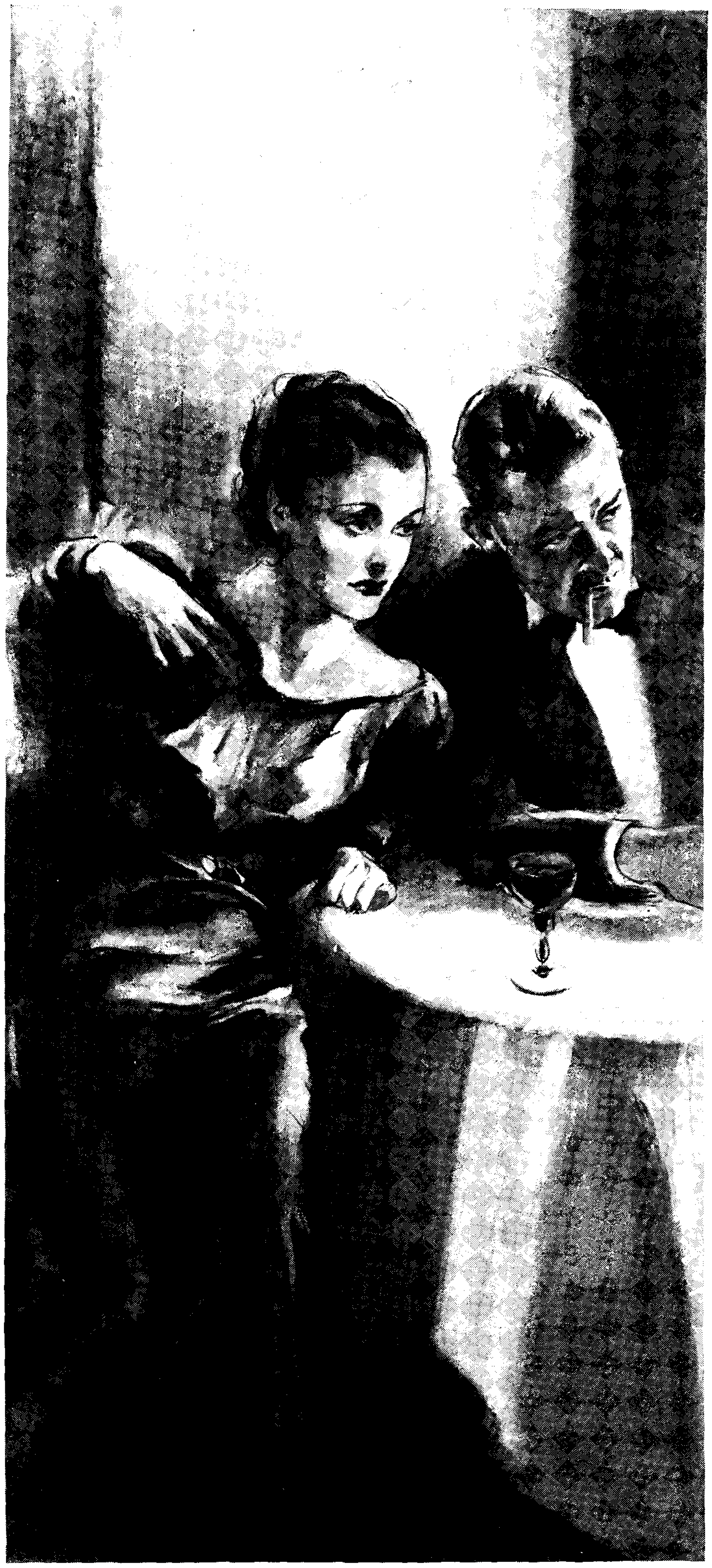
KERNOCHAN paused a moment on the steps of the house on East Sixty-third Street. Loitering on the sidewalk were half a dozen men and women, drawn to the scene by a curiosity that, if not morbid, nevertheless annoyed him. Nearly a week had elapsed since Rose Ames had been freed by a jury, but she was still a magnet. He felt an impulse to denounce these people; then he smiled at his own feelings. After all, he must remember that as yet he had learned nothing that had changed his opinion as to the cause of John Ames' death. His smile became grim. He had done well to warn himself against falling in love with Rose Ames, and he would do better if he reiterated that warning continually. A murderess was not suffering extreme punishment when the only penalty inflicted upon her was the stares of the curious.

Seated in the drawing-room, whither he had been conducted by a manservant, he studied the room. Rose Ames had told him that the house had belonged to her parents, and he knew that she had *lived* her twenty-four years in this home. He had glimpsed her bedroom and had spent some moments in her sitting-room. Now, as he waited for her, he drank in the atmosphere of this room.

The interior decorator had made it more difficult to judge character by the things among which a person lives, but no decorator had contributed to this room, and he seriously doubted if anything but her own taste had inspired the furnishing of the upstairs rooms. Her sitting-room had seemed cozy; her bedroom had been dainty; this room, despite the paintings on the wall that once had hung in palaces, the rugs that age had mellowed, and the furniture that would have aroused the envy of an antiquarian, was distinctly homey.

NONE of the rooms was the sort that one would associate with a cool and *crafty murderess.* Of course, murder was a unique crime. It was the one crime that could be committed by a person *without any criminal tendencies.* Criminologists always found, in the perpetrators of other offenses against society, definite anti-social traits. But murder, perhaps because it was a natural crime, was frequently committed by people who otherwise were definitely normal. So it didn't do to say that such a one could not be a killer. Difficult as it might be to believe that a person who lived as cozily and yet luxuriously as Rose Ames could kill, the history of a thousand homicides proved that such a person could murder.

But it was hard to associate craft and guile with the surroundings in which Kernochan now found himself. Temperament, wildest passion: these might dwell in such rooms, but not cruel cunning. Rose Ames had shown herself hard and cool, according to her own admission to Kernochan, and one might even recognize that guile had been evident in her actions since the crime. But that was the cunning that might be the instinctive act of an intellectual person *seeking self-preservation.* Such characteristics would not be incompatible with the mistress of this home. Granted her innocence of the killing, it was quite conceivable that she could act with cool artfulness after discovering her husband's body. *But it was hard to believe* that the woman who lived in these surroundings could plan the crime. Impulsive killing went with any character, but planned murder did not seem possible to the woman who lived among these things.



AGAIN he smiled, in derision at himself. Because she was lovely, because she had something that reached out and gripped him, he was arguing speciously in her behalf. Better stick to his first thesis, that any woman was capable of murder.

The smile died on his lips as she entered the room. During her trial she had worn black. She had not shrouded her face with widow's weeds and for the courage that made her refuse to hide her face he had admired her. Yesterday, for the first time, he had seen her in less somber garb. But tonight she definitely did not wear mourning. Of course white was semi-mourning, but it did not lead one to thoughts of tragedy.

She stood a moment in the doorway, and if she did so in order to provide her loveliness with a frame, Kernochan thought none the less of her because of this natural vanity. She must know how beautiful she was, and if she chose to enhance that beauty, to exhibit it to its best advantage, she was simply like any other pretty woman.

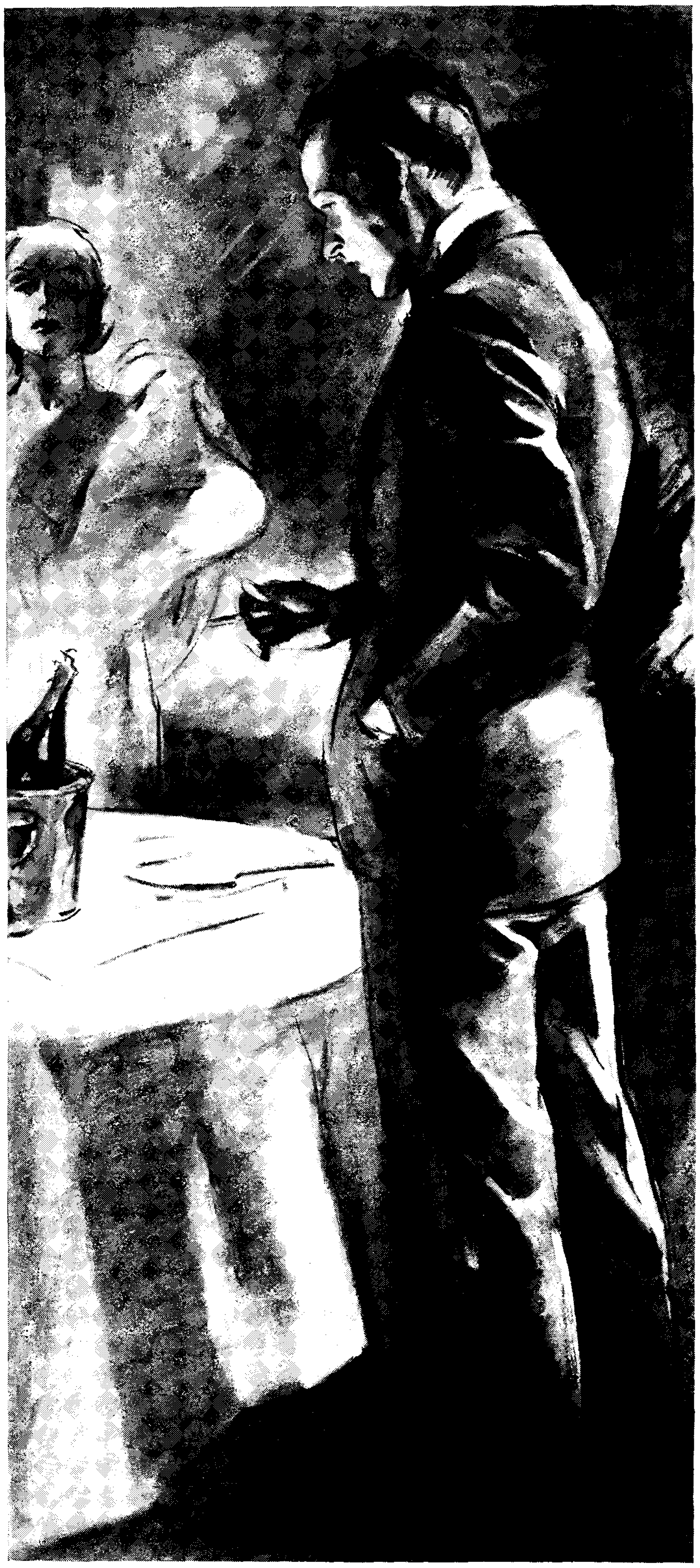
Her white dinner frock, the chinchilla about her shoulders, made her figure perfect. The only color in her ensemble was the gold coronet thrust in her black hair. And if this ornament was a trifle too ornate for a woman whose husband had been dead but six months Kernochan would not have conceded the fact.

She came into the room and held out her hand. As he took it his eyes wandered to her other hand and noted that she wore neither engagement nor wedding ring. How bitter must have been her disillusionment to make her already abandon the insignia of wifehood. He had been attracted to her before, but now he felt quick pity.

"You're punctual," she told him.

"Impatience accounts for the virtue," he said.

"I could read a compliment in that," she smiled.



"You don't like the way I talk, do you?" asked Kernochan. Pottery shook his head

"Do you have to puzzle them out? You must be so used to flattery that it's no novelty and you don't find it necessary to analyze speeches to discover it."

"But I hardly expected to find a compliment in any words of yours," she said.

He grinned at her.

"I can pay beauty the tribute it deserves," he said.

"Even if its possessor is unadmirable?"

"I didn't say that," he reminded her.

"You don't have to say it. After all, you believe I did the most dreadful thing—but we're dining, aren't we? And it isn't nice of me to spoil the evening before it really starts. I'm going to forget what you think of me. Can you forget it for an hour or so?"

His grin broadened immediately.

"Was there ever a funnier situation? The lady hires a man to prove her innocence of a crime which he believes she committed. So they decide to spend a pleasant evening dining together. I think we ought to get a laugh out of that."

"For just an hour I'll try to think it's amusing," she promised. "Shall we go?"

On the street her car awaited them. The loiterers were closer as she entered the machine, and one woman even asked Kernochan his name as he paid off the taxi-man who had been waiting for him. And as he settled himself beside her he noted, before the closing door turned off the roof light, that her hands were tightly clenched. He patted one of them.

"You mustn't do that. The yokels can drive you goofy if you notice them. Just forget they're alive and pretty soon they'll forget you."

"But it isn't easy," she said. "To be a spectacle—"

"The most successful plays close, you must remember. Someone else will take the limelight from you, but until someone comes along you've just got to keep a stiff upper lip. And you're the one who can do that."

She laughed shakily.

"I've had experience enough, haven't I?"

But as the car drew up before the Colony he seemed to sense that her body shrank. In the semi-gloom he saw her hands go to her face. But even as he was about to suggest that they dine in some less conspicuous spot, she spoke:

"I hope you didn't order dinner in advance. I know exactly what I want."

"I didn't," he assured her, as he alighted from the car and held out a hand to her.

THE little lobby was thronged with early diners now leaving for the theater, and the buzz of voices came to a sudden stop as Rose Ames was recognized. Kernochan glanced at her. Her ivory skin held the faintest touch of color on the cheek bones, and the smile that barely parted her lips was purely artificial. And then a dozen voices spoke at once:

"Rose. You darling. You wouldn't answer my telephone. When can I come to see you?"

A dozen more excited sentences were hurled at her, and there was no questioning the spontaneous affection behind the words. Kernochan shrugged; he and Forman were an infinitesimal minority of two. The rest of the world was positive that Rose Ames was innocent and had been most unjustly accused.

He liked the fact that she made no attempt to present him to her friends. It gave him opportunity to study her again under different circumstances. He had watched her in the courtroom and wondered at the iron nerve she showed. Now he marveled at the cool composure with which she accepted the adulation of her friends.

As they entered the dining-room, finally, and sat down at a table to which a head waiter guided them, conversation died in the half-filled room as it had died in the lobby. Again Kernochan eyed his companion. The color had left her cheeks now; she looked serene. She smiled at the eager head waiter.

"Mind if I order what I like?" she asked Kernochan.

He smiled in return.

"Certainly not."

She wanted a cocktail, a thick soup, fillet of sole, and baby lamb.

"And champagne," she added. "Do I seem too healthy?" she asked Kernochan.

"I have an appetite, too," he said. "And what you have ordered is exactly what I want."

He looked approvingly at her.

"You don't worry about diet, do you?"

"Why, am I fat?" she asked. There was a hint of fear in her voice, an almost pleading query in her eyes. She had not shown as much emotion as this at any time during the weeks of her trial. Kernochan laughed out loud.

"You couldn't spare a single lovely ounce."

"Why do you laugh?" she demanded.

"It's the only time I've ever seen you alarmed," he replied.

Mirth appeared in her eyes now.

"It's absurd, the fetish we've made of thinness. But I'm not worrying about it tonight."

CONVERSATION had been resumed all over the room now, and if Rose Ames knew that she was its subject she gave no indication of her knowledge. A huge woman rose heavily from her table a few yards away and waddled to where Kernochan and the girl sat.

"Rose Buell, how dare you neglect me the way you have? I've sent telegrams and notes and got no reply. Yet here I find you dining with a young man."

The girl smiled placatingly at the hard-faced woman of middle age, who billowed above her like a mountainous wave.

"I've intended to call you up, Mrs. Penfield. You were so sweet. I'm coming to see you as soon as you let me."

"Don't bring this young drunken jackanapes with you," boomed the fat woman. "And don't present him to me. I know the young pup. And why haven't you deigned to answer any of my invitations, Kernie?"

Kernochan had risen from his seat. He grinned at the belligerent Mrs. Penfield.

"Why should I?" he retorted. "I told you years ago that I didn't want to go to your dinners. Why should I be annoyed with writing regrets when I didn't feel them?"

"I ought to slap you, you insolent, unmannerly brat. I warn you, Rose, to have nothing to do with him. Tells me that my parties bore him, that my friends are stupid old fogies, and that my champagne is always corked."

"Well, aren't they, and isn't it?" demanded Kernochan.

The hard-faced old woman suddenly smiled, and one knew that hardness was but a mask. Amused benevolence was on her face now.

"The trouble with this young man, Rose, is that he's too bright. Of course my parties and friends are bores," she said to Kernochan, "but haven't you any courtesy?"

"If I had, you wouldn't like me," he told her.

She shook her head at him.

"I hear you've lost your position on the Leader."

"Now gloat, and tell me that you knew my bad habits would get me," laughed Kernochan.

"Never said 'I told you so' in my life," snapped Mrs. Penfield. "But just the same—"

"You feel it coming on now, eh?" said Kernochan.

SHE ignored him and spoke to Rose Ames.

"Maybe you can do something with him, Rose. No one else has been able to. If he continues presentable you may bring him in for tea."

"I shall make myself unpresentable immediately," said Kernochan.

"Insolent!" But Mrs. Penfield's adjective was softened by the tone in which she uttered it. "Shall I have Aaron speak to that old ass, Bowman?"

Kernochan smiled gently.

"You're an old darling, Aunt Minta, but I've another job."

"I'll bet you don't hold it," she snapped as she turned back to her own table.

Kernochan sat down and smiled at Rose Ames.

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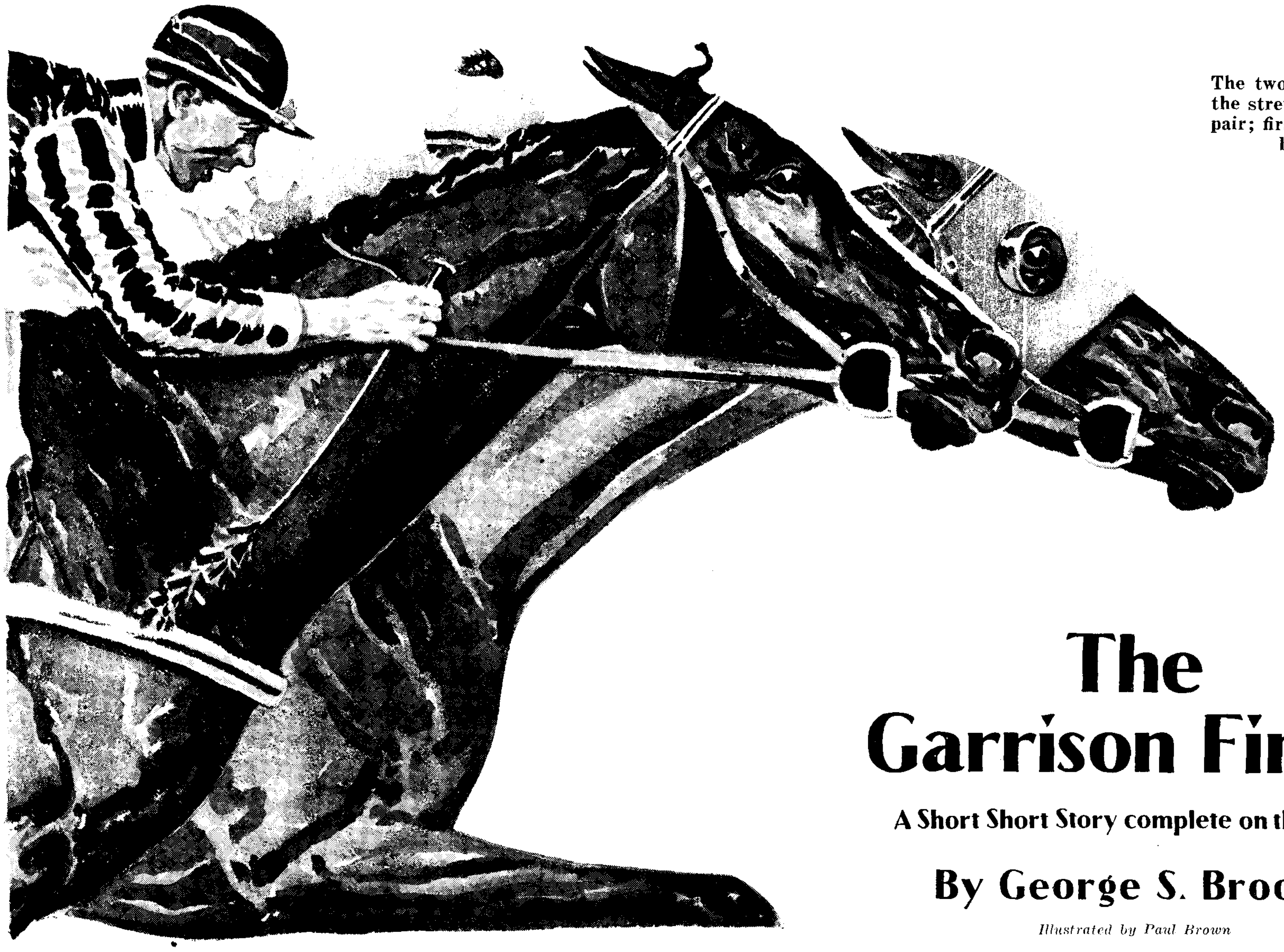

The two runners came into the stretch like a harnessed pair; first brown nose, then black, ahead

The Garrison Finish

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George S. Brooks

Illustrated by Paul Brown

EDDIE VROOM had been married less than an hour when he ushered his bride into the grandstand and seated her in the one vacant chair behind the club stewards' box.

Then he handed her a program, his index finger pointing to the fifth race. "This is why I wouldn't let you come to the track before, Hon. Your first race ought to be one you'll remember as long as you live. See? There it is. The Pioneer stakes for three-year-old colts and fillies. Thirty-five thousand dollars added. A mile and three sixteenths. Lookit the entries. Colonel McLaughlin's stables. Kingpin. That's us, Hon."

She nodded, looking at him. "Yes, Eddie. I love you," she whispered.

"And afterwards, I'll meet you at my . . . at our car, Hon."

He looked into her eyes. She looked into his. They wanted to kiss each other, but it was too public.

"I love you, Hon."

"I love you, Eddie. Goodby and good luck."

With that in his ears, he felt he could outdistance the world, and he clattered downstairs to the jockeys' room, where he changed to his working clothes.

He had lived a routine that would have discouraged a Trappist monk. He began each day by Russian dancing for twenty minutes to improve his knee grip. After a breakfast of cereal with skim-milk, dry toast and tea, he sat upon the barrel horse for an hour, swinging an iron polo mallet to develop wrists and forearms. The rest of his diet was chiefly lean chops and fresh vegetables which weren't fattening.

Of course he couldn't stop his exercises and his diet, just because he was married and drawing a yearly salary as a contract rider, instead of being an ordinary jockey who rode for anyone at so much a race. But it wouldn't be so hard to go hungry, day after day, with Ruth for company, encouraging him. She'd wished him luck. She didn't realize that she was his luck.

In time he would become a trainer. Then he could have a wedge of warm apple pie every day, eat candy, let out his belt and have money in the bank.

There was the usual sharp, shrewd-eyed crowd about the paddock.

Trainers watched critically as their stable foremen adjusted saddles and rebuckled throat latches. Grooms stripped the bandages from their horses' legs and smoothed the wrinkled skin beneath tightened girths.

The clerk of the course strutted about, fussily. "All ready, McLaughlin entry? Ready, Woodside? Ready there, you with Gaspar?"

A bugle sounded.

"You know your horse and he knows you, Eddie," said the trainer, suddenly. "Ride your own race."

"Yes, sir."

SO EDDIE legged into the saddle, settled his boots in the irons, knotted his reins, reached for his whip. He wasn't hollow inside. He wasn't even nervous. He didn't have to be, on his wedding day. He was riding this one to order. He was going out in the parade, behind the clerk, to win the Pioneer as a wedding present to his wife.

He stared at the grandstand, but everyone was standing, so he couldn't see Ruth. He waved to her anyway and slyly kicked his mount in the ribs, to make the big black dance.

"Garrison finish, Eddie," someone called.

"Gosh!" he muttered to himself. Well, why not? That would be something for a man to show his bride. Snapper Garrison traditionally won his races in the last few yards, saving his sprint until the stretch and timing his rush so accurately that he passed his foremost competitor just as they reached the wire.

It is the most thrilling spectacle in racing. But for a Garrison ride, one must have nerve, strong arms, a powerful, courageous horse and superhuman judgment. On this day, Eddie felt he had.

Kingpin gathered himself like a broad-jumper. The barrier was going up. Eddie leaned forward. Ruth had seen a perfect start. In another second, Kingpin was in his stride. The rider gripped his knotted reins and held the horse back until they were running with the trailers. That was part of old Snapper Garrison's trick, to warm the horse into top speed behind the pack.

When they turned into the back stretch, Eddie eased up a bit, to keep within striking distance of the lead. Ruth must be getting a great kick out of this. . . .

As they approached the leaders, a bay horse shot out in front. Kingpin was running fourth now. Never mind that leading goat, Eddie thought. He'll come back to us. Eddie gave Kingpin his head and they moved up to second place.

The bay sensed their approach and moved away, running stronger than before. Eddie recognized him, now. It was Gaspar, a good horse.

They rounded the turn for home. Gaspar showed no signs of quitting.

Eddie shook Kingpin up. But the black could not entirely close the gap. Gaspar had answered the challenge.

Had that slow first furlong cost him the cup? In a sudden panic of apprehension, Eddie cut Kingpin with the whip. The horse leaped forward.

But Gaspar had something left, as well. His jockey was whipping, too. The two runners came into the stretch like a harnessed pair; first brown nose, then black, ahead.

Forgotten was the smile Eddie had planned to flash into the grandstand as he passed. With fear of defeat slowing down his heart, but with every ounce of strength and will power he possessed, he catapulted that black horse over the last fifty feet to the wire. But until the numbers went up on the board, he could not be sure Kingpin had won by a nostril and that Gaspar ran second.

"Great race, boy," everyone was saying. "Headwork, Eddie." And sweetest of all was the trainer's quiet, "You're a rider, son."

But the jockey knew better. It was the thought that his bride mustn't see him lose that shoved him home ahead, after the race had been lost. She was the real power behind his arm. It was Mrs. Vroom's race, if the truth were known.

RUTH was waiting patiently beside the car. "Gee, Eddie, I hope you won't be mad at me."

"Mad at you? I love you, Hon."

"Well," she colored prettily as she flushed, "I knew you were in a hurry to get started for Hot Springs as soon as you could. I didn't think about you having to change your clothes again. I didn't want to keep you waiting, after it was over. So I just slipped down here to the car, before the race began. To be ready when you came. Was it a good race, Eddie?"

He loved her but he had to swallow a couple of times before he answered, "Folks seemed to like it, Hon."

Eddie Vroom began to realize he was married.

There's a smile in every spoonful!

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AND KEEP WELL

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10½ OZ
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TOMATO
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

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Asparagus
Bean
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Pea
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Tomato
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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

BRIGHT color and happy flavor are the magic magnets to attract the child's appetite. The sense of taste is so alert and eager in childhood that it responds with instant gusto to all that tingles and sparkles with delicious goodness. It's the wise mother who turns this normal craving to good account and makes it do a service to her children's health.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is a real "natural" for the flavor-hungry young appetite. Its vivid brightness is a promise that keeps its word in every sunny spoonful. Children eat it with a promptness and a thoroughness that leave no doubt about their whole-hearted approval. And while they do so, they are receiving the famous benefits of the finest red-ripe luscious tomatoes blended with nourishing creamery butter — a soup that is all wholesomeness for the youngsters.

Mothers take great comfort in knowing that Campbell's Tomato Soup is always to be trusted for the strictest quality — as dependable for goodness as if it were made by the most careful parent herself!

Children enjoy it either way!

To serve as Tomato Soup, add water. To serve as Cream of Tomato, add milk or cream. Either way, it always attracts and satisfies the young appetite.

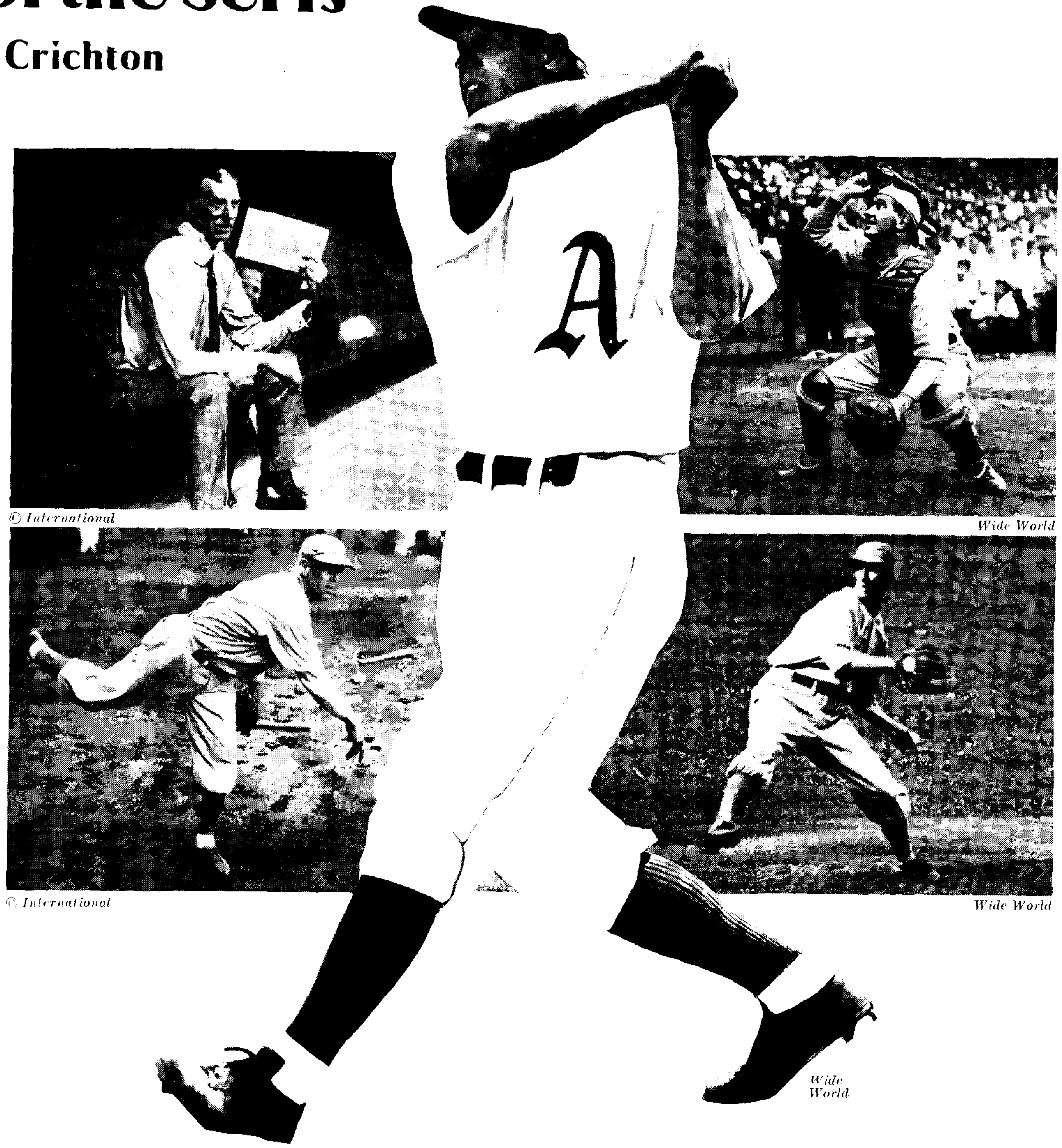
The wallop in my punches
And the hustle in my feet
Are there because of Campbell's,
Which I dearly love to eat!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The Roar of the Serfs

By Kyle Crichton

At about the time that Sunday baseball became legal in the City of Brotherly Love, Mr. Connie Mack began taking his team apart. The salaries of the remaining players were then smartly clipped. And heartburn resulted. The great Earnshaw is unhappily munching the fruits of independence. And all is not well along the Schuylkill



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Wide World

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Wide World

Wide World

Jimmy Foxx of the A's, who batted .356 last season and was proffered a spectacular salary cut by Manager Connie Mack (left, above). Opposite is Mickey Cochrane, below are George Earnshaw and Lefty Grove

FROM a distance Philadelphia seems unchanged. There are no shell holes, no crumbled buildings, no black-garbed figures trudging stolidly through the streets. And yet there is sadness in the City of Brotherly Love. Lefty Grove is gone. Moose Earnshaw is gone. Rube Walberg and Max Bishop are gone. Mickey Cochrane is gone.

The break-up began with the sale of Al Simmons, Jimmy Dykes and Mule Haas to the Chicago White Sox last year. Then came the rumpus over Earnshaw, the gradual deterioration of the club and the big deal with the Boston Red Sox this winter. The sale is a very excellent thing, say the Philadelphia fans, but is it cricket? To which Mr. Mack replies: "I give you a good ball club and you don't support it." The fans answer: "We vote Sunday baseball for you and you reward us by selling off the team." Things are not jolly along the Schuylkill.

The present mess is a mixture of financial moaning, falling gate receipts, the slashing of players' salaries, denials about pressure from the banks and a general breakdown in the morale of the club. The first sign of revolt came last year from George Earnshaw.

A Skid Down the Wage Scale

Mr. Earnshaw has turned out to be the classic example of what happens to one of the peons of baseball when he gets a trifle independent. The big Moose happens to be one of the handsome figures of baseball and one of the finest pitchers of all time. In his college days at Swarthmore he was on the same teams with John and Curly Ogden and it was generally conceded that not only could the boys dust them off at the plate but they could swoon them in the stands. It has always been a mystery to that portion of mankind which gets its nose red in the bleachers on Saturday afternoon why the movies should fool around with such fellows as John Gilbert and Gary Cooper when they might have Curly Ogden, but that is more properly a matter for the Will Hays office.

The point about Earnshaw is that he was a star almost from the moment Connie Mack brought him up from Baltimore. In 1929, his second year, he won 24 and lost 8. His peak was reached in the 1930 world series when he held the St. Louis Cardinals to 13 hits in 25 innings, making them look very sour. Those were the days of opulence along the Schuylkill and Mr. Earnshaw earned $22,000 in 1931 under a salary and bonus arrangement. There was a little difficulty along toward the end of the season when every extra victory was costing Mr. Mack at the rate of $1,000 per victory and Mr. Earnshaw was not too pleased when they started taking out the first team and trying out the rookies. After losing four straight through wabbly support, he is said to have uttered words about the matter. The answer to this was a contract in 1932 in which he was given $17,500 without the bonus.

The 1932 season is a matter of some dispute. Earnshaw's friends contend that a man who wins 19 games is not exactly tossing the ball up underhanded. The Mack defenders insist that he wasn't doing his best. At any rate when the 1933 contracts were sent out the Big Moose found that he was to be rewarded at the rate of $6,500 a season, with no bonus or any other inducements. Since this was a mere drop of $11,000 from the year before, Mr. Earnshaw gave evidence of shock. Upon recovering he made Connie Mack a counter offer of taking $5,000 a year with a bonus arrangement. The reply from the management was that the offer was for $6,500 and that was *all* it was for.

This immediately brought up a delicate problem. Mr. Earnshaw, under the well-protected system of organized baseball, had absolute freedom in the matter. He could either take the $6,500 or he could pick himself out a nice soft spot on the front porch and starve to death.

Independence Can Be Expensive

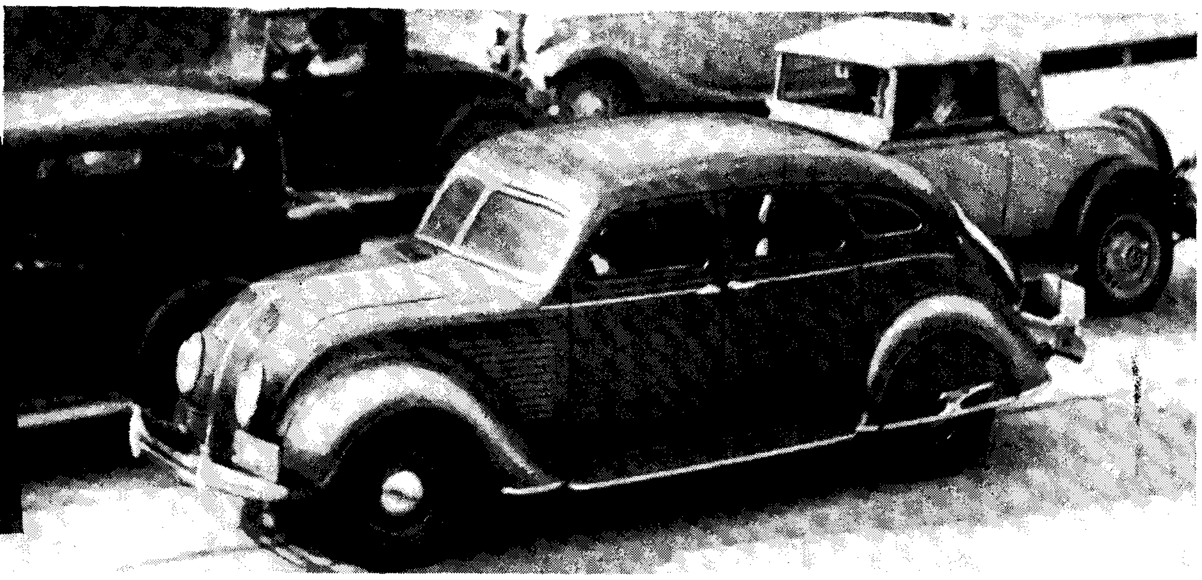
With Earnshaw there were complications even in this, for it happens that he has a wife and three children. Being trained as a ball player and having made an excellent record at it, he was now in the position where he either had to take what was given him by the management or give up his profession. Aside from the rule which makes a player a free agent after ten years' service, a ball player is at the mercy of his owners. The management can refuse to trade him or sell him. Instead they can place him on the suspended list and no other club is allowed to approach him.

There have been other instances of players who have preferred their independence but only rarely can a man afford to ignore his liege lords. Edd Roush, always a stickler for his rights, stayed out of baseball for a year late in his career because the New York Giants under McGraw refused to pay him what he was worth. Bill Terry, who was invariably a holdout before he became manager of the Giants, completely changed the morale of his team in taking charge of them last year by signing them to contracts which substituted increases for slashes, even though the boosts were mild ones in some cases. He signed up his team this year on the same plan and had no holdout troubles.

To get back to Earnshaw, when faced with the alternative of something or nothing, he gave in and signed. After a training trip in which he was in the best condition for years, something seemed to happen to him. His supporters explained it this way: "Here was Earnshaw—one of the great pitchers of all

(*Continued on page 50*)

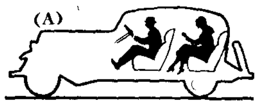
THERE'S A NEW AMERICAN STREET SCENE



HISTORY DOESN'T come in books. It happens. It's real. You can see it taking place before your very eyes.

Look around you. Notice the changes everywhere . . . even in the traffic. Notice the new AIRFLOW De Soto speeding past the old-fashioned cars of yesterday. It's a moving symbol of our air-minded age. A few months ago, the AIRFLOW De Soto was a startling new thought. Today it is accepted, taken for granted. Its logic is so obvious, its superiority so compelling.

(A)



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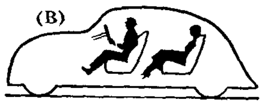
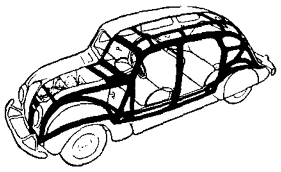


Let's take one specific point. In conventional cars (A), half the passengers are doomed to bounce over the back axle. In the AIRFLOW De Soto (B), engine and passengers are moved forward. You ride in the middle where you belong.

—A MORE CIVILIZED WAY TO TRAVEL

THERE'S A LOT being said about "*improved riding.*" But when you step through De Soto's extra-wide doors . . . stretch out . . . and glide away without sound or quiver . . . you know that this is no improvement. It's something new.

You can read in comfort at all speeds. Bad roads mean nothing. And you can drop off to sleep secure in the knowledge that you're in the safest kind of car ever built. For the first time, frame and body are one. You're protected on all sides.



Why buy another old-style car when you can be ahead of the procession . . . *this year* . . . in a De Soto. But forget buying. Go and take the first Floating Ride of your life. Because you'll never know what has happened to cars until you do!

THE BIGGEST THRILL SINCE YOUR FIRST FLIGHT

4 MODELS; 4-Door 6-Passenger Sedan; 4-Door 6-Passenger Town Sedan; 2-Door 6-Passenger Brougham; 3-Passenger Coupe with enclosed rumble seats. Improved Duplate Safety Plate Glass throughout at slight additional cost.

* Airflow DE SOTO

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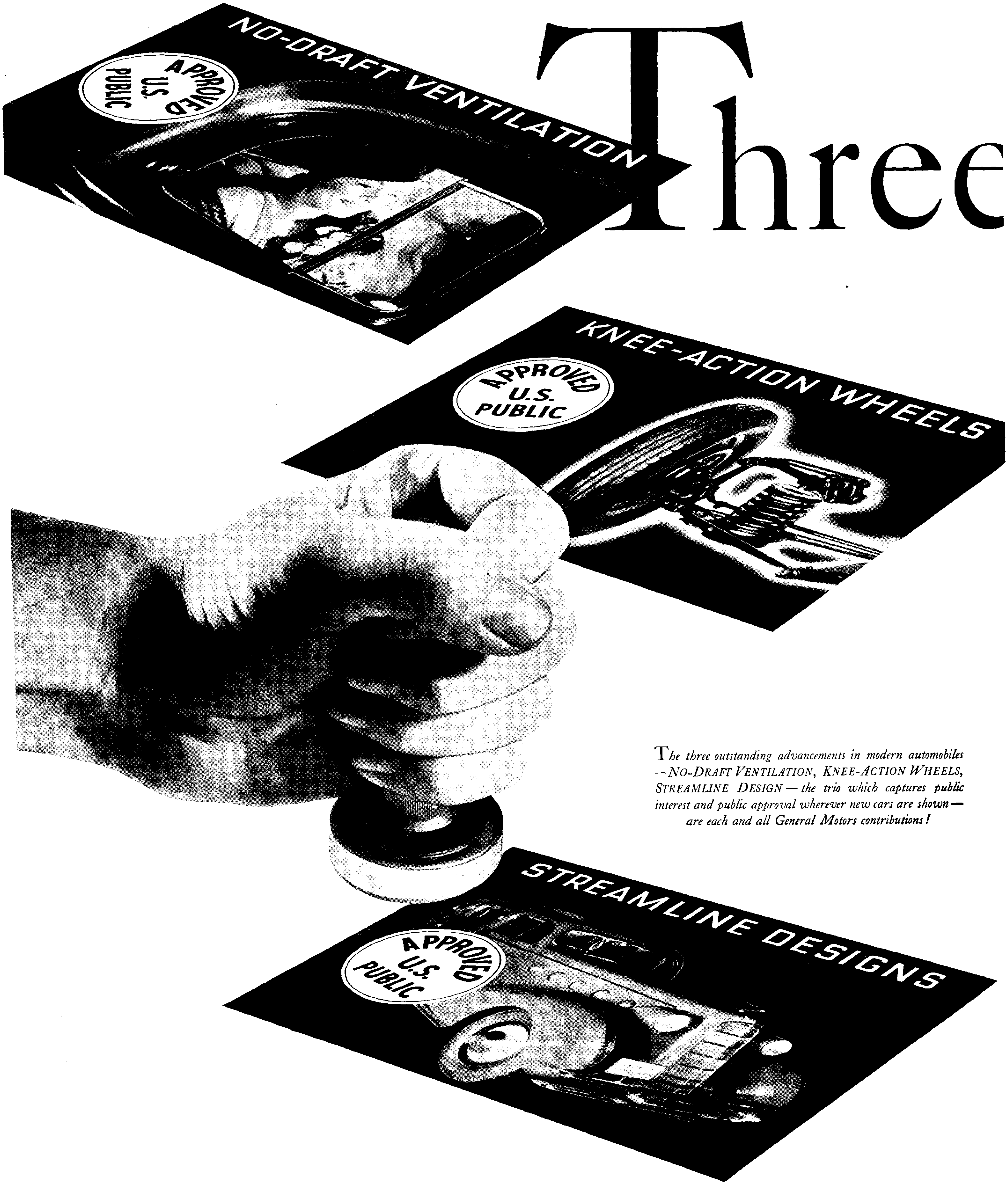
“AN EYE TO THE FUTURE —

— this describes General Motors’ policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it want*

Three


NO-DRAFT VENTILATION
APPROVED U.S. PUBLIC
KNEE-ACTION WHEELS
APPROVED U.S. PUBLIC
STREAMLINE DESIGNS
APPROVED U.S. PUBLIC

The three outstanding advancements in modern automobiles — NO-DRAFT VENTILATION, KNEE-ACTION WHEELS, STREAMLINE DESIGN — the trio which captures public interest and public approval wherever new cars are shown — are each and all General Motors contributions!

AN EAR TO THE GROUND"

better cars year after year, and yet is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

in a row!

HOW the well-dressed 1934 motor car will look is no longer an engineer's guess.

The good sense and the good taste of the people of America are settling that question in a fashion no one can mistake.

By their plain-spoken approval of the new General Motors cars the people have definitely set the vogue for *streamlining of mature refinement.*

It would be foolish to deny our pleasure at meeting so accurately the public's taste, yet we realize what credit belongs to the public also.

Our successful 1934 streamline designs did not leap full-born into being; they are of deliberate growth, rather than of abrupt inspiration.

Years are behind them, years of stern work in laboratory and on proving grounds, a total of experience on streamlined motor cars, railway trains, airplanes, unmatched in the world.

But the soundness of our 1934 designs found priceless advance verification *from the public itself*—hundreds of thousands of motorists told our Customer Research Staff just what they wanted.

And we can cite Knee-Action Wheels, No-Draft Ventilation, Streamline Designs as triumphs *three-in-a-row!* because our will to progress is linked with willingness to listen to the people's own desires!

HOW GENERAL MOTORS LEADERSHIP KEEPS IN STEP WITH YOUR DESIRES

FIRST—The vast and varied activities in research and experiment pursued by General Motors cover virtually the whole field of transportation. Its work in aero-streamlining over many years, for example, embraces airplanes, automobiles, even railway trains.

SECOND—Through the largest automotive dealer organization in the world General Motors is in close understanding of the public mind; and every year this understanding is verified and double-checked—last year by *more than a million consumer research letters* sent to automobile owners.

THIRD—It is a hard and fast policy of General Motors to suffer its own mistakes, to test and prove every innovation under conditions beyond those of normal use, to protect the buyer against any experiment of doubtful utility or value.

FOURTH—The balanced excellence of General Motors cars in 1934 as in other years includes ample and numerous features such as safe, smart, roomier Fisher Bodies, perfected No-Draft Ventilation, Knee-Action Wheels, smoother, more powerful motors, better brakes, to mention just a few.

GENERAL MOTORS

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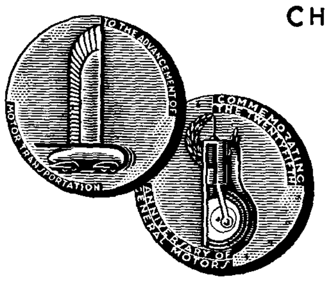
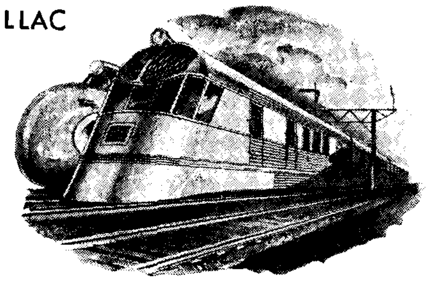

TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF MOTOR TRANSPORTATION
COMMEMORATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL MOTORS

This medallion commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Motors and of its public-minded interest in the advancement of motor transportation

Both the new two-mile-a-minute streamline Union-Pacific train and the new Burlington Zephyr are powered by the remarkably low-operating-cost Winton engines developed by General Motors engineers



Soft Answerer

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

CORDELL HULL is the least aggressive Secretary of State that any great power has produced in these unsettled times. In a period of intense political rivalry and economic nationalism, he goes visiting from country to country, amiably discussing world trade and world peace. He appears to be a diplomatic Peter Pan lost in a forest of international wolves.

Unkind critics say that he is "just a messenger boy for the President." Even friendly ones suggest that, as a booster of low tariffs and international coöperation, Mr. Hull sings hopelessly off-key in an administration so completely preoccupied with domestic concerns. What they mean is that the Administration sees no harm, though no definite or immediate advantage, in permitting him to preach his ancient sermon about leveling trade barriers and to assure our debtors that Uncle Sam's heart is still in the right place. Somewhere between these two views lies the general estimate of the place which the deliberate, drawling, white-haired mountaineer from Tennessee occupies in the New Deal.

In his first year as Secretary of State he has traveled more than 20,000 miles, and he is probably better known to peoples of other lands than to many of his countrymen. All that many Americans know about him is that he had some kind of a run-in at London with a professor named Ray Moley. What they don't know is that, although flare-ups of any kind are entirely foreign to his benign nature, the long-suffering Mr. Hull won out over the peppery, nationalistic professor.

A New Note in Diplomacy

In the sharp contrast between his personality and those of his predecessors may be discovered one reason for the new spirit and direction of our foreign policies as executed by Mr. Hull under President Roosevelt's guidance. At London and at Montevideo Mr. Hull slid into a back seat, whereas Charles Evans Hughes, bristling and bustling importantly, bossed world conferences on almost all post-war problems. Even the nervous, indecisive Frank B. Kellogg outsmarted Aristide Briand, and got his name slapped onto the peace pact which the Frenchman originated. Mr. Hull goes out of his way to give credit to the other fellow, and he has sung no premature pæans of peace. When he telephones to people, here or abroad, he announces: "This is Hull—yes, yes, I said Hull." Only when doubt persists about his identity does he help out by admitting that he is also Secretary of State.

Although slow and stumbling, Henry L. Stimson had his excitable moments in connection with disarmament conferences and the Manchurian crisis. More like Mr. Hull than the other two, he mobilized world opinion on the Far Eastern situation by refusing to recognize Japan's penetration of the mainland. But all three, working in such separate spheres as London, Paris, Geneva, Mexico, Nicaragua, Havana and the Orient, took in so much territory that there seemed to be no worlds for the unassuming Mr. Hull to conquer. All three, as executors of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover philosophy, had apparently battened down the hatches of the Ship of State. Even when President Roosevelt conferred with Mr. Hoover about a new motor—or pulmotor—the former's adviser was Professor Moley, not Mr. Hull.

Amid deafening cheers for economic nationalism, Mr. Cordell Hull, a new style in Secretaries of State, goes visiting from country to country, amiably chatting about world trade and world peace. Those who think that Mr. Hull does not know what it is all about forget what happened to Mr. Ray Moley when he got in the way

Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

But people who reckoned without Mr. Hull did not know the man's stubborn sincerity. For two-score years, as a member of House and Senate, he bored colleagues and filled the Congressional Record with his theories on tariffs as they affect all international relations. Solve the economic equation as between nations, he reiterated, and you will find the answer to the question of war and peace and prosperity. At political conventions he always walked around with proposals designed to rip apart the system of protection, to modify the government's generous attitude toward large interests as expressed in tariff and taxation measures, and to spread the benefits more generally. When the lights went out on the last loquacious knots of convention-goers, he would still be expounding his theories to sub-politicians, reporters, bell captains.

The Initiation of a Diplomat

He was not even a stimulating or spectacular bore, as Tom Heflin was. He never ranted or raved. He spoke and thought slowly, laboriously, and there was no wealth of ideas. All his speeches and suggestions contained one theme: "Tariffs must be lowered." But he never grew angry or uttered an unkind remark about personalities or factions in disagreement. He might sputter, but he did not blow up. Never was there a man endowed with so much patience and persistence in the face of so much Hawley-Smootism. Then, to everybody's surprise, including his own, Mr. Roosevelt drafted Mr. Hull to be Secretary of State.

Washington's explanation was that Mr. Roosevelt intended to keep a firm hand on all foreign policies, and the London Conference proved that. Nevertheless, a nation's foreign policies must be expounded, executed and advised upon by the Secretary of State, who is the only Cabinet member not required to submit an annual report to Congress. He is answerable to the Chief Executive and his conscience. And Mr. Hull, along with his patriarchal patience and persistence, has an exacting conscience.

London taught him a needed lesson. Eager and enthusiastic on his first major mission, he discovered that some diplomats did not place the same trust in his ideas that he did in their words. He managed to obtain a temporary tariff truce, although reservations and repudiations minimize its value, but on great issues "they wouldn't budge." He holds his head whenever he thinks of it. Domestic developments necessitated a sudden shift in the original American program, and he made no great hit on his first appearance on the world stage. The critics said: "We told you so."

But he kept his temper and he cut his eyeteeth. He won a personal triumph when, with a typically slow and honest speech of an impromptu nature, he outwitted the scheming British and French. Their wiliest diplomats could find no answer to his simple, bewildering question of whether *they* were foolish enough to admit inability or unwillingness to try to solve world problems. Neville Chamberlain pocketed his resolution blaming the United States for the adjournment already arranged by the Franco-British bloc, and eventually he felt compelled to second the Hull proposal for a face-saving recess. Besides the shock it administered to Mr. Hull, the London Conference convinced the

(Continued on page 57)

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Ownership of your first life insurance policy—small though it may be—often brings a new viewpoint. You feel as though you have planted a "financial acorn" which in time will be an oak, more valuable each year it grows. You will probably find it easy and convenient to pay for this first policy by the week or by the month.

As your first "acorn" becomes firmly rooted, you will want to plant others. You may find that by small economies, here and there—not too difficult—you can accomplish your purpose.

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Talk to your Metropolitan Field-Man. He can tell you how to plant your "financial acorns." Or mail this coupon.

Have a well-rounded Program of Protection. The Metropolitan's contracts afford a means to

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Without obligation on my part, I shall be glad to have you send me information concerning the way to make my "financial acorns" grow into "oaks."

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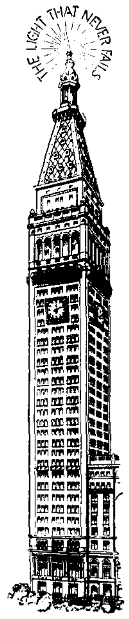
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT · · · ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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“Your guess is 20 miles too slo

CHEVROLET

Somebody in the back seat thought they were going only "forty." But that's a mistake people often make in a Chevrolet. They're used to low-priced cars that roar out their speeds in a loud voice, that announce "Sixty miles an hour" with a drumming in the body, with vibration in the steering wheel, and plenty of bouncing around in back. So, when none of these things happen in a Chevrolet, it's only natural to guess the speed wrong. As a matter of fact, Chevrolet can do an honest 80, and its pace is equally smooth, effortless, *deceptive.* The 80-horsepower engine has a new, quiet valve-design and an improved cushion-balanced mounting that ends noisy vibration. The big, roomy Fisher body has been thoroughly proofed against squeak and rattle. Several inches have been added to the car's wheelbase and many pounds to its weight, to assure a smooth "big-car" ride. And those Knee-Action wheels!—they swallow up the bumps, end "pitching and tossing" in the back seat, provide steady, safe, mile-a-minute travel. When a car feels and sounds the way Chevrolet does *at high speeds*—think how it feels and sounds at the *lower speeds* where you do most of your driving. *Try it only 5 miles*—then try to like any other low-priced car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms

Ch

..we're doing better than 60!”

vrolet for 1934

Drive it only 5 miles and you'll never be satisfied with any other low-priced car

A General Motors Value

In Office Hours

Continued from page 17

that afternoon and asked if she were free for dinner, she almost said yes. Paul was a particularly deserving case—sensitive and sweet, but bogged down in a dull job and saddled with a nagging wife. Marcia knew he was in love with her, but he'd never be troublesome; she almost said yes—but she remembered that Bee could hear every word through the ground-glass partition.

Ten minutes later she was glad she had said no; for Charlie McComas called up. She accepted his dinner invitation with delight, and looked up to face Bee's accusing frown.

"This is different," Marcia felt called on to explain. "Charlie's making money, and he's perfectly happy with his wife—"

"Then what's he doing, dining away from home?" Bee demanded sternly.

"He lives in Boston; he's just in town overnight." Bee still looked skeptical. "It's all right," Marcia insisted. "Charlie was an old flame of mine back home, in my high school days; but that's all over. I'm just a friend of the family. I used to kiss him but now I kiss his wife."

"I'll bet he's got some hard-luck story," Bee predicted.

But he hadn't; quite the contrary, in fact. Charlie—he was years older than Marcia—was in a paternally inquisitory mood; he wanted to know all about how she lived. And when she had tried to answer all his questions—

"MARCIA," he said severely, "you're wasting your life." She gasped. "Yes, you are," he persisted. "You're twenty-seven or -eight years old—"

"Twenty-six. People lose count when you marry at nineteen."

"Even twenty-six is old enough to be getting somewhere."

"I am getting somewhere. I'm running the department—"

"But you needn't think they'll ever make you manager. I don't doubt you'd be a good one, but—you started as a stenographer. Executives can't forget that; they'll always think of you as somebody who'd still be pounding a typewriter if they hadn't promoted you out of sheer big-heartedness. . . . And when it comes to your love life—!" Charlie shook his head sadly.

"I haven't got any love life!"

"That's the trouble—and you need it. Young, healthy, good-looking—you ought to have a husband, and children." She flushed.

"I had a husband once, and couldn't get along with him."

"That wasn't your fault. And he isn't the only man on earth."

"The rest are all married," said Marcia. "Or else unemployed."

"Mostly. But—isn't there anybody that wants to marry you, and could?"

"There's a widower in Flushing, with three children. A good soul; he calls me Little Woman, and wants to call me The Little Woman. . . . Not yet!"

"Unappetizing," Charlie agreed. "Still, you're lonesome."

"I'd rather be lonesome by myself than lonesome the way I used to be, waiting for somebody to roll in at three A. M. with a breath and an alibi."

"So," he accused her, "you put up with a carbon-copy love life—letting a lot of incapables hold your hand and tell you their troubles!"

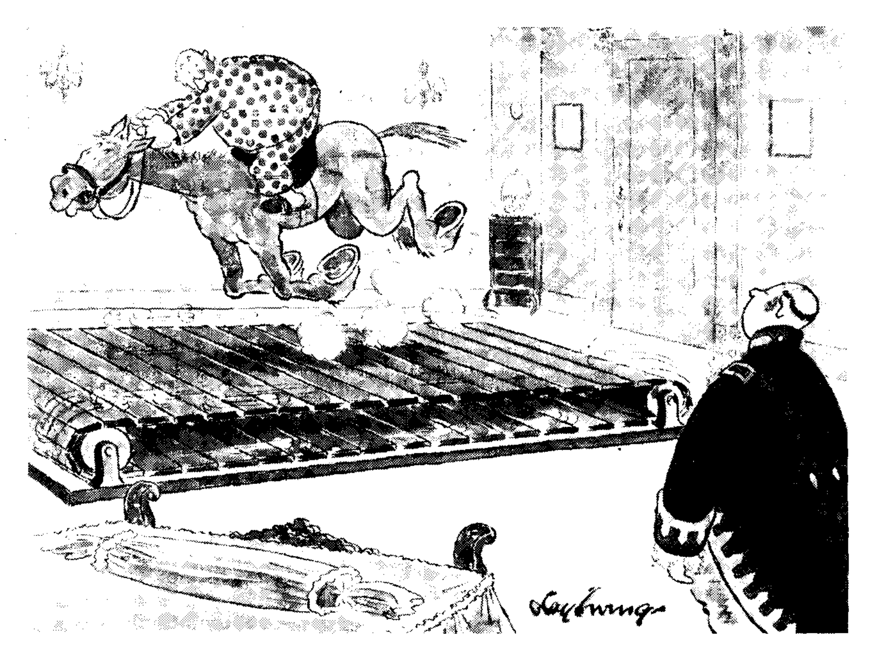
"They may hold my hand," she flared, "but that's all!"

"It probably is—so far. But some evening you'll be tired and discouraged too—and then you'll find yourself tangled up in something you never intended. . . . Some of these men are married, aren't they? Well! Suppose a jealous wife picks on you as the goat." She couldn't help shivering; that was always possible. "It's such a pitiful substitute!" he said furiously. "The thwarted maternal instinct—mothering these incompetents when you ought to be mothering your own children."

"I haven't yet found a man I'd want to be the father of my children. Meanwhile, Charlie, this is the thing I can do—a sort of public service."

"Oh, it is? You needn't think you do these bums any good. You only pauperize them emotionally, make them dependent. If they didn't have you to lean on, they might learn to stand on their own feet."

"SOME of them do learn. . . . Look here—this is my special talent. It may be a second-rate one, it may not do me any good; still I do seem to have a gift for cheering men up—yes, and getting them started, sometimes. I could name two or three men who might have gone under if I hadn't stood by them; but I gave them an—an impulse, and now they've got somewhere."



"Er—beg pardon, sir. It's stopped raining now, sir" *Jay Irving*

"And do they still want to date you up," he demanded, "now that they don't need somebody to kid them along?" She reddened. "I thought so," Charlie observed. "Even if they did want to, you're probably incapable by this time of getting interested in a man who can stand on his own feet and doesn't need you. You've got to mother them. And some day—"

"Well?" she asked, as he hesitated.

"Ever play pool, Marcia? . . . No? Well, the cue ball—it transmits an impulse, an impersonal force. Its job is to knock the other balls into the pockets where they ought to go. But if the cue ball itself goes into a pocket, there's hell to pay. Well—through you, an impersonal force flows to these incapables, and occasionally makes one of them get out and do something. And some day that same force is going to knock you into a pocket where you don't belong." She smiled faintly.

"So there's no hope for me, whether I fall in love or not? . . . Charlie dear, I've known enough men to diagnose you perfectly. You wanted me once and didn't get me. You don't want me now—you're happy with Margaret; but you still feel responsible for me. You can't be completely at ease till you've got me settled. It's kind of you; but I prefer to settle myself!"

She had the last word, and made a dignified exit; but neither dignity nor confidence that she had diagnosed Charlie correctly helped her much as she lay awake that night. She'd been proud of her rehabilitation work on the two or three men she'd started going again—but it was true that they seldom called her up any more. She was proud of her standing in the office, but Charlie didn't seem to think— Well, she'd show him! When she had broken in one more manager, and he had failed like the others, the higher-ups in the P. T. C. would realize that they had better leave her on the job.

Meanwhile—she'd better resign as shepherd of the lost sheep. There really wasn't any sense in losing sleep over the troubles of some man you weren't in love with, when you were working to get somewhere in the office.

When it was announced that Mr. Keith Rainsford was returning from the London office to become the new personnel manager, Marcia and Bee Collins looked him up in the card index where you could find the history of everybody in the P. T. C., from the chairman of the board down to the newest office boy. Born Chicago, 1899; St. Paul's School; air service in France (D. S. C.); Harvard '22; with the P. T. C. at Cape Town, at Alexandria; manager of the Marseilles branch, of the London branch; Legion of Honor, Egyptian Order of the Nile; married, 1924, Leonora de Ruyter of Johannesburg—

"OF COURSE," Bee sighed in resignation. "He *would* be married. . . . Gosh, Marcia, he sounds like somebody."

"But he must have a soft spot somewhere," Marcia reflected. "Otherwise he'd be too big a man for this job. I wonder what—"

For Keith Rainsford was the Enemy—the last man, in all likelihood, between her and the managership. If he failed, like the others— I could make him fail, she caught herself thinking; he's new, and I know all the ropes. . . . She flushed with shame; the thing was done, often enough—she'd seen it done in the P. T. C. organization. But Marcia Summers had never done it and never would. If she couldn't win out on her merits— Besides, she need only wait till the soft spot showed itself, whatever it was; till Rainsford lost his way in the trackless labyrinth of office politics, where one after another of his predecessors had vanished without a trace. . . .

Still, she couldn't help feeling a touch of unworthy pride in her own sportsmanship; and she needed that just now to cheer her up. Spending her evenings alone, she missed her lost sleep; and it made her feel mean to say no to somebody who needed a sympathetic ear. Paul Turnbull, when she said no, looked as if he understood and couldn't blame her; probably he thought she was afraid of his wife—as indeed anybody might be, from all accounts. And Bill Caraway, when she went on saying no, evening after evening, made as much disturbance as if he were really in love with her.

But she stuck to her no, and dined alone and went to bed early—and lay awake half the night wondering how poor Paul was getting on, or poor Bill, or poor somebody else; till she came to the startled realization that she'd better begin worrying about poor Marcia. For it had been apparent from the very first day that Keith Rainsford wasn't going to fail.

HE LOOKED about as Marcia had subconsciously expected, from his record—big and weatherbeaten, with a young smile and coolly mature eyes, and a quiet assurance that was so natural that it wasn't offensive. In a dozen words he conveyed the idea that he knew all about her and appreciated her mastery of the department; that he knew that he must rely on her—and that he could. She went back to her office, next door to his, trembling from the impact of his personality, and from an emotional shock that she couldn't analyze.

Rainsford was like no manager the department had ever known before. His predecessor had been fussy; but he assumed that anybody on the pay roll of the P. T. C. was competent to do the work entrusted to him till proved otherwise. Another predecessor had been familiar, always showing everybody the picture of his wife and children in the back of his watch; but Rainsford never mentioned his private life. Marcia knew (from Bee Collins) that he lived in Forest Hills; but he evidently had his wife well trained, for she never called him up during office hours.

Bee said he never called his wife up either; which was rather queer. Maybe that was the soft spot—he didn't get along with his wife. Rather tragic, if a man of his ability were held back by an unsuccessful marriage. . . .

"What am I thinking about?" thought Marcia desperately. "It's all imagination; and whatever happened to him, he'd never be a lost sheep. . . ."

She was beginning to feel rather like a lost sheep herself.

For there was a new tone in the office. Bee Collins gave up late parties, and was at her desk promptly at nine; yet Rainsford had never said a word to her about punctuality. So far as Marcia could discover he never said a word of reproof to anybody; he didn't need to. She wasn't ready to admit that people got more work done for him than they had done under her easy-going management which made allowances for personalities, but they all acted as if they were getting more work done; they were all alert, on their toes, visibly eager to anticipate Rainsford's orders.

In short, thought Marcia miserably, he was a better manager than she had ever been or ever would be. Whenever he had to ask her about anything, he grasped it instantly and went on to the next thing, leaving her with a sick feeling that the sort of thing she knew wasn't very important after all. He did things she couldn't have done, made in-

(Continued on page 34)

The "DATE-LINE" tells you *they're fresh*

"WE ARE ADRIFT"—FLASHLIGHT SIGNALS READ. Standing up in the rocking, disabled dory, in which he and John Boyle* had drifted 100 miles in a gale-lashed sea, George Bell* sent those signals into the night from a large size hand-flashlight. And those signals, seen on a trawler. . . . saved these two fishermen.

**Not their real names, of course, although they were given in the coast-to-coast newspaper report.*

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EVEREADY
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PETS ARE A SERIOUS MENACE —when they take to sleeping on unlighted cellar stairs . . . in any unlighted spot for that matter. Play safe; send the brilliant beam of your flashlight ahead of you.

At times like these you're glad they're Fresh

You fill up your flashlight with Eveready Batteries. You snap the switch...and swift sure light stabs the darkness every time. Of course there are reasons...although you may never have known them.

Right near the top of the list of reasons is *freshness*. Brimful of long-life, each Eveready you buy is *fresh* because your dealer sells Eveready Batteries so fast they've no chance to lose their power . . . to die on his shelves.

And besides *freshness* there are many more reasons . . . indeed, that compact Eveready you've bought for only a dime is the tangible result of 40 years of battery making. 40 years of designing, checking, refining and improving. Perfecting the balanced mix of the six *active* chemicals that produce the light you want. Working out such things as the "power-stabilizer" which holds these powerful light-making elements on tip-toe . . . ready to light. Designing the metal top, which prevents power from leaking away when the batteries aren't in use. All these things are back of the "date-line" with its guarantee that the Eveready Batteries you buy for your flashlight are *fresh*.

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EVEREADY BATTERIES *packaged electricity at its best*

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. . . they may

RUIN YOUR FEET

ACHING feet, arch troubles and other ills often come from wearing shoes with run-over lopsided heels—for a very simple reason.

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Why run the risk of permanent foot trouble—when it's so easy to keep your shoes and feet straight with the world by wearing Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

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GOODYEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS

keep shoes and feet straight

In Office Hours

Continued from page 32

stantaneous decision—and made them right—that she'd have had to think out. . . . She hated him.

For he had destroyed the last thing she had to be proud of. Charlie's biting analysis had made her doubt whether what she did for her lost sheep was any great public service, so she'd given them up; and without even a carbon-copy substitute for what she needed, she had only one prop left for her self-respect—her confidence in her business ability. Keith Rainsford had swept that away—without meaning to, no doubt; without even noticing what he was doing to her. He never noticed her at all, except as he'd have noticed an office boy, a file clerk, a water cooler—somebody or something which was doing the job it was there to do. . . .

Then, one evening when she stayed late at her desk, he asked her to step into his office. As she came in she heard him telephoning:

"Nora? I won't be home for dinner. . . . What? I'm sorry, but I can't make it this time. Tell the children good night for me. . . . Oh, I don't know; maybe I'll dine at the club, maybe not."

Marcia had heard so many men talk about their wives that she thought she could interpret tones when they talked to their wives. What struck her about Keith Rainsford's tone was the complete absence of any emotional undercurrent—the undercurrent you could note in the voice of a man who said he hated his wife, even sometimes of a man who believed he was completely indifferent to his wife; the unacknowledged survival of some indestructible personal link that made them a couple, for better or worse. From Rainsford's voice, that was gone. . . . But of course, she reflected, they're staying together for the sake of the children. . . . He looked up.

"Miss Summers, I've been so busy getting broken in here that I haven't had time to talk to you about—things in general. There are so many things that I don't know, and you do—" His eyes were remote. . . . He's beginning to run into office politics, she thought instantly, and it bothers him. . . . He turned back; his tired face lit up with a smile. "Do you happen to be free for dinner? We might—we might talk things over—"

He broke off, his fingers playing with a pencil, his eyes avoiding hers. Just another lost sheep after all—Keith Rainsford! It made Marcia sick. . . . Still, he needed her; she could do something for him. But—not that. He wasn't going to be a lost sheep if she could help it; she wouldn't let him lean on her when he ought to be standing on his own feet. . . . No doubt, if she wouldn't some other woman would; but—

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rainsford; I have a dinner engagement," she lied.

His eyes were impenetrable as she walked out, went back to her office. She put on her hat, and her telephone rang again—Bill Caraway.

"MARCIA! I haven't seen you in ages. How about dining with me?"

"I'd love to, Bill." (Anything, anybody, to put off the hour when she'd be alone with her thoughts.) "Only," she said, "I don't feel like going out tonight. I'll pick up a steak and broil it in the kitchenette."

"You think I can't afford to buy you a dinner," he surmised correctly. "Well, you're wrong. I've got a job—a good job. . . . Oh, I've had it three weeks; I'd have told you about it before this if you'd given me a chance. How about meeting me at the Superba in half an hour?"

"*Superba in half an hour,*" *she* repeated, and knew that in the empty, silent office Rainsford could hear every word. That ought to show him. . . .

Success had been good for Bill Caraway; he was not only cheerful, he was even almost subtle. After dinner they went up to her apartment and talked.

"I told you everything would come out all right," she reminded him presently. "And it has. . . . Really, Bill, I'm awfully proud of you."

"Me? Huh! You did it all, Marcia."

"Oh, nonsense! I let you tell me your troubles, but any woman would have done that." (Though not at such length, perhaps.) "And I'm not at all sure," she sighed, "that it was good for you."

"But when you quit letting me tell you my troubles—" he said. "That was a sock in the eye, and I needed it. I was getting too sorry for myself—leaning on you. But when you made me mad, I had to show you."

"And it made me feel so mean," she said, "whenever I said no—"

"But it was what I needed. What we both needed," he added cryptically; and before she realized it he had taken her in his arms. . . . Well—she'd often kissed him; and it was nice to be held tight when you felt all limp and useless. . . . But this— Really, this wouldn't do.

"Bill!" she said shakily. "After all—Just because we're good friends, and both lonesome, and—and young enough to need somebody—"

"I need you—nobody else. I didn't realize how crazy I was about you till you made me stay away from you. . . . You'll marry me, Marcia?"

SHE knew she mustn't laugh; she knew she ought to say yes. Bill was standing on his own feet now, he was successful; and still he wanted her. That was a novelty. . . . And she was fond enough of him; if you were picking out a father for your children, he'd be a better one than most. And it was about time she did something with her life, something better than mothering lost sheep.

"My dear," she heard herself saying, "I don't see how I can."

He didn't see why she couldn't. Granted, he said—though the admission obviously came hard—that she wasn't as crazy about him as he was about her; still she liked him, she liked to have him make love to her, and she wasn't in love with anybody else. ("Certainly not!" she assented.) And what, he wanted to know, did she expect to do with her life? She needn't expect to get any higher in the office; he'd heard they had a first-rate man running her department now.

By the time he left he was disgusted with her. She was, he said, an emotional sadist; she had to dominate a man; her pride wouldn't let her admit that she was interested in him, when he could stand on his own feet.

After he left she lay awake till almost dawn, and it wasn't the sorrows of Bill Caraway that she was thinking about. Maybe Keith Rainsford had really needed her; and she'd said the wrong thing.

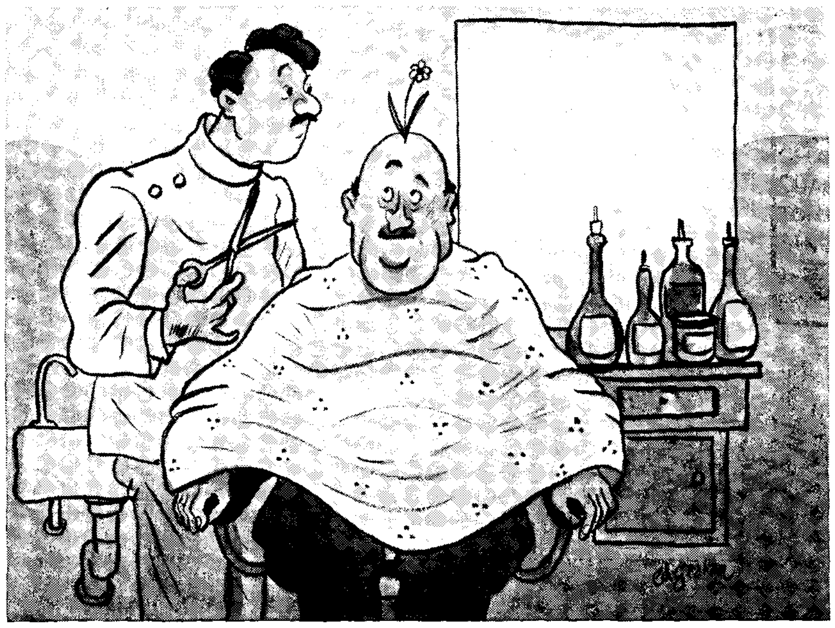
ALL that day she felt inert as a lump of lead. More than once she caught Bee looking at her accusingly; never once did she catch Rainsford looking at her at all. She stayed overtime again—she had to, to finish the day's work; and when everyone else was gone he walked into her office.

"I'll have to ask for a little of your time, Miss Summers. I don't want to take this up when we'd be constantly interrupted; and if you don't feel like seeing me outside the office— I'm not satisfied with the transportation and accounting system for field men. It seems to me—"

He began to tell her how it seemed to him; and as he talked she saw the door of opportunity that he had slammed in her face opening wide once more. This was his soft spot—a blindness to the importance of office politics, an insensitiveness to undercurrents, to the interplay of jealousies in a great organization. She had only to agree with him, like a well-disciplined subordinate, and let him go ahead with his plans; and he'd be lost. Lost in the labyrinth where his predecessors had vanished; and at last the higher-ups would realize that only Marcia knew enough to run that department. She needn't do a thing—only give him rope enough.

"Stop!" she said desperately. "That won't do. . . . Yes, it's a perfectly swell plan, but you'll cut your own throat. You don't know what a nest of jeal-

(Continued on page 36)



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Ed Graham

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As "Clem" McCarthy listened in New York

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In New York City, 3,000 miles away, Clem McCarthy, noted racing reporter, sits at his typewriter . . . listening, intently, to a General Electric All-wave set that is bringing the complete broadcast of the historic classic *direct* from England.

"They're off!" snaps the loudspeaker.

And for ten dramatic minutes, McCarthy follows the pounding hoofs from barrier to finish line . . . follows the horses over thirty jumps as they put four punishing miles behind them.

He gets every spill . . . every thrill—thanks to *modern* radio.

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NO MATTER how radio-calloused you may be, you'll get a real thrill out of the new General Electric All-wave set—the very first time you hear it.

You, too, will become a short-wave fan . . . seeking new entertainment, fresh adventure in the short-wave bands when weather conditions are favorable for short-wave reception.

You'll hear London, Paris, Rome, Madrid,—scores of foreign stations. And out of the night, into your home, will come grim calls to police cars, too . . . aviation signals . . . the voices of amateur operators.

Even your favorite American programs take on a new charm as these world-spanning G-E sets bring them in . . . with the rich, brilliant tone that won for General Electric the famous "tone tests." Yes—these new G-E All-wave sets are dramatic, exciting—distinguished leaders of a full line of G-E receivers.

See your G-E dealer or write General Electric Co., Section R-484, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

- ★ **Twenty-four brilliant new G-E models.**
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- ★ **Priced from $18.75 to $365 . . . Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. Subject to change without notice.**

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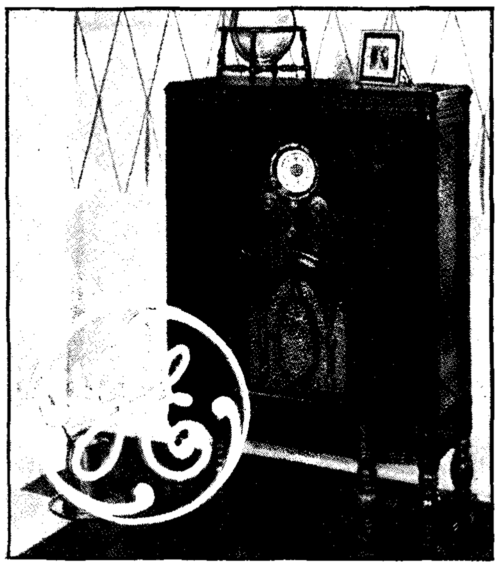

MODEL K-85—The new G-E All-wave console. Puts the whole radio world at your finger-tips. Priced at $128.75. Also available in a smartly-styled table model at $92.50.

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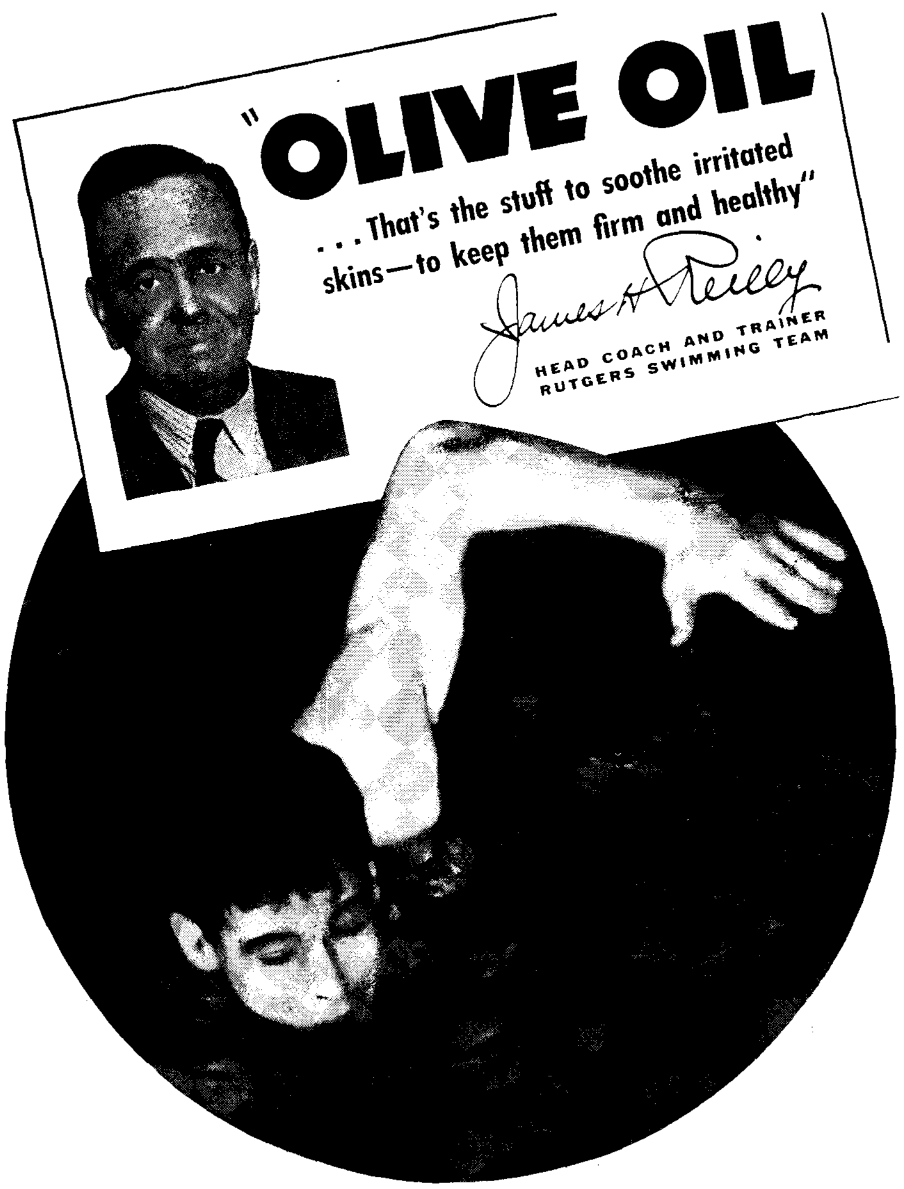
"OLIVE OIL
. . . That's the stuff to soothe irritated skins—to keep them firm and healthy"
James H. Reilly
HEAD COACH AND TRAINER RUTGERS SWIMMING TEAM

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Then switch to Palmolive Shave Cream! Olive oil goes into the making of Palmolive, the shave cream created to eliminate after-shaving irritation.

IT is our idea that a shave cream should give you a close, clean shave *without* the usual, after-shaving skin discomfort!

So, in making Palmolive Shave Cream we use just the right amount of olive oil . . . for specialists, barbers, and trainers all agree that soothing *olive* oil is one of the finest preventives of skin irritation.

Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect*. This same soothing action also tends to produce a *permanent* improvement in the condition of your skin.

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New Low Price!

The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for Palmolive—the largest selling and most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube of Palmolive today. Shave with it. In three minutes you'll know why we say: Just as alcohol makes repeal beer different, *olive oil* makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

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PALMOLIVE shave cream
PALMOLIVE shave cream
Only 25¢
(FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢)

In Office Hours

Continued from page 34

ousies this place is. Mr. Kirtley" (this was the operating vice president) "would never forgive a department manager for going out of his own field. You'd simply ruin yourself; you'd be fired—"

"And then they'd make you manager," he said. He thrust his hands in his pockets, walked nervously about the room; he turned and came back, he leaned over her, staring into her eyes. "Marcia, why did you tell me?"

"Because— Because—" Miss Summers found that her throat was a solid lump; she got out her handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes, and realized that the cue ball had been knocked into a pocket at last.

"YOU'LL be the next manager," said Keith Rainsford, "if you want the job. Nobody else could ever know the department as well as you do. . . . And don't worry about me; they only put me in here to keep me occupied till Mr. Kirtley retires at the first of the year. I'm to take his place; as operating vice president I can make all these reforms—but I thought I'd better see how they looked to the next manager of the personnel department. . . . And now—why did you tell me?" She couldn't speak. "Sportsmanship?" he wondered. "Yes, you're a sportsman, but— Marcia! Look at me!"

She looked at him; and he reached down and pulled her up out of her chair. . . . At last she released herself, reluctantly; she smiled at him with weary resignation.

"I suppose you have to catch a train, don't you?" (Men always did.)

"You know perfectly well," he said, "that I'm not going out to Forest Hills. Not yet. If you've got a dinner date, break it."

"I'd break anything, but— Nora— I don't care!" she said. "I wouldn't care if you had twenty wives. If I can give you anything that she doesn't— But I don't want to make trouble for you. I don't know what your situation is at home—" (Though no doubt I'll soon hear all about it, she couldn't help reflecting.) "But I don't want to make it any worse. . . . That's all. If you can take care of that, why, then—"

"It was a curious coincidence," he said, "that my wife had the same name, more or less, as my sister. Lea—my wife—I never called her Nora—died four years ago. That's one fact that isn't noted in the card index of the personnel department—possibly because we separated two or three years before she died. Not much of a success, that marriage. . . . Nora, my sister, is married to a naval officer. I've been staying with her till she takes her children out to join him at Honolulu next month. . . . So if, instead of managing the department, you'd rather manage me—"

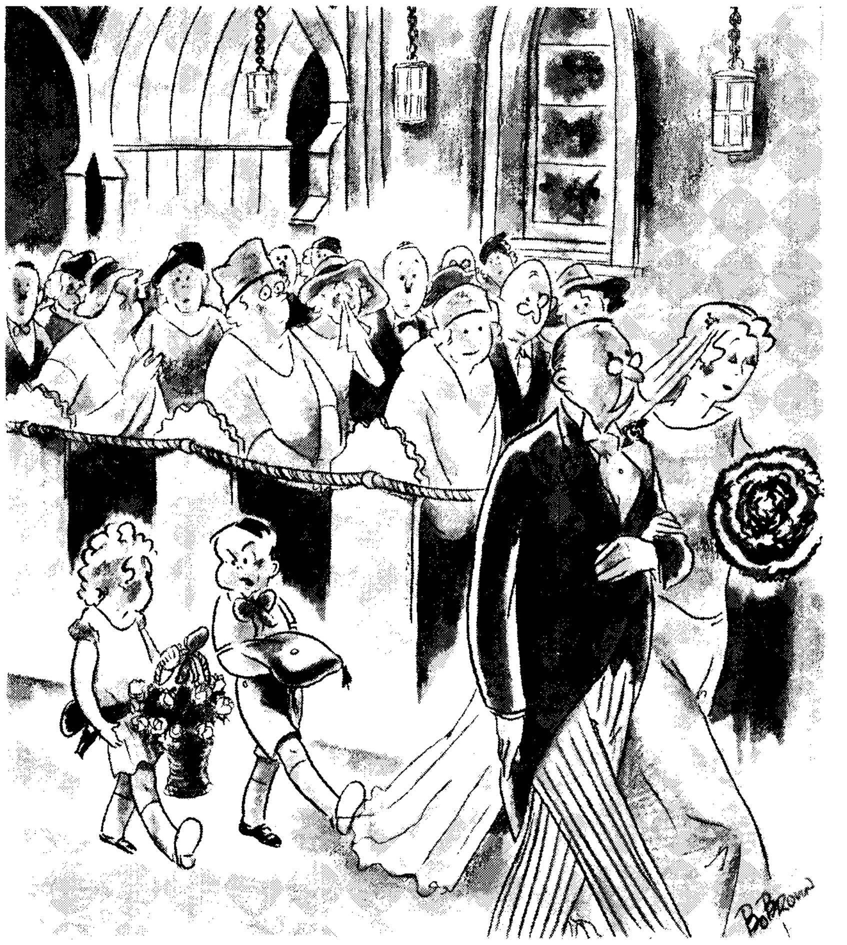
She had to cling to him tightly to keep from tumbling in a heap.

"If I'd rather? You know I fell in love with you the minute I saw you, Keith Rainsford."

"You did? Well, you certainly kept the news to yourself. I've been trying for weeks to get you to notice me—rather awkwardly, no doubt; I don't know much about women. And you were always so smart and stern and aloof," he said, "and self-sufficient—" She laughed hysterically.

"Me? Oh, Keith, I'm just a mess! I suppose one reason I fell so hard for you was that you were so self-sufficient. Not like most of the men an unattached woman meets— But I mustn't begin telling you my troubles."

"Why not? I've got a few troubles of my own that I'll tell you when we get around to it. But suppose we save all that for the long winter evenings. Right now, I'm going to kiss you."



"Your sister's no bargain either!" *Bo Brown*

Rough Air

Continued from page 19

head into that down-slanting circle of light. The man's eyes were near to green, and a wide, thin mouth remained momentarily tight-closed. He had the sharp, bluish, aggressive countenance of a man driven by zeal or ambition; there was no apparent warmth in him. Breed met that long inspection equably, very certain that the district attorney was not a fool. The man's eyes had a hitting power that he felt distinctly.

"I regret the inconvenience to you," said the district attorney. Then he leaned back and his face was dimmed by the shadows and all Breed got was the voice that began to bite into him with a bland incisiveness. "What we do in cases like this, of course, is to start at the center and work outward. It causes some unpleasantness among those not actually involved. But we have to hope for your patience, Captain. The center, naturally, is Trent. Next nearest is his personal man, Luis Chaves. Traveling outward from the center we have Trent's estranged wife, people intimately knowing him, certain women who might stand in peculiar light in respect to him, and some others. You are in this last category. It wasn't suicide and obviously it wasn't robbery. In fact there's very little mystery—when you consider the sort of person Trent happened to be. He liked his women and there's a woman tied into this somehow. Blackmail, revenge or jealousy. Where did you happen to be this afternoon and evening, Captain Breed?"

"At the apartment from about three-thirty on."

"All the time?"

"No, I went out for dinner and a cruise to cool off, to the airport and back."

"When did you get home?"

"Around eleven."

"Any other stops or calls during that ride?"

"No," was Breed's even answer.

THE district attorney paused to light a cigar, the smoke of it rolling fragrantly across the table. A man in the rear coughed. A door opened and an officer came in to lay a slip of paper before the district attorney, who looked at it and said, "Yes, in a little while." In that short silence Breed sensed the district attorney's shift of attack. The man would feint for a weak point and drive through to make a kill. It was a dramatic murder, as Sunshine had shrewdly said, a front-page story to the world. This was why the district attorney had come back to his office in the middle of the night; he wanted to cinch the case before some other ambitious official got in on the story.

The district attorney began again. "Ever say anything to Trent concerning his relations with Miss Carson, Captain?"

Breed looked across the table to that shadowed face. "Our private affairs seem pretty well known."

"You'd be surprised how broad a trail the average person leaves behind him," the district attorney observed dryly.

Breed folded his hands across a knee. "Trent knew, because I told him, that I'd probably break his neck if he ever tried his customary tactics on Miss Carson."

"You had no liking for the man?"

"None," Breed answered bluntly.

"You and Miss Carson are engaged, I believe?"

"We were. We are not now."

The district attorney's head came into the light again. "You are not now? Who broke off that engagement?"

"Miss Carson."

"Why?"

Breed's reply was laconic. "I think that is our business."

The district attorney pushed his question instantly forward. "You resented Trent's interest in Miss Carson?"

BREED said: "Let me get this straight. I never considered I had any right to interfere with her affairs. But I think you realize that Trent's interest in any woman wasn't an above-board proposition. Miss Carson knew less of his record than you and I know. All I insisted on was that he play the game straight."

"But you were pretty sure he wouldn't?" pressed the district attorney.

"That's about it," agreed Breed calmly.

"So you were watching him pretty closely?"

"I warned him once. That is all."

"So here's where you ran off to shake that cocktail!" *Frank Owen*

"You're sure you didn't see him tonight, to warn him again?"

"Not tonight."

The district attorney straightened in the chair, speaking over his shoulder: "Bring them in, Gordon. And we'd better have more light on what seems to be a rather dark affair."

The ceiling bowl flashed on, gushing its light throughout the room. An officer went out. Breed found the district attorney's sharp face more narrowly watching him. "You haven't been quite frank with me, Captain. I propose to get the truth out of you."

The door opened again and Breed turned to look that way. His folded hands stirred and locked more closely together. The two men escorted across to the side of the district attorney's desk were the wooden-faced partners of the Signet Investigation Agency. They looked down on Breed; one of them, the larger one, drew his lips together.

"You," said the district attorney, nodding at the smaller man, "tell me again what you said a short time ago."

The fellow stared at his shoes; he put his hands up to the armholes of his vest and rested them there. "I'd been watching the captain's apartments for a couple days. Today he comes home at three o'clock. His friend, Smith, comes in quarter of four. Smith goes out again right afterwards. Captain Breed comes down for dinner. That's at seven, on the dot. Friend Smith shows back about ten-thirty. The murder extra's out then and he comes out to get a copy and goes upstairs full of excitement. Breed shows home again just about eleven. That's all I know. But Tom here has been layin' against that Trent place off 'n' on a week. Tonight he's there. Breed's car drives up a little from the place—it's a tan roadster. This is just eight-fifteen. He snaps off the lights, waits mebbe ten minutes, gets out and goes to the back side of the apartment house. He comes out in another ten minutes by the front door and drives away."

"And why were you men watching these two places?" said the district attorney.

"A case for Mrs. Trent, who's tryin' to hang something on Trent for a divorce."

THE district attorney looked at Breed. "I should like the truth from you, Captain."

Breed ran his eyes slowly along the four men banked against the far wall—plain-clothes men photographically watching every shred of expression he displayed. The stenographer smoothed her dress over two silk knees and held her pencil poised. He was thinking swiftly that those two entirely unscrupulous private detectives were telling less than all the truth. They were paying him off for the pictures. But he didn't challenge them; he didn't want them to tell the rest of it.

"Yes," he admitted slowly, "I was there. I went as far as the back door, the janitor's entrance. It happened to be locked, so I didn't go up."

"You stayed ten minutes at a locked door?" rapped out the district attorney. He hitched his body forward. "Why did you go there, Captain?"

Breed met the district attorney's eyes coolly. "I meant to warn him to tell the truth about Anne Carson in this divorce trial. That wife of his was trying to pin something on Anne. I was afraid he'd lie about Anne to get the trial over with before his wife got too much dope on some of his other affairs. There's some women on his list he couldn't afford to have named."

"Why not?"

"No answer to that," said Breed, gently.

The district attorney nodded. A deputy signaled to Breed and the two private detectives. They went out, Breed to one room, the two private detectives to another. The district attorney rested his arms on the desk, drawing octagons on the blotter. He spoke to the plain-clothes men without looking up.

"How does it sound?"

"The janitor's door was locked, all right," said one. "I tried it."

"He could have locked it on the way out."

"Probably did."

The district attorney thought audibly: "Luis Chaves, his personal man, coming home from his afternoon off, finds Trent. Touches him and feels a warm body. Twenty minutes later the coroner guesses Trent's been dead an hour. That places the death pretty close to eight o'clock, when Breed was there. By the way, anything on Chaves?"

"No, he's clean."

The district attorney wheeled in the chair. "Breed's a cold cucumber. He's covering up. Something more here, boys."

Another man said: "This doesn't track. These Signet mugs are blackmailers. It's okay they worked for the Vay femme. We got that. But they're supposed to be watching Trent and Miss Carson. What's the percentage of them watching Breed?"

"Bring 'em in again."

PRESENTLY the deputy returned with the two private detectives. The district attorney abandoned his civil manner. He looked arrogantly at the two. He spoke without any respect. "You mugs are grafters and you've been close to the pen plenty of times. I'm not going to fool around with you much longer. Come clean or serve time. What's the idea in watching Breed tonight? What's that got to do with Dolly Vay? I won't stand for any more lying."

"All right," said the slightly larger fellow. "We're watching him because we know he's hot, see? Why do we know he's hot? Because this Vay's got us watching Trent one night and we follow Trent up to his cabin in the hills with Carson. They go in and come out and we take a flashlight. We're back in the office when this Breed comes with Smith and gets the flashlight away from us and burns it right there on the floor. That's the lay. He burns what's worth plenty of money. So maybe we ain't sore and lookin' for something we can pin on him. See?"

"Get out," said the district attorney, and waited till the door had closed on them again. His dry, zealous face turned eager. He waggled his head at the plain-clothes men. "Now we're getting somewhere. The Carson girl let her foot slip with Trent, and Breed found out about it and split with her. But that isn't enough. He goes to take it out on Trent. Perhaps not deliberately, but after he gets in front of Trent he goes wild. Well, look at him and you can see he's a tough man in a quarrel. Doesn't that tie it up?"

"How about the Vay woman?"

"I can't see that. She's a grafter. She lived off Trent and she had a fine prospect of heavy alimony coming up.

(Continued on page 39)

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"THERE — THAT MANY ICE CUBES WILL HOLD YOU!"

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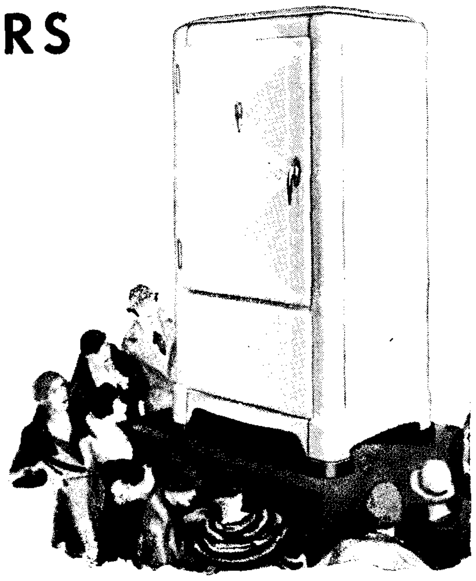

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KELVINATOR *4 Refrigerators in 1*

Rough Air

Continued from page 37

Why should she want to shoot him? Not jealousy, certainly, for her own record is too full of men."

Another plain-clothes man broke in: "Try another slant. Trent had a lot of women on his hands. Other men would be wanting to take a fall out of him, too."

"Why go out of your way to find somebody else when we've spotted Breed in front of that apartment at eight o'clock?"

"That don't prove he went inside, Mr. Lenhover."

"Suppose we try something. Bring Breed back."

A DEPUTY went over and opened a door. Breed walked in and came up to the district attorney's desk, catching the full effect of Lenhover's severe, faintly triumphant regard. "I'm sorry, Captain, but we still lack the whole truth in this affair. You're trying to protect somebody."

"I believe you'd better make your own case," said Breed, unmoved.

The district attorney said to the deputy, "The other door now, please." He waited a moment while the deputy walked across the floor. He timed his punch. He said: "I believe I can do that. This is the woman you have been trying to protect, is it not?"

Breed's broad lips crushed together. He looked down and his expression went stolid; and then he turned—and watched Anne Carson come across the length of the long office, from another room.

"Miss Carson," said the district attorney, "your ex-fiancé is in quite a bit of trouble."

Anne's eyes ran from Breed to the district attorney—and back to Breed. She stopped, studying Breed, closely reading his face. Her own cheeks were rather pale, but her head was up. The district attorney stared at the two of them, missing nothing.

"Chivalry is very nice," he said with a down-bearing severity. His talk piled up on them, drove at them with a greater and greater rapidity. "I admire it in its proper place, but this is not the proper place. You lied to us, Captain, when you said you had not driven to Trent's apartment tonight. We caught you on that. Now you lie when you admit going to the back door of the apartment but not going in. For you did go in. A tenant on the lower floor saw you come up the back way. You went into Trent's room to confront him with the fact that he had taken Miss Carson to his cabin in the hills. You admitted a moment ago warning him you'd break his neck if he went off-color in his attitude toward Miss Carson. So that is what he did, and you went out tonight to settle your threat. You may not have meant to kill him when you entered his room, but when you saw him you quarreled, and shot him. The rest is well established. The two private detectives saw you leave, and timed your return to your own place."

"What time was that?" Anne asked in a dead-tired voice.

"Captain Breed was in Trent's apartment a quarter after eight."

"He didn't kill Trent," Anne said, very slowly. "I know, because—"

"Anne," broke in Breed, "let it ride."

"Stop trying to influence Miss Carson!" snapped Lenhover.

"Isn't that what you're trying to do?"

"Go ahead, Miss Carson."

But Anne sought Jim Breed's face again, intently reading it. When she turned to Lenhover her pallor had increased perceptibly. "There isn't anything to say," she said.

"Miss Carson—" began the district attorney.

"Let her alone!" ripped out Breed.

The district attorney raised his hands. He wasn't angered, apparently. He looked back at the plain-clothes men with a show of amusement. He spoke shrewdly to Breed: "As a matter of fact, Captain, isn't it true that Miss Carson had a date with Trent in his room, and you knew about it, and followed her, and lost your head when you found her there?"

Breed shrugged his shoulders. "All right. I went up to see Trent. I'll admit that. Miss Carson, of course, wasn't in the room, or anywhere near the apartment. Why should she be, when she had returned from the trip to his cabin thoroughly aware of the kind of a man he was? But I went up there to slap a little judgment into him. The rest you'll have to dope out for yourself."

The district attorney pulled himself up in the chair. "Miss Carson, you're a material witness, but I shall let you go on your own recognizance." He gestured at the deputy. "Conroy, take Captain Breed up to the jail block. In the morning we shall have the police court bind him over to the grand jury on a first degree murder charge. That is all. If there are any newspaper boys in the hall, send them in."

THE moment the deputies towed Breed from the room Sunshine put on his hat and went down to the street. He got in his car at the curb and drove down the block. At the nearest through street he turned north. Half an hour later he arrived at the airport.

He went into the office and talked a little with the radio man; and afterwards he strolled across to a hangar, hailing a watchman on the way. He went in a side door, switched on the lights and climbed up to the forward cockpit of Breed's ship, looking under the instrument panel. He sighed tremendously; he reached over and pulled Breed's gun from a holster tacked to the fuselage. Presently he took out the cartridge clip, ejected the bullet in the chamber, and counted the shells. A full load. He reversed the gun and held one eye at the muzzle, lighting a match and holding it in the breech; he replaced the load and the clip and put the gun back. Then he sat there in the cockpit, wiggling the stick idly around.

"Something damned funny about this," he thought.

Presently he got out and left the hangar. He ran into the watchman again. "Captain Breed been around this evening?"

"I saw him in the office couple hours ago," said the watchman.

"Did he look at his ship?"

"No."

Sunshine returned to his car and left the airport. A little after one he stopped at an all-night drug store in the heart of Los Angeles and stepped into a pay phone booth. He got Bill Gaynor.

"Heard the news?"

"Come up here right away," Gaynor said.

"I'm comin'."

He went through the empty streets at sixty miles an hour, reaching Gaynor's place within seven minutes.

"They buzzed me from the office," Gaynor said. "And I've just talked to Lenhover at the courthouse. They're holding Breed."

"What for?"

GAYNOR stared at Sunshine, but the reflection of the room light on his glasses concealed the expression of his eyes. "What do you suppose? It looks bad. Breed admitted walking into Trent's room around eight o'clock tonight. He denied it at first, but those two Signet guys were trailing him. One of them was at Trent's place, and saw him drive up and get out and go to the back of the apartment house. When they pinned him to that he admitted going inside."

"It doesn't make sense."

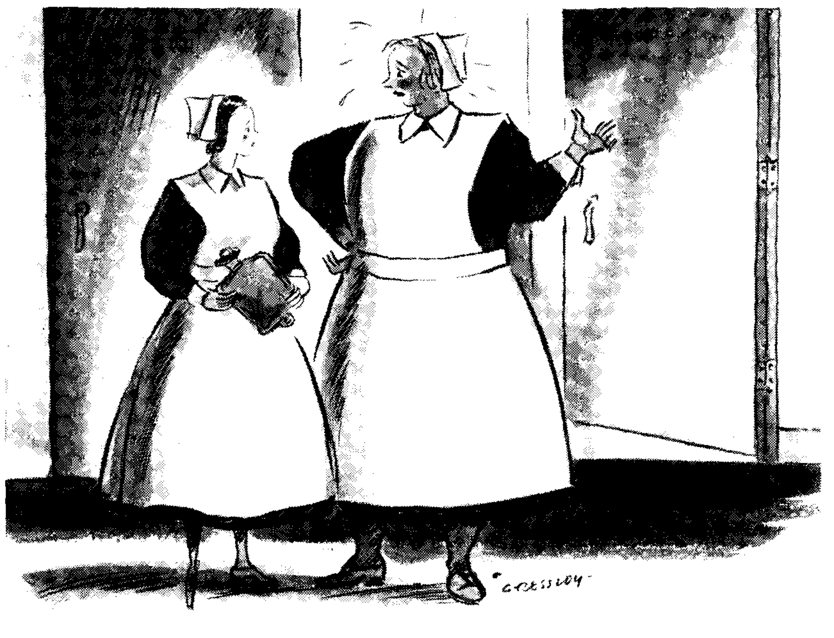
"I told you two wild eggs there were some things you couldn't square."

"He didn't do it. I thought he did, an hour and a half ago. I know damned well he didn't now."

"Don't be dumb."

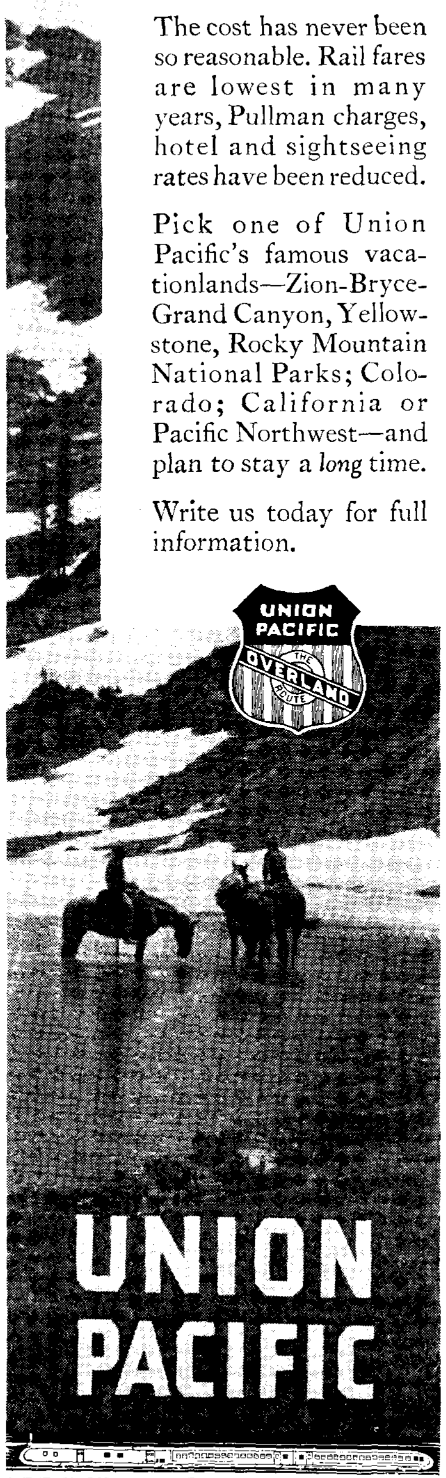
"Look," said Sunshine, earnestly. "When he came back to the apartment I asked him where his gun was. I was afraid of that item. He said he'd left

(Continued on page 42)



"She keeps ringin' for me every five minutes, an' when I get there all she says is, 'How'm I doin'?' "

Edward Gressley



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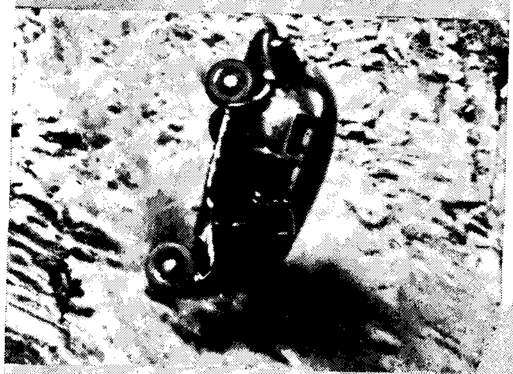
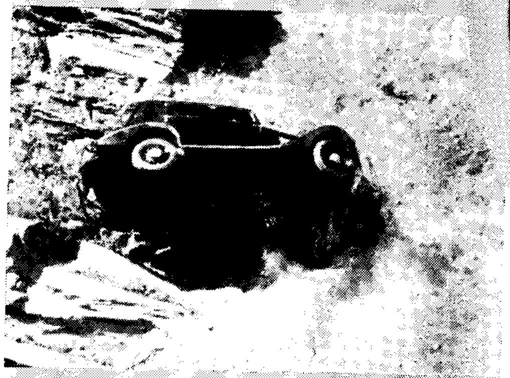
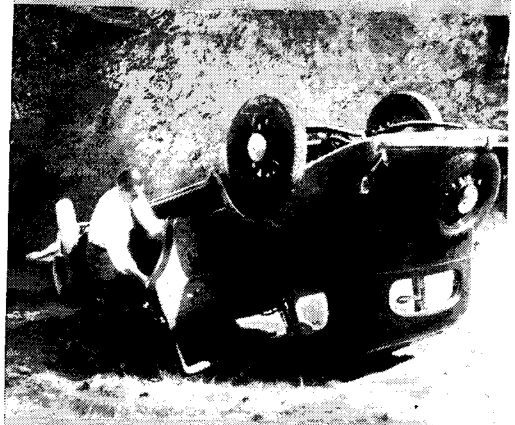


IT'S HURTLING "NOSE" DOWN
AT THE 30-FOOT MARK



CRASHES AGAINST WALL...
FENDERS CRUMPLE, HOOD LOOSENS



ROLLS 7 TIMES...HITS BOTTOM...
WITHOUT EVEN DAMAGING DOORS

The skyway style Dictator pictured was pushed—not once, but twice—into a 104-foot rock quarry. Crumpled fenders and loosened hood about the only damage sustained by the steel-reinforced-by-steel body. Chassis stood up so well that car was driven away after each fall.

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Of course you've heard about the "mechanical brains" with which Studebaker eliminates most of the physical effort and mental strain of driving. In the photograph above, taken at a busy Hollywood, California street intersection, the driverless 1934 Studebaker at the left is, for the moment, an *entirely* automatic automobile—being controlled by radio impulses from the Studebaker at the right.

OFFICIAL TEST PROVES DICTATOR SENSATIONALLY ECONOMICAL

A well-known oil company made this economy test with a new Dictator. Average 21.4 miles to a measured gallon of gasoline. Picture shows test officials with one gallon glass container which was placed on floor of car and conveyed gasoline directly to the carburetor through a rubber hose.

SHE DANCES WITH EASE ON TOP OF NEW STUDEBAKER

Pictured is Frances Dahl, one of the internationally famed Muriel Abbott dancers, serenely going through some of her most difficult movements on the air-curved top of a 1934 Studebaker. Miss Dahl's confident balance of body weight has its counterpart in the new-found steadiness assured by Studebaker's million-dollar Quadripoise Suspension.

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Prices shown are base prices at the factory. Bumpers and special equipment extra.

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COMMANDER..$895
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Like this couple, thousands of motorists are learning that it costs far less this year than ever before to buy the finest of all Studebakers. Get a Studebaker and have money left for other needed purchases.

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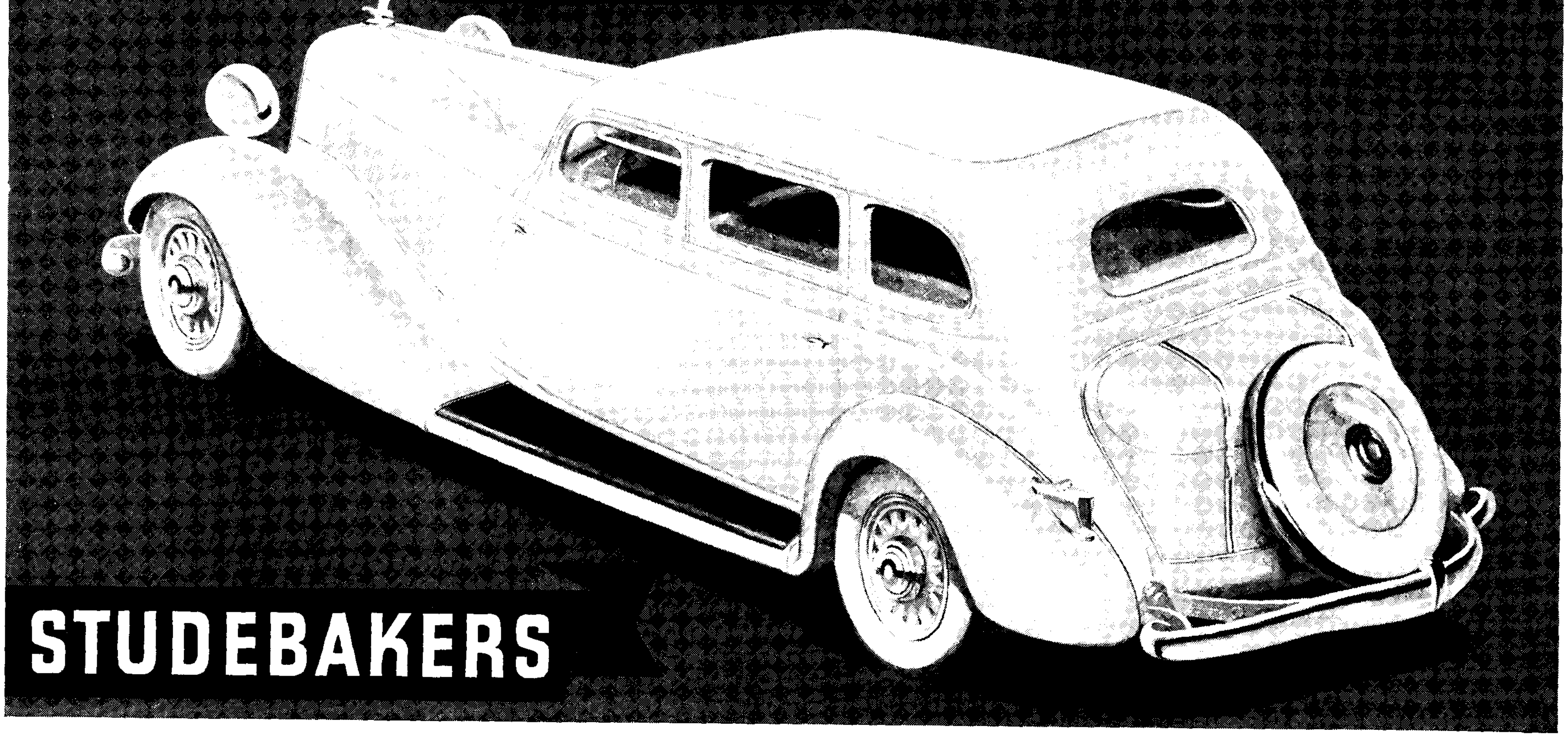

STUDEBAKERS

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The Mutual Life
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DAVID F. HOUSTON President
34 Nassau Street New York

Rough Air

Continued from page 39

it in the ship—which sounded like a stall to me. But I went out and looked. It's there."

"What of it?"

"That gun hasn't been fired for a week."

"There's other guns."

"He didn't own any other guns."

"Might have bought one and thrown it away."

"Why should a man buy a gun when he already has a gun? It wouldn't be so bright for a guy with murder in his mind to go buy a gun, which requires a permit, and put himself on record."

Gaynor stoked up a pipe and lighted it. He took off his glasses and looked near-sightedly at Sunshine. "Well," he muttered, "there's one other angle. But I'd hate to believe it. The district attorney had Anne on the carpet for questioning. He didn't get anything out of her, but he thinks she's in it, some way. They've already discovered she wasn't in her room from seven-thirty till nine."

Sunshine's cheeks hardened. "She didn't do it."

"All right, then. One thing or the other. Either he did it, or she did it and he's protecting her."

"Oh, for God's sakes," blurted out Sunshine. "She wouldn't hide behind Jim if she did it."

"Murder's murder. People will do almost anything in a jackpot like that."

SUNSHINE brooded over the thing. A moment later he asked suddenly: "Why should one of those private dicks be watching Breed? Answer me that."

"To get hunk for the pictures you swiped."

"Sure," sighed Sunshine. "I ought to've known it. We left a couple loose wires behind us on that deal."

"Well, Breed's in a jam."

Sunshine shook his head. "Something phony about it. Can we see Breed?"

By way of answer Bill Gaynor put on a shirt, a tie and a coat and locked his door. They went to the car, driving down to the courthouse. Breed was brought from the jail block to a waiting room by an officer. The officer turned out of the room.

Taciturnity fell upon them. Breed stood before these two friends who looked silently at him and showed the strained, reluctant doubt they possessed. He was in his shirtsleeves, and at this hour, after all that had happened, his face was a little old and tired; but nothing tangible showed through the poker-playing mask he presented.

"I went out and looked in your ship," said Sunshine abruptly. "Your gun was there, all right. Barrel's full of dust. You didn't do it, kid."

"All right," said Breed.

"Who are you covering up?" muttered Sunshine.

Breed slanted an enigmatic glance at his partner. "I was in Trent's room. Let it go like that. I haven't said I shot the man."

"Maybe you don't understand what circumstantial evidence can do to you," put in Gaynor. "As it stands, you're hooked."

"Who are you covering up, guy?" repeated Sunshine.

"Never mind."

Sunshine's mouth tightened into a thin streak across his hard skin. He said: "That private dick said he saw you go into the apartment house—and come out. He's a crook and he's got it in for you. Maybe he saw somebody else go in and come out, too. But he ain't telling, because he wants to make it tougher for you."

"Leave that fellow alone," Breed said.

"So?" intoned Sunshine.

Breed made an impatient gesture. "This will blow over. The less said, the better. Do you get it? Go home and go to bed." He turned away from them and opened the door, walking into the hall. Sunshine and Gaynor went back to the street, and sat a moment in Sunshine's car.

"You want to go on with this?" asked Bill Gaynor.

"I want to know the truth," replied Sunshine doggedly. "It doesn't add up. He's in a worse jackpot than he thinks." He put the car down the street, angling across town. They came by the Normandy and slowed, before stopping.

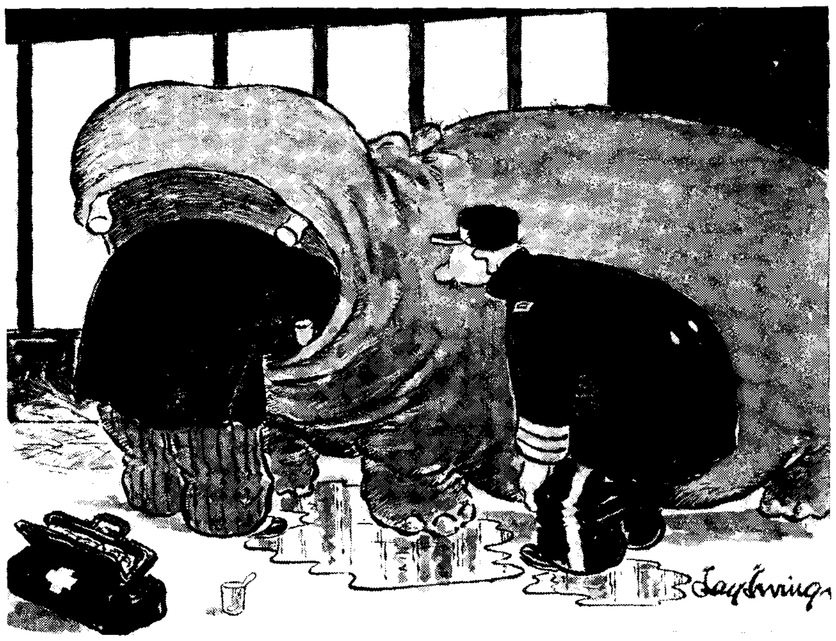
"Light burning in her room."

"You wouldn't think she'd be sleeping?" said Gaynor sourly.

They went up. Anne opened her door before they had a chance to knock.

"I saw your car come by," she said. "I've been trying to get you on the phone, Sunshine."

(To be continued next week)



"Dear me! This is most annoying! That's the fourth thermometer he's swallowed!"

Jay Irving

Unfriendly Call

Continued from page 11

got up and fled and Carewe had caught her in the garden, gripped her. "Let me go, Hugh; just let me stay out here!" "Fool! It's an insult to the governor! Come back! Form means something here!" She had begged, tussled. The ring on his right hand had struck her jaw. . . .

Lacquer-eyed with thought now, Carewe moved down the inner corridor. He did not even pause before his wife's door, he was so steeped in thought. Hence he did not know she sat on the edge of her bed, breathless, panicky, her hand on the drawer of the bed table, her whole body gripped in a numb chill.

SHE was thankful for the morning. When she rose, Carewe had gone and she had Ibrahim bring her breakfast to the veranda. She always felt better in the daylight. She had never become used to the Malayan nights and Carewe had not made them easier for her. The days were better because then he was away, either at the mines or at the club, where he took luncheon.

Hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs, she looked up and saw Adams in the act of dismounting out front. He came ambling up the walk and she rose and went over to the screened door.

"'Morning," he said urbanely. "I remembered I had some American magazines in my bags, so I brought them over. Thought maybe you'd—"

"I'd love to. Thanks so much, so much."

He grinned as though extremely pleased with himself for having had the thought. Then he nodded toward the horse and said, "Get a slant of Cannonball. I think he's geared to a walk, no more. Well, that's my speed anyhow, so . . ." He broke off, jerked his chin toward the eastern hills. "Thought I'd take a ride up a ways."

"Do you know where the trail is?"

"Uh-uh," he said, shaking his head. "Maybe if you're not doing anything—You ride?"

"Yes, a little."

"Sometime maybe you can show me the way, though I hate to be a pest."

She felt a warm tingling at the back of her neck. "I—I could go this morning. In—in twenty minutes I could be—"

"That would be great."

She went to her room, dressed and then made her way out back to the stables, where the groom saddled the roan. Mounting, she rode out front and found Adams waiting. They took the road that cut round the base of the hill on which the Residency stood, and then went past the race course, the rifle range. Beyond, the ascent began, the jungle closed in, a green matted roof above them alive with insects and birds seeking the sunlight.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Kind of. It's sort of wild and woolly but—well, I guess I like the country I was brought up in. You?"

She shuddered. "At times it's too beautiful—and when it is, it's most deceptive."

He looked sidewise at her but made no further comment and they rode in silence for five minutes.

Then she said, "You will be returning to Singapore soon, I suppose."

"All depends."

"Of course, on the business."

His eyes strayed slightly toward her and he said, "Yup. I hate to rush."

There was another silence and she began to think again that certainly he must have heard her open the gun. But he made not the slightest reference to it or to her emotional state of last night. He did not hurry his horse and she was glad, for on the few times when she had ridden with her husband he had forced a dangerous pace, chosen dangerous paths, jumps, and she had failed miserably to keep up with him. This had angered him, brought down caustic criticism on her. This was a relief now: just to wander along, to talk of places she knew with a man she felt she readily understood.

They stopped and dismounted on a ledge, sat down and looked across the verdant valley, over toward the alluvial plain, a mass of dumps and ponds, mined and remined during the years, and the dredges going deeper still. After a while he lay flat on his back, dipped his hat over his face and went on talking casually from beneath the brim.

"Soon as I finish this piece of business, I'm going back. I think I'll go straight to San Francisco."

"Marvelous city!"

"None better."

"Have you been long in the East?"

"Long enough."

"I do hope your business with my husband will be successful."

"I think it will."

"He's worked so hard. He's increased production twenty per cent or over."

"He's pretty smart."

On the way down, they stopped for luncheon at the Tea Gardens. The house was set among roses, violets and sweet peas. It was all very peaceful, more so than she had ever found it before; and sitting with Adams, listening to his tranquil voice, she felt a sense of serenity such as she had not known in a long time. It exhilarated her to such a degree that she felt things would be less difficult, and when they arrived in the town again there was a strange little song in her heart, a happy glow in her eyes. They rode round to the stables and dismounted and Adams said:

"Thanks, loads. It was certainly a lucky break for me to find—well"—he shrugged—"someone from home away out here."

She laughed, held out her hand. "Think how I must feel!"

He swung back into the saddle, making the leather creak. Touching his hat, he grinned, said, "Adios," and rode away.

CAREWE came home rather later than usual that evening. He had been unable to concentrate on the work at the mines, and there had been much of it this day.

Of course, Walt Adams was on his mind. The bland way Adams had come to town, so tranquilly sure of himself, so dispassionate, irritated Carewe. He could hold his own with hot-heads but he had always felt out of sorts with Adams; the fellow's placidity had always irked him. Carewe's social reputation here was capital, he was one of the upper six, and he was firmly rooted with the company, destined to go far. He had spent a lot on horses, his house and grounds, and had lost considerable in the Calcutta Sweepstakes. The company, though solvent, was in such a way that a withdrawal of stock on his part would be met with stern disapproval. Yet Walt Adams' being here was dangerous; the man knew too much, represented too black a page out of Carewe's album. Besides, Mrs. Fortmason-Barnes—her husband was in a bad way at the Central Mental Hospital at Tanjong

(Continued on page 44)

Dirty or Worn SPARK PLUGS waste 1 GALLON of GAS in 10

STOP THIS LOSS *by having* OXIDE COATING CLEANED *from* ALL YOUR PLUGS

It is unnecessary to let dirty or worn spark plugs waste gasoline—and rob you of new-car performance—when spark plug cleaning by the new AC method is so quick and thorough. Most motorists don't realize that their engines are missing intermittently—in acceleration, at high speed, or going up hill. Blame dirty or worn spark plugs for that—also for eating up one gallon of gas in every ten. Badly worn electrodes, or oxide coating, forming on the insulator of every plug, cause this waste and loss.

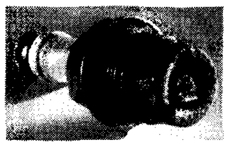
HAVE YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEANED NOW

and the spark gap adjusted, in a few minutes, and at low cost, by any AC spark plug cleaning station. Motorists who have their plugs attended to two or three times a year stop waste, save far more than cleaning costs and enjoy new-car performance.

NEW AC METHOD CLEANS SPARK PLUGS LIKE NEW

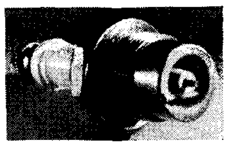
Nearly every garage and service station is now equipped with the new AC cleaner which removes all oxide coating, soot or carbon in quick time. The AC method cleans all plugs like new—and no plug can escape oxide coating. Go today and have your plugs cleaned—stop waste of gasoline and loss of power—regain good performance and satisfaction. Have badly worn plugs replaced.

AC
SPARK PLUG CLEANING and RE-GAPPING SERVICE



Before Cleaning

After a few thousand miles, oxide film, soot or carbon coats spark plug insulators, wasting gas, impairing performance. This plug is worn, its spark gap too wide. This is an unretouched photo.



After Cleaning

New AC cleaning method removes all oxide coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new, spark gap correctly adjusted, saving gas, renewing performance. This photograph is unretouched.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Flint, Michigan St. Catharines, Ontario

THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

FREE
EVERY WEEK
NEW CHEVROLET
FORD OR PLYMOUTH

While you are having your spark plugs cleaned, get an official entry blank entitling you to try for the new Plymouth, Chevrolet or Ford which AC is giving away each week. Laugh at Raymond Knight and the Cuckoos in the new AC Spark Plug Derby—NBC Network. See your newspaper for local station. Win a new car for yourself.

Heavy Date
Heavy Smoking

Mouth fresh and cool . . . thanks to SPUD

If you smoke a lot to keep pace with him . . . it's mighty lucky for you if Spud's his brand!

What causes the fresh, cool taste? Is it menthol? Yes . . . but only indirectly. Spud's smoke contains hardly a trace of menthol. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette.* It simply lowers the temperature of the smoke. Therefore, what Spud gives you is just pure tobacco goodness *with the heat taken out.* That's what causes the fresh, cool taste. Try a pack.

CORK TIP
or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20 • (25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(*Continued from page* 43)

Rambutan—had seen Elinor riding that morning with Walt Adams; she described him as a caricature on horseback.

Coming into the bungalow, dusty, his lips taut, his bold nose riding high, Carewe found Elinor idling over the piano keys.

He said, "So you have been riding with Adams."

She had been playing songs they had sung together during the early months of their marriage, and she said, without turning, "Hugh, do you remember this one?" And her eyes, her lips smiled. "We used to sing it often, Hugh, dear. Remember? . . . And remember how we played at Romeo and Juliet?"

He rasped, "Don't be a child all your life!"

She rose and pivoted and took hold of his lapels, smiling tenderly up into his face. "Hugh, darling, don't be cross. We want to be happy, you and I. We can be. Try a little, Hugh. I will; I'll try lots—oh, lots and lots, Hugh!"

HIS face was cold, severe. "You've been riding with Adams," he repeated, gripping her wrists, wrenching them from his lapels.

Her puzzled eyes searched his face anxiously. "But, Hugh, he didn't know the trails and I—"

"What did he say?" he demanded.

"But—about what, Hugh?"

"Business! Business, damn it!"

"Nothing. Nothing about business. Just—"

"Precisely what did he say?"

She grimaced. "Oh, Hugh, you make me feel so silly. How can I remember? It was all small talk, none of it important. We just—"

His hands tightened on her wrists. "You're lying, my dear."

She could not utter a sound, her throat was suddenly so full. As his hands tightened, her knees bent and finally she fell at his feet and cried, "Please, Hugh! You're hurting me horribly!"

He flung her hands from him and she stumbled to her feet and fled to her room, a thick sob in her throat and a wild, harried look in her eyes. Slamming the door, she flew to the bed table, whipped open the little drawer. She groaned. Her gun was not there. Her hand flew to her lips and she spun with startled, horror-stricken eyes, her breast quaking.

For minutes she waited, expecting him to come in, but he did not come. She dropped to the bed, her cheeks laced with tear stains. The gun was gone—but she knew that it might just as well have been there, for she never would have used it. It had given her only a false sense of security anyhow. She could never have pointed it at Hugh, fired. Instead, she would rather have killed herself.

She sobbed quietly now. If only she had someone to turn to. . . .

The irritating thing, Carewe reflected, was that Adams did not come to him again. Evening turned to deeper night, the monkeys in the jungle chattered, a raucous-voiced night bird wheeled low over the house. Carewe sat on the veranda till very late, waiting, but Adams did not appear. And in the morning Carewe, after a sleepless night, walked the quarter mile to the Rest House. He hated doing this, but he was a violent, an impatient man, and the suspense angered and infuriated him because he recognized it as suspense. He could not have this man hanging about; for if Adams hadn't yet told Elinor anything, he might later.

Adams was complacently eating breakfast; he said, "'Morning, Hugh."

There was no one near at hand and Carewe sat down at the table; there was a hard pallor on his cheeks and his brown eyes looked very sternly at Adams as he said, "Well, what have you decided?"

"Me?" Adams shrugged. "I might ask you that, Hugh. Matter of fact, the lines are mixed. . . . Have some tea?"

"Damn your tea!"

"All right, all right; don't get sore."

Carewe laid a fist noiselessly on the table. "You must of course realize how ridiculous this is. You must realize you can't do a thing about it." Bluff it out; that was it. He added, "I'm a very big man in this country."

Adams leaned easily forward on his elbows, hunching his shoulders. "This is what I can do: knock the props from under you. What you bought in Malaya tin you bought with money you robbed me out of. Bought your job with it too. You're somebody here: fancy friends, big executives, a swell wife. You've got a sterling reputation here and—"

"You can't prove a thing."

Adams smiled tranquilly. "I've got affidavits, Hugh. Joe Kronik talked. I was working on a road construction job in the Sierras and Joe turned up for a job. He talked and through him I found Johno Krylenko, and for fifty bucks apiece they both signed affidavits. Johno said the third man—a guy named Paster—had since died. They were the three beat me up and you paid them a hundred apiece to do it.

"I need the dough now. I'm knocking down about five thousand a year, but I need a lump sum to buy into Callahan's engineering outfit. I want just what you owe me—no more, not a cent less. And I don't care how you get it. Pay it or I'll propagandize against you till you won't be able to look anyone in the face. Get it. Don't come here and put on an act, Hugh. Get the money."

Carewe left, tall, stalwart, a striking figure of a man. He went through his work at the mines in a gray, stony silence. He played tennis before luncheon with Malcolm Hawes, member of the State Council Chamber—played wildly, savagely, poorly. After showering, he ate—rather early, before the others came, and by himself.

ADAMS was walking by the lake in the Public Gardens when he met Elinor, and though she was afraid to be with him, afraid of Carewe, she none the less walked with him. This man was like the peace that follows a storm; he could sit and jog his foot up and down, or remain quiet. He rambled on about familiar roads, beaches, little known inlets; the abalone steaks at Monterey; the cold, wet San Francisco nights; the Coast Highway; the redwood forests. And all these brought a haunted look to her eyes, an eager, breathless note to her voice. Each minute she was with him she was apprehensive lest some busybody see them together, yet she wanted to be with him, to hear him talk, to live a little while in the past.

Next day it was warm and she went to the Swimming Club, and while she was bathing there Adams came down the chute, hit the water with a splash.

"Thought I'd cool off," he said. "It's great."

She was both disturbed and happy, and after a while they sat on the ledge, smoked cigarettes, and then plunged in again.

"Ever swim at Malibu?" he asked, floating on his back.

She was floating beside him. "Yes—yes."

And while Carewe was at the club that night, she went walking by herself and ran into Adams in the Gardens again. He was seated, smoking a cigarette. "I like it here in the dark," he said. "You can kind of think, figure out your past mistakes and make the future look very rosy. Kid yourself. But what the devil—it's fun." They strolled and talked for an hour. . . .

She put on her finest dress next evening. She felt so buoyant, so strangely happy, that she wanted to please Carewe, to make him love her a little. She looked very beautiful, very slight, in the peach-colored frock. She put a record on the phonograph and was lightly humming and pirouetting to the music when Carewe, booted, spurred, strode into the living-room. He had hurried and was a bit breathless and there was high color on his cheek bones, a throttled brown fury in his eyes.

"Hello, Hugh—hello."

HE STOPPED, stood spread-legged, towering, his arms akimbo, his riding crop hanging from his wrist. "You've been seeing this chap Adams too much," he said, his nostrils quivering.

"But, Hugh, there's no harm in it. We know the same places—familiar names—"

"Quiet! You have a position to maintain here and you cannot afford to be seen constantly with an itinerant stranger. I won't have it!" His riding crop whistled downward, smacked his boot, and he said, "Riding one day, walking the next, swimming the next, then at night in the Gardens. Chaps talk!"

He had heard them talking in the locker-room at the club. One had said, "I don't know who he is. Yankee, I think. We're rather a sorry lot, I suppose; she's never given us an eye, but this new chap . . . my wife said . . ." And then another had laughed, saying, "Perhaps Carewe's not so good as we've supposed him to be!"

Elinor's eyes flashed now. "The beasts—the horrid old gossips! There's nothing—"

"No matter," Carewe cut in; and then: "I don't believe there is. I know my women." He inhaled slowly, his eyes shiny. His voice dropped: "But I'll not have one hint, no matter how slight, going about that I am being made out a fool by my wife."

She cried, "But truly, Hugh—"

"Even," he said maliciously, "if I should find it to be true, I should never admit it to anyone."

Her throat tightened and she put her hand to it, staring at his cold, angry face. And she knew—suddenly, in this instant—she knew why he would never admit it. His vanity, his superb conceit, the crowning ego of him: the humiliation of admitting that your wife found better pasture elsewhere.

She blurted, "Even to suggest such a thing. . . ."

"Merely to show you, my dear, what I think of my household."

Her legs shook. "Your household! Yourself, you mean—you—yourself!" She felt as though her brain were cracking. "Not me! Not me at all! Nor your household! But you—you—you—"

She said "Oh," weakly, dazedly, as the crop struck her shoulder. She said "Oh" again in the same bitter, dazed tone as the crop lashed her thigh. Then suddenly terror seized her and she dashed to the veranda. Carewe snapped, "Come back here!" and took a long stride after her.

She ran into Adams. He was on his way through the screen door, unhurried. She fell against him and her hands rose and gripped the lapels of his coat and she held on desperately, her head buried against his chest. "Save me!" she whimpered. "Save me, please, save me!" He said nothing. He did not even raise his hands, but let them lie heavily in his coat pockets.

"Elinor," Carewe said sternly, "you are making a silly scene. Please go to your room."

She couldn't say anything now. She could only hold on desperately to Adams' lapels and shake her head, rubbing her forehead against his tie, while her body shook violently. And presently Adams said in a dull voice:

"Should I smack him down?"

"No—no! Just let me—let me stay here a little. Just—just save me."

Adams seemed to be finding difficulty in speaking. There was a deep shadow on his face. He said at last, "I'm going home. I can stake you to the trip and no strings attached."

"I'm so afraid, so afraid!"

"D'you want to go?"

She choked, "I—I've got to—got to! Or I'll go mad—out of my mind!" And then bitterly: "Oh, what must you think of me, what must you think of me?"

"Pack. Hurry, huh? We can make a train in an hour and a half." He turned her about, walked her to the door of her room and then came back into the living-room. A patch of sandy hair lay across his forehead and he looked peculiarly reckless, though when he spoke again his voice was unhurried:

"I'm not a home-buster, Hugh. I've been snooping around here nights. I saw the bruise on her jaw the first night I met her. She came in with one slipper, you with the other. The other night I saw you twist her wrist. Tonight I saw this. Never mind why I snooped around—but in a way I was aiming on saving your life. You don't know about that. Why did I want to save it? Because you were worth money to me. . . . Now I'm taking her. If you want to fight for her, let's start now." He paused, taking long, slow breaths; and then he said, "You understand, don't you? I'm taking your wife away from you."

Carewe remained rooted, his body drawn up, his face ghastly.

Adams relaxed. "Fine," he said. "And that washes out the debt too. It's worth it, double and double over again." He chuckled recklessly, even a little ruefully. "I was always that kind of a guy."

CAREWE was thinking of nothing but what people would say. They could never know the facts and would put it down that his wife had fallen in love with a stranger and run off. He remembered the conversation he had overheard in the locker-room. He remembered how these men envied him for the power he held over his wife and secretly disliked him because he was so attractive in their wives' eyes. Now the men would laugh at him, their wives would take him down from the pedestal and place him among the other men. Mockery . . . humiliation . . . his pride knifed wide open. But he could do nothing—nothing. He was cornered for the first time in his life. He would rather have been made out a thief than a man whose wife had been stolen by another; but now it was too late, too late. Red color overspread his face, his eyes wavered and he strode hard-heeled from the room.

After a moment Adams took the small Webley automatic from his pocket and replaced it in the secretary drawer from which Elinor had taken it. When she had gone to the stables that day, he had slipped into her room, removed it.

"I didn't for a minute think," he told her, later, as the train carried them away, "that you intended taking a crack at Hugh. Not at all. But I knew Hugh—and his rage. If he'd found you with the gun—or if you'd tried to scare him with it—he'd have gone amuck and maybe he'd have brained you. . . . Don't cry, Elinor. Don't cry now. Think of those redwood forests . . . the beaches . . . those cool nights and the folks you know."

she { "DID YOU GET THE JOB — THIS TIME ?"

he { "I CERTAINLY DID, HONEY — THANKS TO YOU !"

THIS is Mrs. Marston's story—just as she told it:

"Before I married Dick, I had heard my employer speak about the seemingly trivial things that often kept an applicant from getting a job.

"So when Dick failed to land several positions he was after, I finally analyzed him — mentally. Certainly, he wasn't lacking in ability or experience. Then—in a flash—it dawned on me! His teeth!

"They had become dull, discolored—although he had brushed them faithfully. But not with the toothpaste I use.

"'Dick,' I told him, 'your teeth are terribly stained! Of course, everything we eat and drink stains them. But the toothpaste you use has failed to get those stains off. They've accumulated gradually. I want you to try *my* Colgate's.'

"For once, he took my advice. Brushed his teeth with Colgate's. And now, after two weeks, you should see them. They're so white and lustrous!

"And we must have licked one of those 'little things' my former employer couldn't tolerate, too! Because, yesterday, Dick landed a marvelous job. Believe me, he'll use Colgate's from now on."

Don't let the 7 Stains block your road to Success

Most toothpastes won't, and can't, remove completely the seven stains that dull and discolor teeth. Because they have only ONE cleansing action. Colgate's, however, has TWO actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away many of the stains . . . a gentle *polishing* action that rubs away all that remain.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Then see the difference in your mirror. Colgate's also leaves the mouth refreshed . . . the breath sweet. And at 20¢ for the large-size tube, it's the most economical of all good toothpastes.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CRE
Large tube now 20¢
GIANT TUBE (DOUBLE QUANTITY) 35¢

Must Russia Fight Japan?

Continued from page 9

That is in theory. In practice he stands in the background, a mystic symbol, and lets the various groups of his people struggle until the will of the strongest is apparent.

Thus if the army were determined on war the Emperor would not be likely to oppose it—provided the army could demonstrate its domination over the nation.

Then there is always the question of the Kamchatkan fisheries. Much of the canned crab you buy in the market comes from those waters.

Japan is one of the greatest fishing nations in the world. More than 1,500,000 are engaged directly in the industry, working in boats that total around half a million tons. The value of the annual catch runs into hundreds of millions of yen. The deep-sea catch alone—and much of this is in Kamchatkan waters—runs around 70,000,000 yen, more than $20,000,000 a year.

Princes of Peace

Fishing is big business and when one steps on the toes of big business, whether in Occident or Orient, one courts war.

Japanese have fished in the Kamchatkan waters for years—and they have quarreled with Russia about their rights there ever since the first Muscovites penetrated to the shores of the Pacific.

The status of Japanese fishermen in Russian waters now is governed by a treaty but the agreement never has been satisfactory. The Russians accuse the Japanese of poaching. The Japanese accuse the Russians of failure to live up to agreements in the farming out of areas.

Every season the imperial navy sends destroyers to protect the Nipponese fish boats. Last season, particularly, there were frequent clashes. A Japanese boat ran short of fresh water and sent sailors ashore for a supply. The Russian coast guard shot them. There was an exchange of diplomatic correspondence and the incident was adjusted, but it added to bad feeling. Ships were seized and interned on both sides.

Fish may not cause war but they may help to do so.

And finally there is the very real conflict between Russian and Japanese civilizations. Japan is capitalistic—Russia Communist. The Japanese social structure rests on the family, which Russia abhors. Japan has an official state religion—Shinto. To Russian Communists "religion is the opiate of the masses." The Reds killed a Russian Emperor. Japan reveres hers as "tenno heika"—the son of heaven. Japan alleges Russia has tried to "paint all Asia red" in defiance of Tokyo's repeated declarations that Nippon will stand forever as a bulwark against Communism in the Orient.

No two countries could be farther apart in their ideals of a state.

And these ideals are clashing in contiguous territory.

But do all these things mean "an inevitable war"?

By no means.

Emperor Hirohito is opposed to war. In his Rescript to the Nation when Japan withdrew from the League of Nations His Majesty said:

"The advancement of international peace is what, as evermore, we desire, and our attitude toward enterprises of peace shall sustain no change. . . . It is our desire to promote mutual confidence between our Empire and all the other powers and to make known the justice of its cause throughout the world."

But we have pointed out that the Emperor does not exercise direct influence—that he would not be likely to act to restrain the military if army leaders could demonstrate their ability to bend the nation to a will for war. That is true. The Emperor can, however, act indirectly. He can be the symbol through which advocates of peace may express themselves just as much as he may be a symbol for possible advocates of war. Possibly he is.

Two old men are the great bulwarks of peace in Japan. Both are staunch advocates of parliamentarism. Both are opposed to militarism. Both are shrewd politicians with a far keener appreciation of the qualities which make for leadership of the Japanese people than are any of the leaders of the army or the navy.

These graybeards are Prince Kimmochi Saionji, "last of the Genro," and Count Nobuaki Makino, long an official of the Imperial Household and long considered the mouthpiece through which Saionji addresses his ruler.

Saionji and Makino have lived to stem Japanese militarism, for the time at least.

They prevented the movement for the establishment of a military dictatorship. It was on the basis of their advice that the Imperial Rescript pledging Japan to peace was published. And that Rescript is enormously important. The Emperor of Japan seldom speaks. When he does, it means his voice reflects the majority sentiment of the nation.

It was no accident that there were important changes in the command of the imperial armies before the peace Rescript was published.

The Japanese general staff did not want a major war with Russia or anybody else. The staff was just as worried as the ordinary man in the street when the Manchurian adventure forced Japan to withdraw from the League of Nations and when Japanese troops brushed elbows with suspicious American doughboys and equally suspicious British tommies in the mad days at Shanghai in that bloody unofficial war.

Not that the general staff did not favor the creation of an independent Manchuria. Far from it. But because the staff is composed of senior generals of wide experience who know the folly of unnecessary risk.

Manchuria in the Bag

The staff breathed a long, collective sigh of relief when the Manchurian state was launched, the Manchu-Japanese treaty signed, and the youthful Pu-Yi elevated to the throne of his forefathers.

What the staff had feared was foreign intervention. They remembered how Allied and American troops forced Japan out of Siberia in 1919, they recalled the Triple Intervention which led to Japan's expulsion from Manchuria at the turn of the century after the Sino-Japanese war, they remembered how the United States took a leading part in forcing Japan out of Shantung after the World War.

To the staff and to practically every senior officer of the imperial armies it is apparent that Japan has her hands completely full in Manchuria. The gains of 1931-32 must be consolidated. That is why General Kuniaki Koiso is chief of staff of the Japanese army in Manchuria and why Marshal Takashi Ishikari is at once Japan's ambassador in Hsinking and the commander of her troops.

Both General Koiso and Marshal Ishikari are statesmen as well as soldiers. To them has been entrusted the task of "putting Manchukuo on a firm basis." They have only begun their work. If they and their successors succeed in five years they will have done wonderfully well.

Do not forget that there are still some 50,000 bandits and irregular Chinese troops in Manchuria. Do not forget that 30,000,000 Manchurians are just beginning to get accustomed to the new régime. Do not forget that Pu-Yi has just clasped his imperial scepter. Do not forget that if Japan and Russia did go to war a very large part of the Japanese army would have to stay in Manchuria to hold what already has been won.

The Tokyo General Staff is not forgetting all this. It remembers only too well the years it took Japan to pacify Korea after that Empire was brought under the flag of the Rising Sun.

Strictly Business

And what has the United States to do with all this? The answer is largely, "Silk and cotton."

Japan's greatest export is raw silk. The United States buys it. Her second greatest export is cotton cloth and yarn. The United States furnishes the cotton. Japan sells silk to us, leaves the dollars in New York, buys American cotton with them. She ships the cotton to Osaka, weaves it into cloth, sells the cloth largely in Asia. Without our markets for the sale of her silk, without American cotton to supply the great Osaka mills, Japanese overseas commerce hardly could exist.

Japanese realize this far better than most Americans. That is why they were nervous almost to the point of hysteria when American pacifists, at the time President Hoover through his Secretary of State was condemning Japan's actions in Manchuria, were demanding an economic boycott.

As long as Japan and America are bound by mutually beneficial ties of cotton and silk Washington always will be able to bring tremendous pressure to bear on Tokyo. And it goes without saying that Washington's efforts will go for peace.

And the commercial position of Russia, as it is understood in the Orient, is just as unfavorable for war as is that of Japan. Despite Moscow's assertions to the contrary, Oriental observers do not believe the Soviet industrial program is geared to anything like war tempo.

If Russia wants to attack Japan—and nobody in the Orient believes she does—her leaders certainly must want to await a time when they would know their country was ready to withstand the tremendous economic strain war would entail.

If Japan wanted to attack Russia—and few sound observers in the Orient believe she does—her leaders certainly would want to wait until the Japanese position in Manchuria is consolidated; until Japanese-American relations are so cemented that Japan's markets and her sources of raw materials here are made secure by binding treaties.

That is the logic of the situation: the facts point away from war. But, as everybody knows, war itself is not logical and facts are not always important.

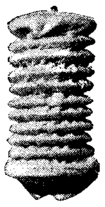
"She's a sweet engine, Mister!
RECARTRIDGE YOUR PUROLATOR
and keep her that way"

When an automobile manufacturer thinks enough of his engine to protect it with a Purolator Oil Filter, he has every right to expect that you will keep it in service.

When a genuine Purolator leaves the factory—on the motor block or the dash of your automobile—the filter element inside its shell

LOOKS LIKE THIS

A time tested and effective large area filter principle belonging exclusively to the makers of the Genuine Purolator Oil Filter.

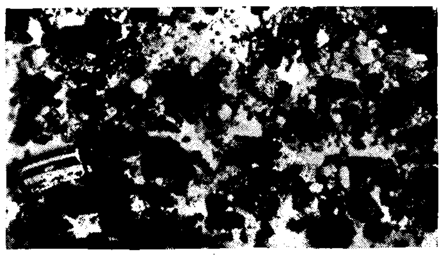


After your car has gone 8,000 miles the filter element inside the shell

LOOKS LIKE THIS

Nothing can prevent this destructive sludge from settling in the crankcase. The Purolator filters it out of the oil stream—keeps it away from the engine—

and here's a microphotograph of the abrasive solids in the used filter above



Look at these scratching, scoring pieces of grit, and hard carbon and fragments of metal. When they get into cylinders and bearings they mean steep repair bills—flattened pocket books—motors worn out before their time.

RECARTRIDGE YOUR PUROLATOR

A Genuine Purolator filters the oil so effectively that its reservoir is full after about 8,000 miles of driving. Just ask your garage man to put on a new and *genuine* Purolator cartridge. It will save you time, trouble, money,—and oil. Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTORCAR
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Bull Strength

Continued from page 16

elephant business is carefully regulated by the government. That is where Ratwatti came in. Ratwatti was headman of the district—and a business man in every other respect. Before I could get him to agree to a drive I had to promise to put him in full charge, his brother in charge of the logging and kraal-building operations, a cousin of his as leader of the beaters, and a twice-removed uncle as head of the scouts. A family business if ever there was one!

But this was only the beginning. The next man to see was the district officer. From a herd of wild elephants you can't take females over a certain size; all that are driven into the kraal must be turned loose again as breeders. You can't take male herd leaders. In fact, the government does not encourage taking any elephant over eight feet tall, as the death rate of elephants captured as large as this is over forty per cent.

"How big a kraal do you intend to build?" the district officer wanted to know.

"All I want," I told him, "are two good, husky young males."

Ceylon Has No NRA

But I figured that just to get these two I would have to enclose a space of about eight acres. This was a fairly large kraal, and would cost plenty. The actual building cost is not so great, as native labor is comparatively cheap. But for an eight-acre kraal a great many logs are necessary, and you have to pay the government for the privilege of chopping these logs out of the jungle.

We left Kandy and went fifty miles into the dense jungles, with Ratwatti and thirty of the Ratwatti family's tame elephants. These tame elephants are very useful, as you'll soon see.

We selected a site for the kraal and Ratwatti got busy. He sent his scouts out into the jungles to get on the track of the various herds. These scouts cover an area of over a thousand square miles of wilderness, and once they spot a herd they never leave it—for months. They eat, sleep and live on the trail of that herd. They send runners in to report, and the runners take them back their food. They must even dream elephants, they are with them so constantly.

The popular conception that elephants travel in enormous herds is a fallacy. A herd of ten or twelve is normal; one of twenty-five is large. You see, elephants are family animals. They stick together much closer than we humans. An old bull elephant will get a few cows around him, and they will remain together for the rest of their long lives.

This sounds as if life were rather easy for that bull. It isn't—and it wasn't from the time he was born. That bull had to fight his way to the head of his family—and he has to fight all his life. As soon as a young male elephant grows up—among elephants he's considered a man when he's sixteen or eighteen—his dad chases him away from home. Kicks him out literally, and slams the jungle door behind him! His dad, you see, doesn't want any competition.

That young man has to travel alone, then, until he gets big enough and strong enough to tear into some strange herd and say with his trunk, and his tusks and his feet: "Old man, make yourself scarce! I'm the new bull of the woods!"

If he whips the old bull—he is. And the old bull's herd, switching its fidelity, accepts him as its new lord and master. Maybe it's a little like human existence after all!

It's then that the old bull becomes what we call a "rogue." He's mad, he's frustrated—and he runs amuck. He takes out his spite on anything he comes across—plantations, natives' houses, or even man himself. When there's a rogue on the loose in the jungles he's immediately reported and, unless the local forest officer can dispose of him, soldiers are called in to hunt him down and kill him. He's just no good to anybody, least of all himself—so he has to be killed. That is the penalty for being too tough. We use capital punishment ourselves; but it works more quickly in the jungle, and with absolute justice.

Well, Ratwatti's scouts were out, and in the meantime we got busy—with the aid of Ratwatti's cousins and his uncles and his aunts!—on the kraal. I sent out word of the building and in no time at all we had over two hundred elephant coolies willing and anxious to work for fifteen cents gold a day. There's no NRA in Ceylon—and gold is still legal tender.

Ratwatti and I put half of them to work digging post holes around my eight acres, and the other half to cutting down trees. The logs had to be about fifteen feet long, and for solidity at least a foot thick.

When a log is cut and trimmed, a five-foot pole is chained loosely to its side. A mahout rides up on his elephant, the elephant takes the pole and calmly walks away with it! The mahout, a bare toe hooked behind the elephant's ear, guides every move. Elephants trained to this work will unerringly put the end of the log into the hole dug for it and with their forehead and trunk raise that solid ton of wood into an erect position.

When you realize that these logs were set only eighteen inches apart around that entire eight acres, you'll see why I needed so much help. And the eight acres weren't all. There had to be two fanlike flange fences—each four hundred feet long—spreading out on either side of the kraal gate. These fan-shaped fences are very necessary; if elephants suspect they are being driven into a pen they are apt to turn back at any moment and charge the beaters. You need a wide, long runway to get them to that gate.

It was over two months before I had mine finished, got the flange fences covered with brushwood and branches, and got the sliding gate built. And then my stockade had to be tested. A mahout rode in on a big tusker and had that five tons of elephant throw his whole weight against my fence! Again and again, at different spots, that elephant rammed his head against those logs. They barely quivered. Ratwatti's cousin, or his uncle, or his aunt, had done a good job.

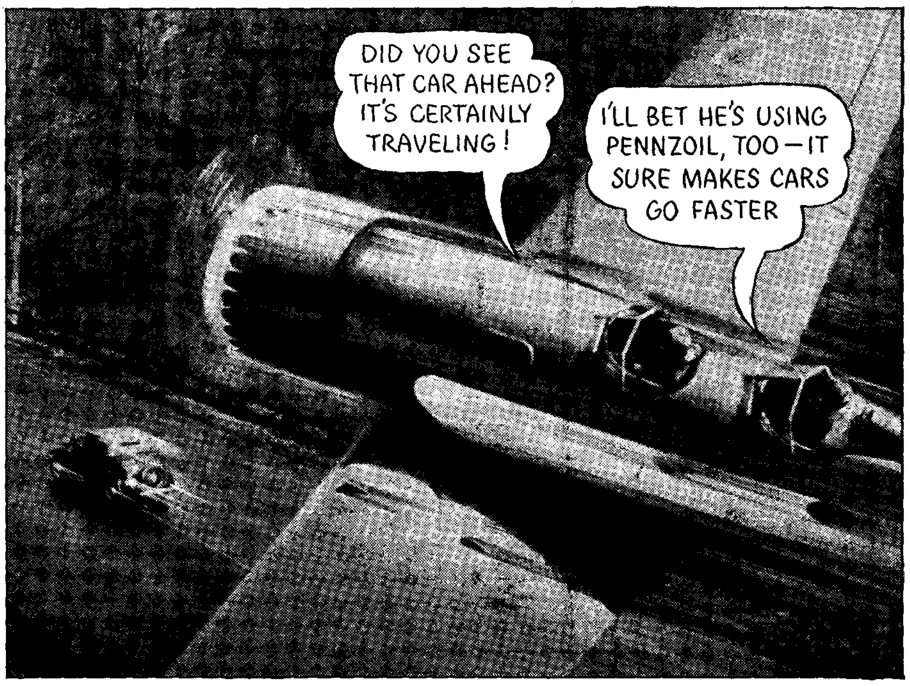
Valet to an Elephant

And all this time Ratwatti's scouts had been out watching the herds. I decided to drive the largest one. It would mean more work, but there were twenty-two elephants in it, and I'd be fairly certain to get my two young males—if everything went well.

Now an elephant drive starts slowly and takes days to complete. A hundred or more beaters form a semicircle behind them, gradually working them in the direction they are to be driven by merely breaking a stick now and then. The old bull does not actually lead the

(Continued on page 48)

NEW WAY TO MAKE CARS GO FASTER!


DID YOU SEE THAT CAR AHEAD? IT'S CERTAINLY TRAVELING!
I'LL BET HE'S USING PENNZOIL, TOO—IT SURE MAKES CARS GO FASTER

USE THIS SPECIAL OIL TO GET MORE SPEED—TO INCREASE PICK-UP 10 TO 25%—TO SAVE UP TO 12% ON GASOLINE ALONE

Available Now at No Extra Cost to Public

THOUSANDS of motorists have already discovered this new way to *make their cars go faster*—this new way to *increase pick-up* and *save on gasoline!*

Try it in *your* car. Just say "Pennzoil—the correct grade for my car!" That's all!

Here's the Reason

Pennzoil is refined by a special process from the finest Pennsylvania crude. It is *3 times concentrated* to give it a *tough film*—so that even the *lightest grades* of Pennzoil can stand the terrific punishment of record-breaking speeds.

With Pennzoil the non-lubricating elements found in many plain oils are entirely removed. This cuts down *engine drag*. Lets your motor run smoother, easier, *faster*. Enables you to get more speed and quicker pick-up—*and saves you money on gas as well.*

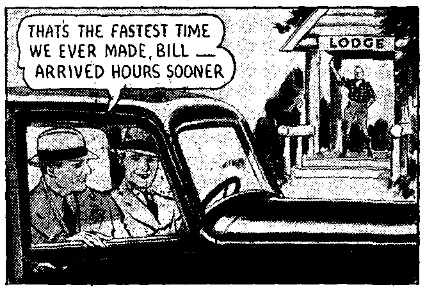
A Record-Breaking Oil

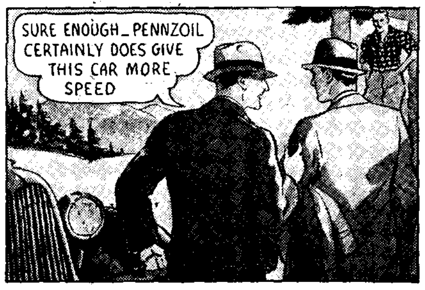
Remember, Pennzoil is the same tough-film oil that Ab Jenkins used in his Pierce-Arrow when he broke 14 major world's speed records from 200 to 3000 miles! Driving *continuously* for 25½ hours, Jenkins averaged just a split-second under 2 miles-a-minute in the most blistering test of all time!

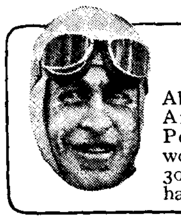
And now you can buy this same record-breaking oil for *your* car for not a penny more than the price of any other quality oil.

Get Pennzoil Today

Is plain oil still good enough when you can get this *special* oil that makes cars go faster? That gives quicker pick-up? That saves you up to 12% on gasoline? That gives far better lubrication and cuts repair bills 30 to 60%? Then make sure you get Pennzoil. Go to any bonded Pennzoil dealer.


THAT'S THE FASTEST TIME WE EVER MADE, BILL — ARRIVED HOURS SOONER
LODGE


SURE ENOUGH—PENNZOIL CERTAINLY DOES GIVE THIS CAR MORE SPEED



BREAKS 14 WORLD RECORDS

Ab Jenkins in his Pierce-Arrow—using *regular* Pennzoil . . . broke 14 world records from 200 to 3000 miles. No other oil had ever gone so far so fast!

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Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa. - Los Angeles, Calif.
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100% Pure Pennsylvania
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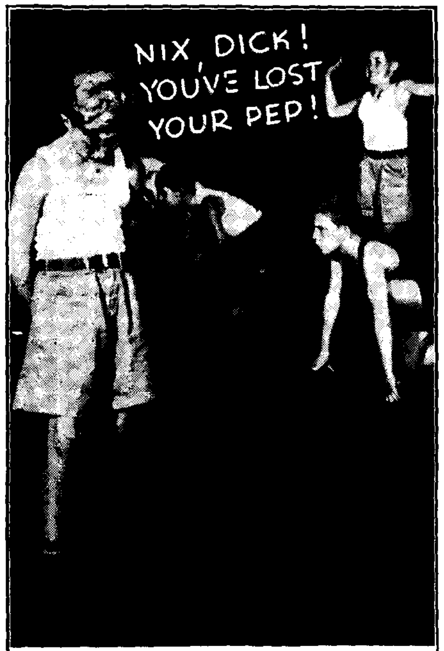
NRA WE DO OUR PART

REFINERY-SEALED CANS *now available. Both cans and bulk Pennzoil are* SOLD UNDER BOND *to guard you from substitutes.*

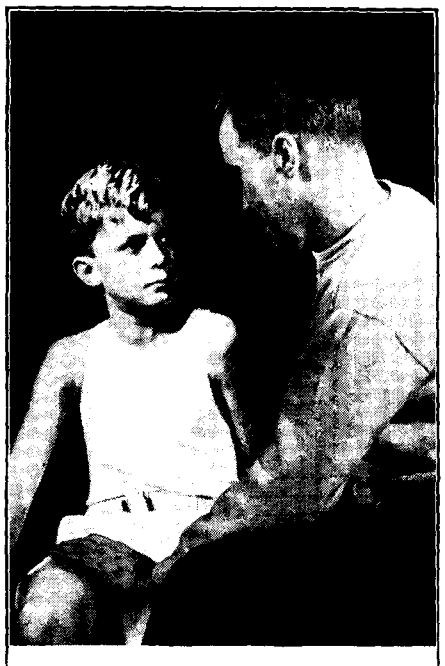
TOUGH-FILM PENNZOIL

MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

DICK BREAKS THE TAPE!

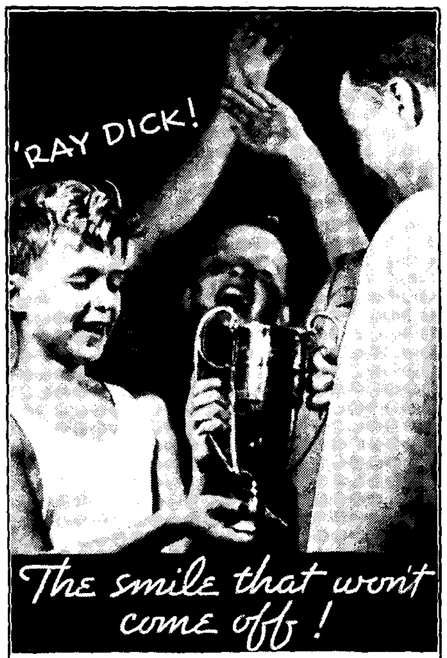

NIX, DICK!
YOU'VE LOST
YOUR PEP!

1 "G'wan Dick. You don't have the old steam any more." With the big track meet just two months away, Dick is disqualified!



2 Then Dad Turner, the kindly coach, lent a helping hand. Advised Dick there's nothing builds you up as fast as a good hot Quaker Oats breakfast.

3 And Dad Turner's advice wasn't hard to take either . . . a creamy, steamy bowl of Quaker Oats, all smothered in cream and sugar. Oh boy!


'RAY DICK!
The smile that won't come off!

4 Dick's speed and endurance in the 100 yard dash wins the meet! And Dad Turner presents the silver cup to Dick.

How you can win *your* game

QUICK
QUAKER OATS

IF YOU want to win, on the track as well as in school work, you've got to have plenty of pep and energy to go on. And for a breakfast that stands by you there's nothing compares with Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats. Not only do these two oatmeals have richer, better flavor that comes from roasting, but they are the only oatmeals enriched by ultra violet rays to give extra nourishment. They cook in 2½ minutes!

QUICK
MOTHER'S OATS

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from page 47)

herd. He is the boss, fights for them, and keeps them together; but it is always a wise old cow who takes alarm, hears the sound and starts slowly off, the rest following.

You do this for days, not letting them stop for water, and getting them slowly toward your kraal and in the position you want them.

Before the actual drive into the kraal, however, there is a solemn ceremony that has to be gone through. There's a good bit of danger in an elephant drive, and nobody knows it better than the native mahouts. Mahouts are elephant men. They live with elephants all their lives. When a herd is captured the young elephants are segregated and put in training. And to each of these young elephants is assigned a boy—a mahout. The boy—about ten or twelve years old then—lives with that elephant until one or the other dies.

Young elephants, captured at the age or five or six, do not become good working animals for ten or fifteen years. During this training period the mahout literally eats and sleeps with his beast. By the time the elephant is ready for work, so is the mahout. He is a man then, and his elephant is four or five tons of trained and efficient muscle.

Springing the Trap

The Ceylon mahouts are true Buddhists. But before a drive they revert to some of the habits of their primitive jungle ancestors. They call upon all the old forest gods and spirits to protect them. And they pray to their own elephants to carry them safely through. There is something rather grand in seeing a mahout on his knees before the animal he's cared for and lived with for perhaps the last forty years, asking that animal now to care for and protect him. At least, it seems grand to me, because their faith is so simple and real.

This ceremony over, we were ready for the drive. Ratwatti's men had carefully got the herd into position a few miles away and were working it closer. I sent more beaters out in a long circle to get behind the herd, for more beaters are needed as the elephants get nearer to the kraal. It's when they approach those big flange fences that they sense danger, are likely to become panicky and stampede off into the jungle. I went with the beaters myself, as I wanted to be certain nothing went wrong.

I've seen a lot go wrong on elephant drives. I remember that once, when the main drive started, a cow didn't move fast enough. She had a newly born calf at her side and was a little slow in keeping up with the herd. A mahout, more daring than was good for him, ran up and prodded her with a long bamboo pole. She turned in a flash. Before I could get my rifle up she had that mahout in her trunk, threw him down in front of her and literally slid on him! Then she trumpeted and stamped him deep into the jungle mud!

I didn't want anything like that to happen again. Nor did I want the herd to sense it was being driven into a pen and turn and charge my beaters. I'd had three glimpses of the elephants we were to drive and I'd seen two of the finest specimens of young males I'd ever laid eyes on. After all my work I wanted those two males more than I ever wanted anything in my life.

We slowly got the herd up close to the kraal. In fact, through the trees I could just see the masked ends of my flange fences. For a second I looked around at the beaters near me. Then I raised my hand and gave the signal.

All hell broke loose in that jungle. It was as if seven battles had started at once. Five hundred coolies let out bloodcurdling yells! They beat on tin pans, they pounded on hollow tree trunks—and they kept on yelling. I fired blank cartridges from my revolver as fast as I could pull the trigger.

And the elephants? The elephants started for the kraal!

If they had come back toward us it would have been just too bad. But they didn't. They ran straight into the fan opening of my fences! If you've never heard twenty-two elephants pounding along at once, as fast as they can run, you've never heard thunder. They tore straight ahead, the fences narrowing on either side of them, and went right through the narrow gate!

The boys threw matches into piles of oil-soaked brush and the flames flared up grandly. I knew the elephants wouldn't charge back through those fires, but I had a few bad moments until we got the heavy bars of the gate into place. It wasn't until the last bar was wedged in solidly that I took time out even to sigh.

But at last it was in, and I had my herd of elephants—every single one of them.

It was quite a time before that herd began acting up. The kraal was so big that the elephants hardly realized they were in a pen. Those eight acres were thick with undergrowth and creepers, with even the original huge jungle trees still standing.

But in their milling around a young bull suddenly discovered he was in a pen. He took one look at my fence, lowered his head and charged. You see now why I had tested it with even a stronger bull. He rammed his poundage as hard as he could at those logs—again and again. Another joined him, and for a few minutes they raised hob with themselves and my stockade.

But the logs held firm and the whole herd gradually quieted down. That is where elephants are a bit more than human—they can accept any situation with calm and poise. They have a philosophical nature which allows them to accept reverses—even captivity—with dignity. Some of them even calmly began to feed.

But if you think this ended my job, you're terribly wrong. All I wanted from that herd were *two* young males—and I had *twenty-two* potentially mad, fighting elephants in my kraal! You don't just walk into a herd of wild elephants, pick what you want, and say, "Come on out of there!" You bet you don't! It's a mighty difficult and delicate job, and here is where the Ratwatti family's tame elephants came in again.

After the herd had calmed down a bit, I had the gate opened and "decoy" elephants, with mahouts on their backs, went into that kraal and among that wild herd. Those decoys work like automatons—with brains. I singled out the first male I wanted, and the mahouts guided their decoys closer and closer to him on either side. It was a dangerous business, as he might charge at any second. But they worked so carefully that before he really knew what was happening they had him penned in between them and held fast against their sides!

Seventeen Discards

Other decoys closed in at his head and tail, and he was literally held motionless by a wall of elephants! He had to be noosed then—a ticklish business. A mahout, quick as a cat, had to get a rope about one hind leg and fasten the rope to a tree growing inside the kraal.

This done, the worst was over. With ropes on him, those decoy elephants marched him out between them—one guiding and pushing him from the rear—until I got him in a training cage I'd had built outside the kraal.

But it wasn't until I had my second young male in a cage beside his brother that I really took time out to wipe my forehead, as Ali had been doing for the last two months.

Well, the job was done—providing you don't count a two-hundred-mile trip with those wild elephants back through the jungle to Kandy and Colombo, a boat trip to Singapore, and a march to Northern Johore where my main camp was. And if you want to you can add another jaunt with those elephants back to Singapore, and then about eight thousand miles of ocean to New York.

Twenty-two elephants to get two! Actually, the natives took three young ones, which was agreeable to me, and which was allowed by government regulations. The rest of the herd—seventeen of them—were turned back into the jungle.

I can still see them stampeding out of that kraal when we let down the bars at the gate, their tails up, trumpeting, and as downright happy as an elephant can be to get back into his own native jungle.

As I said, it's business with me, but just the same I still think there's a strangely romantic sound to the word "elephant!"

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Hidden away in one of the back streets of Paris today is a school for women criminals. Nearly every kind of crime is taught in classes by experts and the courses are difficult. A student of pickpocketry, for example, cannot graduate until she is able to remove articles from the pockets of a dummy without ringing any of the numerous bells hanging on it.

As dates grow only on female date palms, there are often as many as a thousand female trees to one male tree in the date groves of Arabia. The female trees are artificially fertilized by the natives, who climb up to their tops and shake pollen over their blossoms.—*By Jacques Dalbert, Byrd Antarctic Expedition, Little America, Antarctica.*

A new kind of microscope with an 8,500-fold magnification has just been perfected in Germany. In it cathode rays take the place of light and an electrical field takes the place of lenses.

Probably the record for leniency to a debtor was made recently in Osaka, Japan. An irrigation company sued a farmer for $26,000, and then settled the case out of court for $21,000, with the understanding that the amount would be fully paid to it within 778 years.—*By Welly Shibata, Ashiya, Japan.*

England's new racing motor car, now under construction for Sir Malcolm Campbell, is to be fitted with a 3,000 horse-power engine, which is more powerful than most of the steam locomotives now in use throughout the world.

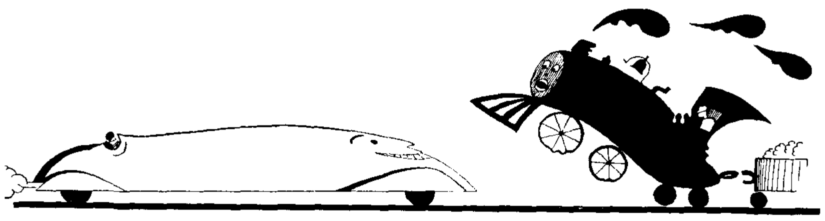
The quantity of illicit dope that is manufactured annually is estimated to be 330 tons, or twenty times as much as the world needs for legitimate purposes. The Asiatic market is so glutted at present that wholesale prices are down 75 per cent from a year ago. A considerable portion of this vast production consists of new opium derivatives that are from five to ten times as potent and destroying as opium itself.

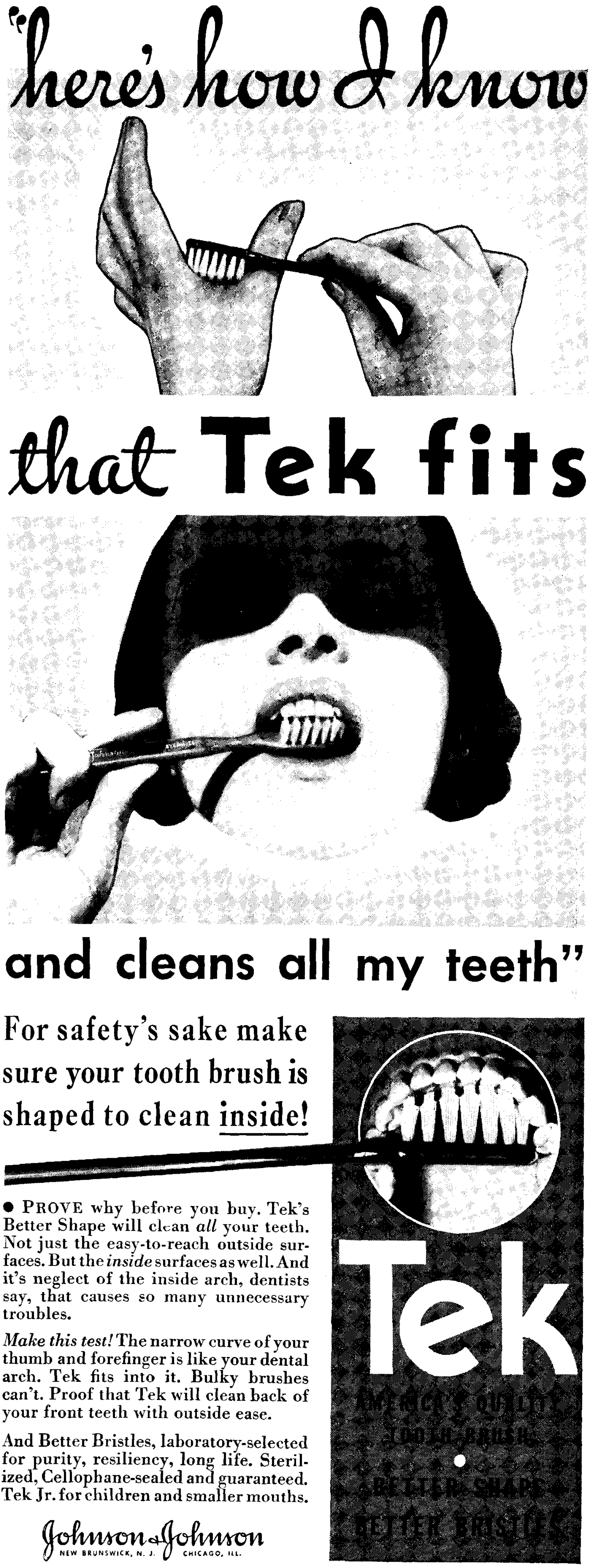
In this country today, six states impose fines on cities or counties when a person is injured by a mob, such fines ranging from $500 in Ohio to $5,000 in Illinois; and eleven states have similar penalties for a lynching or mob death, ranging from $1,000 in Nebraska to $10,000 in Pennsylvania.—*By J. W. Neeley, Canton, North Carolina.*

One of the greatest tributes ever paid a dog was the place given to "Cæsar" in the funeral procession of King Edward VII of Great Britain in 1910. This little wire-haired terrier, the King's favorite pet, was allowed to march behind his master's casket, taking precedence over nine kings and nearly all the princes of the earth.

The 14,000 taxicabs of New York City have a daily gross income of $100,000, which they earn by making 200,000 trips with 350,000 passengers, a number that is equivalent to the entire population of Vermont.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by *satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





For safety's sake make sure your tooth brush is shaped to clean inside!

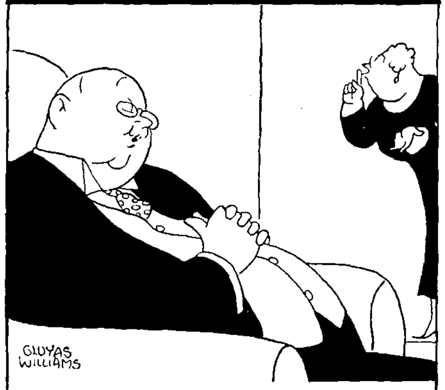
● PROVE why before you buy. Tek's Better Shape will clean *all* your teeth. Not just the easy-to-reach outside surfaces. But the *inside* surfaces as well. And it's neglect of the inside arch, dentists say, that causes so many unnecessary troubles.

Make this test! The narrow curve of your thumb and forefinger is like your dental arch. Tek fits into it. Bulky brushes can't. Proof that Tek will clean back of your front teeth with outside ease.

And Better Bristles, laboratory-selected for purity, resiliency, long life. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. Tek Jr. for children and smaller mouths.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

SERIOUS
SITUATIONS



THE DROWSY GUEST

Why did the impeccably correct Mr. Dillingham fall asleep after Mrs. Van der Van's supper?

SOLUTION: Mr. Dillingham enjoyed too well the delectable Log Cabin Syrup and waffles Mrs. Van der Van served. Log Cabin Syrup is a special blend of Canadian maple, Vermont maple, and pure cane sugars. Hence its delicious flavor; its North Woods tang. Sealed in the unique Log Cabin tin, so popular with children. A product of General Foods.

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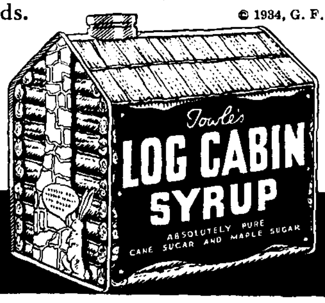

CANADIAN LANDS

Seized and Sold for Taxes

$ 40 buys 10 acres on travelled road
$ 58 buys island
$ 88 buys 100 acres mineral and hunting
$112 buys 5 acres on lake
$292 buys 160 acres improved farm

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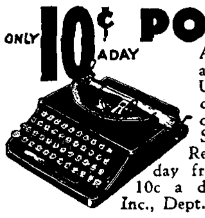

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ACCOUNTING

The Roar of the Serfs

Continued from page 24

time, asked to play for a salary which might be given to a good rookie hurler. Practically every regular on the team was making more money. If the winning of 19 games meant a cut of $11,000 a season, he would probably be charged admission to the ball park if he only won 15.

"It was plainly an attempt to humiliate the Big Moose. If Mack thought he was so bad, he could have made a deal for him. The Yankees were reported to have offered $100,000 for Earnshaw. Mack kept him, made a monkey out of him and finally sold him to the White Sox for $25,000. That doesn't read like good sense."

It was a great season for Earnshaw. He ended up suspended and with one fine of $500 and another of $1,000 to be deducted from his $6,500. Net for the year: $5,000. The grand finale came in the Yankee Stadium when Connie wigwagged his score-card frantically in the direction of the bull pen to call the Big Moose to action in a tight spot. Mr. Earnshaw was there all right but a trifle unprepared for a quick alarm. To be accurate, he was resting on a bench in the bull pen fast asleep.

This was the end. Earnshaw was suspended and ordered to get his things out of the clubhouse and never show his face around there again. The other players were warned to have nothing to do with the culprit, under pain of a like fate.

Shortly before the season ended, Mr. Mack called them all in and gave them their contracts, practically all of them calling for reductions. Then he made them a little speech. These were the contracts and the next he wanted to hear about them was when they came in, signed. If they didn't want to sign them, the next step was very simple. All they had to do was tear them up. In short, quit baseball. Lefty Grove's new contract is said to have called for $11,000, a reduction of $5,000. Bishop is said to have been cut to $5,000. Whereupon, Mr. Grove gathered his lengthy frame about him and departed from the meeting, saying no word. It was plain not only that there was to be no back talk from Mr. Grove but no talk of any kind.

A Hobby That Pays

What sticks in the mind of the average Philadelphia fan, however, is the election. The interests most concerned were the Athletics and the Phils and much was made of the fact that with Sunday ball Connie Mack and Gerald Nugent could afford to keep their players and build up their teams. Sunday baseball was carried at the November election and in December Mr. Mack announced the deals with Boston, Chicago and Detroit, which practically dismembered his team.

The howl that went up threatened to blow William Penn right off City Hall. There were cries of "double-cross" from the start, but when rumors spread that the deals had been closed long before election and withheld from the public until the votes were counted, there were noises which resembled nothing so much as the death cries of a whale. In defense of Mr. Mack and the Shibes, it was held that, although they may have handled the election business badly, the fact remained that the turnstiles at Shibe Park were not making the proper music. There was talk of a deficit of $300,000 in the year of 1932-1933.

Although the Phillies sold Chuck Klein to the Cubs, people didn't seem to take it so hard and they were further mollified when Jimmy Wilson, a home town boy, was brought on from St. Louis to manage the club. Jimmy started out to popularize the Phils and every night for months he could be seen in a hard-boiled shirt addressing the sporting brethren. It was evident that Mr. Wilson was either going to have a clientele for his club or he was going to have the gout. Or both. Or neither.

The greatest interest centered on Jimmy Foxx. His three-year contract expired at the end of 1933 and it happens that Mr. Mack would have the whole league to fight if he put Mr. Foxx in cold storage, because Mr. Foxx is undeniably all the drawing power the Athletics have left. It was rumored that Mr. Foxx would be content with a new piece of paper calling for $40,000.

Having allowed that to circulate about and seep into all available cracks Mr. Foxx went off to Florida to bask in the sunshine. Sunshine, my eye, said the hosts from Frankford and Germantown and Manayunk. He went to Florida so Connie couldn't show him that ledger with the red ink.

But Connie got the ledger information to Mr. Foxx in due time by sending him a contract calling for $11,000, a slash of approximately thirty per cent from his 1933 stipend. This practically ruined Jimmy's season at the beach. "It would be funny to me if it wasn't my livelihood," said Mr. Foxx sadly. "I don't want to quit baseball. I want to play, but if I'm worth only such a small sum to the Athletics after my record of last year, perhaps I should examine carefully the chances I have to make money at something other than baseball."

And that is how things rest now in the city by the Schuylkill. The Athletics have a good infield and a good outfield and no pitchers. The Phils have a bit less than they ever had—Klein being gone—but they have a lot of reverse good will from the troubles of Mr. Mack and in addition they have always had a faithful following which considered that a nice 19-17 game out at Baker Field, with the line drives bounding off the right-field fence and threatening to brain the second baseman, was incomparably more delightful than all the science and good moral tone of Shibe Park.

If there is any moral to all this it is that there should be some distinction between baseball as the great American sport and baseball as a business investment. For every Phil Ball and W. K. Wrigley who takes up the game as a pastime, there are three Harry Frazees anxious to sell anything in sight if it means an extra dollar in the till. When Frazee owned the Boston Red Sox, he sold Babe Ruth, Herb Pennock, Carl Mays and half a dozen others because he needed the money for other investments. He wrecked the team and it has stayed wrecked. If it recovers it will be because of Tom Yawkey, who has enough money to make the game a hobby and will probably add to his wealth for that very reason. Colonel Ruppert in New York spent a fortune for players and made a fortune in return.

Fans Are Fickle

When Connie Mack broke up the Athletics in 1914 they were terrible until he changed his policy and began to spend money for players. With all his score-card waving, the A's were in last place so long it began to resemble a law of nature. He may go through the same experience again. But fans are notoriously fickle. If the Athletics sink to the cellar, the hoots will resound over the landscape. But if Connie Mack should pull three great hurlers out of a hat and start to win, the young gents with the one buck ten would be marching right out there as usual, leaning an entranced ear to the phonograph music of Mr. Shibe as it wafts its way over the sward from the right-field wall.

SPECIAL TODAY
NRA

"Naw, this is the curly-haired one you called Big Boy!"

Russ King

The Witch of Willow Chute

Continued from page 13

"Efn you know whar he at," suggested the Widow Duck, "whyn't you go git him?"

"I never went and got a nigger yit," Giles stated proudly. "And I never sont and got one. Dey comes hyar, and axes me kin dey stay."

"Maybe," the Widow Duck urged, "Cricket come to he senses and come on home."

"Efn he at de barn, ready to git his mule at sunup in de mawnin'," Giles said gruffly, "I'll let him stay. But efn he git back one little minute after sunup, he goin' right on back whar he comed f'm."

"Cricket a good man."

"Sho', he a good man," snorted Giles, "but de world full er good men. Once a man run off f'm me, he stays runned off. I don't keer how good he is."

And having worked himself up to a state of indignation over Cricket's desertion, Giles climbed on his horse and rode off at a gallop, leaving the Widow Duck sad in her heart and stunned in her brain.

CRICKET was not at the barn the next morning at sunrise. The Widow Duck publicly announced that "Cricket was water done runned under de bridge," and brought herself around to accepting the lot of a cropless widow—a wage hand.

On Saturday afternoon, Lou Netty slipped quietly up to the Widow Duck's porch—a different Netty. Her hair was combed and twisted in neat, hard coils, and her dress was spotless and without a wrinkle. She wore a pair of red and gray striped stockings, known locally as "courtin' socks," because they were the kind a young man bought only for his best girl, and her shoes were new and shiny.

"Albert buyed me dese socks, dis mawnin'," she grinned shyly. "On account er he say he love me so good."

"Albert smart," the Widow Duck declared. "Anybody but a fool would love a neat-lookin' gal like you."

"Hit ain't de way I looks," Lou Netty said modestly. "Hit was dat Husband-Stay-Home powders you gived me. He ain't hardly been outn de house since you gimme 'em."

The Widow Duck laughed but said nothing.

"And," continued Lou Netty, "dat's how come I comed back. I done used 'em all up, and I wants some more."

Pleased with her success in deception, the Widow Duck started to find another box of laundry soap for Lou Netty. Then she stopped to consider. A joke was a joke, especially when it worked so well. But Lou Netty could use a box of powdered laundry soap every week, and it cost a nickel. Under ordinary circumstances, the Widow Duck would not have begrudged Lou Netty the nickel. But she realized, with her present working arrangements, nickels would be difficult to get.

"Go up to de commissary," she instructed, "and ax for a box er Spicky-Span."

Lou Netty laughed. "Naw, Mis' Duck," she objected, "hit wouldn't be witched efn I bought hit outn de commissary. Dat's part er de chawm. Efn you buys hit, you breaks de spell."

"Who tole you dat?"

"Nobody tole me," Lou Netty said, "but I didn't buy de yuther box and hit was so stout I wouldn't take no resk not doin' hit jest like I done befo'."

The Widow Duck yielded. What was a nickel, anyway, if it meant the happiness of two people on the place? She took another box of soap from her kitchen and gave it to the girl.

"Now, say de words on hit," Lou Netty urged, and the Widow mumbled over the box.

"I swear, you's a witchin' fool!" exclaimed Lou Netty. "And thank you kindly."

That night, or rather, just before daylight the next morning, the Widow Duck heard people coming into her house. "Who dat?" she demanded from her bed.

"Hit's jest we's," a voice said. "I and Sugarlee."

"You, Cricket!" The Widow Duck was out of bed and lighting a lamp. "What you doin' hyar in my house?"

"Us jest comed home," Cricket explained.

"You don't live hyar no more."

"Aw, Mis' Duck," Cricket protested, "don't fuss at us. Us is tired and hongry. I been wawkin' since yistiddy at dinner time, and Sugarlee been wawkin' all night, clear f'm Shrevepo't."

"I don't keer whar you been wawkin' f'm," the old woman snapped. "You didn't wawk hyar in time to start yo' crop, and now you don't live hyar." While denying them the house, the Widow Duck was busy lighting a fire in the kitchen stove, to save time. She knew Cricket would talk her into allowing them to stay the rest of the night, even if Giles ran them off the place the next day.

"I couldn't git off," Cricket explained. "Uncle Sam had me on the N. R. and A."

"Humph!" the Widow Duck doubted. "Since when did Uncle Sam start railroadin'?"

"Hit wa'n't no railroad," Cricket told her. "Leastways, hit might er been, only hit wa'n't no tracks nor nothin'. He had me and a heap er yuther mens out in a camp, might' nigh down to Coushatta. Us'd chop down trees a while and den we'd plant trees a while. And I never knowed whar Sugarlee was cause dey kotched me and had me goin' away in a truck befo' I knowed hit."

"WHAT kind er lie you tryin' to tell me?" the widow demanded. "I'm gonter feed you, son; you ain't got to lie."

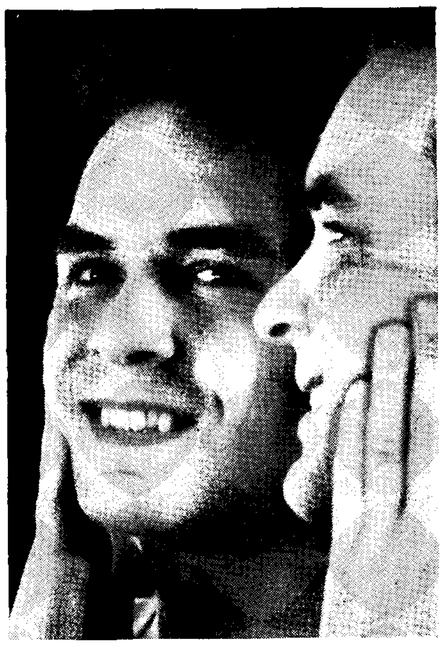
"Hit ain't no lie," Cricket protested. "Last Monday mawnin', I was standin' around on Texas Street, tawkin' wid a heap er yuther mens, and hit was some white fo'ks settin' down, figgerin'. So one er dese white mens p'inted at me and say, 'Boy, commere.' Den he writ down my name and a heap er yuther stuff, and tole me to git on de truck. I axed him how come I got to git on de truck and he say cause hit's Uncle Sam's N. R. and A. truck. So de next news I hyared, I was might' nigh down to Coushatta, workin' like a dog wid a axe and a shovel."

The story seemed incredible, but the Widow Duck knew that Uncle Sam did strange, unaccountable things. "Did Uncle Sam tell you you c'd quit?" she asked.

"Naw'm," Cricket told her, "but us knocked off yistiddy at dinner time and me and some more boys slipped out and comed back to Shrevepo't. Den I found Sugarlee wearin' out her welcome at de kinnery, and us comed on back home."

Steaming hot coffee was ready and food was beginning to send forth tantalizing odors through the house. "You know how Giles is when he call for a man and he ain't hyar?" the Widow Duck reminded him.

(Continued on page 52)



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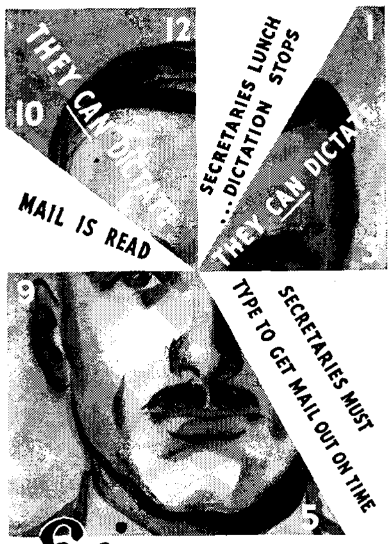
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THEY CAN DICTATE
10
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SECRETARIES LUNCH ... DICTATION STOPS
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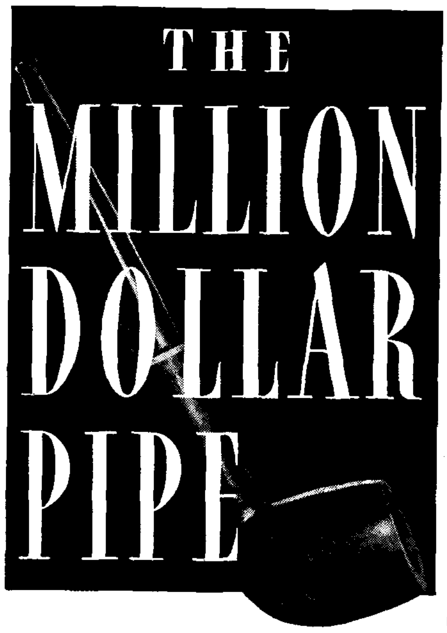

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(Continued from page 51)

"I got back quick as I could," insisted Cricket. "You know how Uncle Sam is. He jest say, 'Come on,' and you got to come."

In a conference with Giles next day, the Widow Duck repeated in detail Cricket's story. She dwelt at length upon the idiosyncrasies of Uncle Sam and upon Cricket's forty-mile walk which followed his "escape" from the reforestation camp.

Giles was adamant. "When one er my hands got to go to town and git in trouble—"

"He wa'n't in no trouble."

"He in trouble now," Giles stated positively.

The Widow Duck meditated. Giles, who loved the Widow Duck like a mother, and who respected her judgment more than he did his own, assumed a stern attitude to bolster up his determination not to break a rule of discipline even for her. Cricket was a good man and it wasn't his fault, Giles knew. But discipline had to be maintained.

While they were talking, Lou Netty and her Albert walked by, arm in arm.

"Hy-dy, Mist' Giles," Lou Netty greeted, "and you, Mis' Duck."

"Hy-dy, all," Giles responded. "I swear, Lou Netty, efn you don't quit lookin' so purty I'm liable to tie my hoss up at yo' front gate when Albert is off workin'."

Albert beamed at the compliment, and Lou Netty giggled. "You better git Mis' Duck to witch you into a heap better-lookin' man den you is, befo' you ties up at my house," she said archly.

When Netty and Albert passed on down the road, Giles turned to the widow. "What she mean by dat witch tawk?" he demanded. "I been hyarin' some kind er tawk like dat lately."

The Widow Duck smiled. "Aw, I jest witches a little amongst my friends," she said carelessly.

They talked a while longer, and presently the Widow Duck waddled on down the road. She could see Giles' viewpoint on the Cricket business, but at the same time Cricket was a good man who was being deprived of a year's work through no fault of his own. And she, herself, was losing her fair position as a cropper. Added to that, she knew that her field would not make a good crop if it were parceled out to three croppers who already had as much land as they could properly till.

"De trouble wid Giles," she mused, "is cause he don't never let no water run under his bridge."

She changed her course and, quitting the road, she went down a turnrow through the fields. "But I'm gonter put some water under his bridge, efn de Lawd strike me down daid for de sin."

SHE tramped on. Her usual casual waddle became a determined stride, her two hundred pounds permitting. Winded but not weakened, she arrived at last before the shack occupied by the mysterious Modom Aw-Bear.

Widow Duck had never been down there. All good Christian people shunned the place as they would the devil. The widow had heard about the witch woman: she was a mulatto from Cane River, and she spoke mostly French. The Widow Duck also noted, with a contemptuous sniff, that the yard was unswept and the house dark and dirty.

Without ceremony the Widow Duck explained the situation, repeating the salient points over and over until the conjure woman understood.

"I geeve you Boss-Fix powdaire," Modom Aw-Bear said. "Fo' beets he cost you."

The Widow Duck never bought a bargain without first inspecting it. "Lemme see de powders," she grumbled.

There were objections, but when the Widow Duck flatly refused to part with her money until she saw the powders, the witch woman, with much mysterious ado, brought out a small package wrapped in a bit of old newspaper. While Modom Aw-Bear appeared to be horrified, the Widow Duck opened the package and sniffed the contents. She felt of it and finally tasted it. The witch woman grew almost hysterical but the Widow Duck was unperturbed.

"Not a blessed thing but soot outn de chimney, salt outn de kitchen and sand outn de river." She tossed the package back to the witch and left. Modom Aw-Bear stood in her door and shouted imprecations and curses in Cane River French, but the Widow Duck neither understood nor cared. She waddled calmly back to her own cabin and made herself a mixture of equal parts of soot, salt and sand. For good measure, she called her pet rooster as she left the house, plucked a feather from his tail and inserted it under the string which held her package of Boss-Fix powders.

Walking leisurely and apparently aimlessly, she arrived at Giles' house a half hour later. Giles was not in sight, but his wife was "taking the breeze" on the porch.

"Whar Giles at, Betsy?" the Widow Duck inquired. She knew where he was but it was manners to ask.

"Takin' he Sunday nap," Betsy replied.

"Go wake him up."

"Not me," Betsy objected. "You wake him up efn you wants to."

THE Widow Duck ambled up the steps and into the bedroom. Without preliminaries she began to tickle Giles' bare feet with the feather. "Wake up!" she ordered.

Giles, half asleep and protesting, sat up in bed. "What de matter?" he growled. "Whyn't you git on out er hyar and lemme sleep?"

"I let you sleep," the Widow Duck told him in her best witching voice. "I let you sleep a long time. You see dis package er witch powders?"

Giles rubbed his eyes desperately. "Either I's dreamin' or you's crazy." He couldn't tell whether he was asleep or awake.

"You's daid right bofe times," the Widow Duck informed him. "You's asleep cause I got you sleepin' to I gits you good and witched, and I'm crazy cause I gits like dat when I witches. And when I gits to witchin' good I scatters dis powder over fo'ks and breaks 'em out wid boils and sores." She began to unwrap the package.

"Mind out, fool!" Giles roared. "Don't put dat stuff on me."

The Widow Duck made mysterious passes over the powder and recited in her most awful voice:

> *"Witchy voo-doo,*
> *Witchy vendor,*
> *Dis stuff come f'm*
> *De Witch er Endor."*

Waking from a sound sleep into such doings unsettled the strong nerves of Giles. He did not believe in witches, but he believed in the Widow Duck's sanity. Doubt seized him, and then fear. "Aw, Mis' Duckie," he begged, "don't go doin' me like dat. You know anything you wants you gits for de askin'. You de best friend I got."

"Anything?" the Widow wanted to know.

"Ev'ything," Giles agreed.

"Den send Cricket to de field tomorrow mawnin', jest like he ain't been away."

AT THE mention of Cricket, the whole thing came back to Giles. "Aw," he said, "I sees what you was up to. Tryin' to make me think you kin witch me so's I'll break de rule for Cricket."

"I did witch you," the Widow Duck said patly. "And you knows I did."

Giles was serious. "I done had my say-so about Cricket," he stated curtly. "I don't need him."

"You promised," the Widow Duck reminded him.

"I wa'n't hardly awake."

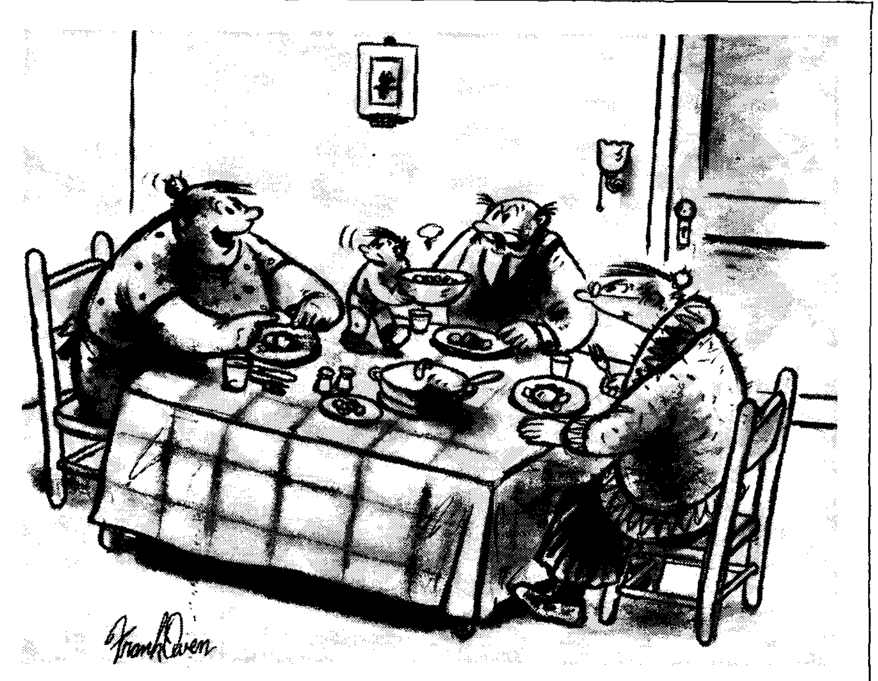
"And skeered to you was de color er ashes."

"How'm I gonter run a place," Giles argued, "efn I says one word and do another?"

"You'll make out wid dat part all right," she assured. "You jest bull-haided and proud and don't never let de water run under yo' bridge. Whar yo' trouble gonter come in runnin' dis place is when fo'ks finds out you gits skeered at ev'y old woman which come along wid a little ju-ju tawk, and den don't keep yo' promises to a lady."

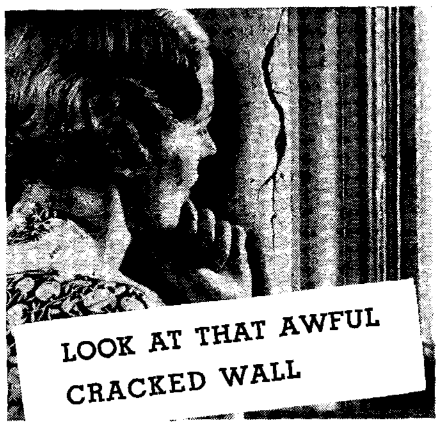
Giles laughed heartily. "I swear, Mis' Duck, you sho' worked me out on a limb and sawed me off."

"Naw," she denied, "I jest worked a little water under yo' bridge."



"See if you can't take those Brussels sprouts over to Mrs. Dooley without stepping in Papa's plate again!"

Frank Owen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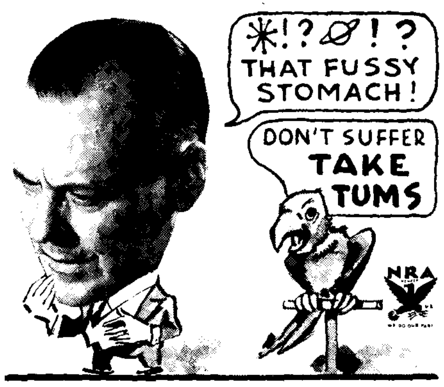

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HANDY TO CARRY

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 21

"I didn't know Mrs. Penfield was your aunt," said the girl slowly.

"She isn't," he said shortly. "I just call her that."

"A friend of the family?"

"What difference does it make? Or are you just surprised that a drunken newspaper man happens to know a friend of yours?"

She drank half her cup of soup before she replied.

"You want so much to be rude to me. Why?"

"Do I seem that way? I'm sorry. If you're interested—Mrs. Penfield went to school with my mother in Maine. Mother married a lawyer in Bangor. Mrs. Penfield married the great Aaron. She's tried to be kind to me, but I couldn't take it."

SHE eyed him speculatively. Why was so attractive a young man so unamenable to social guidance? Anyone for whom Mrs. Penfield felt affection could go anywhere in New York. Interest crept into her gaze.

"Who are your friends?" she asked.

He shrugged carelessly.

"Oh, all sorts of people. What do you care?"

"I thought you were sorry you were rude."

"Am I rude again?"

"You know."

"I suppose I am. And I suppose, being a woman, you won't let the matter drop until you find out why. So we might as well get it over with, Mrs. Ames. If I can help it I'm not going to like you."

"That's a strange statement."

"I'll amplify it and make it stranger," he said. "I'm not going to like you because it would be too easy to fall in love with you."

She smiled, and Kernochan's pulses raced. He had known many lovely girls and many of them had been kind, but this woman. . . .

"Am I so dangerous to your peace of mind?" she inquired.

"I don't know. I just know that you're a very lovely creature, and that I'm a damned fool to be telling you so, because the more I admit it the more difficult it will be for me to decide that you aren't lovely."

"And why should you want to make that decision?" she asked.

"So you do want to flirt?" he said.

"You can be crude, too, can't you?"

"I guess I am," he admitted. "But if you don't want to flirt, why not drop the subject?"

She laughed.

"I don't know. But I don't wonder that Mrs. Penfield wants you at her parties. You ought to afford great entertainment."

"I see. You think it's a line. All right, let it go at that. Would you care to see a picture?"

Her low laugh was amused.

"Can you trust yourself with me that much longer?"

"You'd be surprised. I didn't say I *had* fallen in love already."

"No, you didn't," she admitted demurely.

THE hat-check girl at Nirvana took Kernochan's coat almost tenderly from him. As she accepted his hat she managed so that her fingers touched his.

"Is it still snowing, Mr. Kernochan?"

"Still snowing," he told her.

She shivered prettily.

"I hate that long ride home on the elevated," she pouted.

"Why don't you take the subway?"

She looked after him as he disappeared in the night-club. She was a pretty little thing and her chin had a determined forward thrust.

"It'll get you nowhere, Elaine," said a grinning cigarette girl. "I've tried for months."

The hat-check girl turned her back on her tormentor, and the latter followed after Kernochan. She found him at the bar, drinking ginger ale.

She offered him her tray of cigarettes; absently he selected a package and gave her a coin.

"Doesn't even know I'm alive," she said to herself as she walked away.

Kernochan sipped his ginger ale between puffs of his cigarette. What a jackass he'd made of himself. To tell a girl, at the third meeting, that he feared he'd fall in love with her! He crimsoned with an embarrassment that he had not felt while he was with Rose Ames. But why hadn't he felt embarrassed when he told her the ridiculous things he had said? But he hadn't. There was something about the candor of her gray eyes that led a man on to frankness. There was an honesty about her that made a person want to be honest himself. But one could be honest without being an utter idiot. And that's what he had been. But he wouldn't be again, no matter how, by flirtatious device—and she knew every one of them—she encouraged outspoken honesty.

A head waiter broke in upon his musing: "Would you care for a table, Mr. Kernochan?"

Kernochan shook his head.

"Thanks, no. I'm alone. I just dropped in to kill time. I may join somebody."

"I trust the young lady, Miss Trephon, is entirely recovered?"

"She's all right, thank you."

AS MUCH to get rid of the man as because he sought companionship, he turned from the bar into the main room. He was hailed, almost instantly, by a gay group. He sat down at their table. Two girls instantly got out their compacts and began touching up their lips. One of their companions, a robust theatrical man named Donohoe, laughed boisterously.

"Look at 'em, Bob," he said to the fourth member of the quartette, his press agent, Bob James. "Here we sit with a couple of dolls for two hours and they should worry if their lips are on straight, but in blows Kernie and do they slap on the paint! Kernie, my lad, you ought to go into the movies."

"Far be it from me to advise anyone to go against the will of God, Donnie," said Kernochan, "but couldn't you be less of an idiot?"

"Will you listen to him, Bob! Here I am, telling you that I'm going to look up Kernie to give him your job, and he bawls me out. How about it, Kernie?"

"How about what?"

"Bob's job. He's going to Hollywood the first of the week. He quits me Saturday. I hear you've left the Leader. Want to work for me?"

One of the girls smiled sweetly at Kernochan. Her name was Lucy.

"It would be tho nithe if you did, Mr. Kernochan," she said.

Kernochan grinned good-naturedly.

"Go ahead, rib me. I can take it."

"I'll say you think you can," said Donohoe. "You wouldn't go bucking Jimmy Pottery the way I hear you did here last night."

"What do you mean?"

"I hear the Trephon fainted in your

(*Continued on page 54*)

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(Continued from page 53)

lap. I also hear that Pottery is still going for her," said Donohoe. "You must be able to take it if you're not afraid of him."

"Good Lord, is a man asking for bullets if he buys a girl a drink?" asked Kernochan in exasperation.

"Pottery doesn't wait to be asked; he dishes it out free," said Donohoe. "The look he's giving you isn't exactly friendly."

Kernochan's eyes hardened.

"Where is he? I don't know him. Point him out to me."

"Second table on the right—the flat-faced lad with the brunette babe."

Slowly Kernochan turned his head until he met the hard gaze of the man two tables away. Beside Pottery was Callie Curtis, the fourth member of the party last night. On an impulse Kernochan rose and walked over to the other table.

"Hello, Callie," he greeted the girl. "Get the job with Carroll?"

The girl looked frightened and stammered something indistinguishable. Kernochan ignored her stumbling embarrassment.

"Emily passed out on me," he went on. "Some sort of a heart attack. Had me pretty scared. But she phoned this morning that she was okay."

"Yes, she phoned me," said the Curtis girl. "Jimmy, don't you know Sam Kernochan? This is Jimmy Pottery, Kernie."

Kernochan nodded coolly.

"Heard of you often, Pottery."

"Heard of you," said Pottery. "Why did Emily faint?"

Kernochan shrugged his shoulders.

"I wouldn't know," he replied.

"She never fainted when she's been out with me," said Pottery.

"I don't know what that proves," said Kernochan.

"If I knew what it proved I'd tell you," said Pottery.

Kernochan met the gangster's level gaze coolly.

"The same to you, Pottery."

"You ain't being just a little fresh, are you, Kernochan?" asked the other.

"You wouldn't like it if I were, would you, Pottery?"

"You wouldn't like it, Kernochan."

KERNOCHAN grinned at the frightened Callie Curtis.

"The boy friend is in a touchy mood, isn't he?"

"Just be fresh; don't try to kid, too," said Pottery evenly.

"You don't like the way I talk, do you?" asked Kernochan.

Pottery shook his head.

"Not much," he stated.

"Sorry, but I don't know what I'm going to do about it," said Kernochan.

"I might know what I'm going to do about it," said Pottery.

"Well, drop me a postal when you make up your mind," laughed Kernochan.

"I can make it up right now," said Pottery.

"That sounds like a threat. I don't scare very easily, Pottery. Not even yellow stab-in-the-back gangsters frighten me. I don't know what it's all about, Pottery, but I honestly don't care."

"Aw, listen, Kernie, don't go riling Jimmy. He's a little bit sore because you took Emily out last night, but I told him you didn't know she was his girl. I told him that Tommy Turner just got up a party and happened to ask us. That's all. No need for a quarrel between two swell lads about that, is there?"

"Let it go," said Pottery. "Scram, Kernochan."

Kernochan stared at him.

"You wouldn't care to try to make me move on, would you? Now take the motion picture actor's scowl off your face, Pottery. You wouldn't hurt a crippled infant unless its back was turned, and I'm looking you right in the eye. I don't know why I'd bother to waste words with you, except that I don't like to be threatened. Be careful you don't do it any more, Pottery, or I might do something to you."

For a moment, white with rage, Pottery stared at him. Then the gangster's eyes lowered and, with a smile for Callie Curtis, Kernochan left the table.

IN THE few steps it took him to rejoin Donohoe's party he scolded himself for what he had just done. In the first place it had been stupid to go over to Pottery's table; in the second place it had been asinine to quarrel with the racketeer. His only excuse was that Laurette Marks and Tommy Turner and now Donohoe seemed to take it for granted that he, Kernochan, must be alarmed because somehow he had incurred Jimmy Pottery's displeasure. And that was a slight excuse, to be so juvenile of mind that he must show people that he wasn't afraid of Pottery. Considering the matter on which he was retained, it would have been smarter to have placated the racketeer. But what had been done had been done. He went back to Donohoe's table and despite the invitation in Lucy's eyes he bade them all good night and walked outside. He really didn't know why he had come here, except that he had hoped to pick up some gossip or other about Pottery. Instead of which he had encountered the racketeer himself. But he was no whit further advanced in his investigations than he had been twenty-four hours ago.

Yes, he was. Twenty-four hours ago Emily Trephon hadn't fainted. Twenty-four hours ago Jimmy Pottery hadn't shown rage toward him. Twenty-four hours ago he hadn't heard of Laurette Marks' hunch about Pottery. He hadn't known that those who loved the Trephon were short-lived.

But these matters didn't prove anything. They aroused vague wonderment in the mind, but no more than that. In angry perplexity he acquired his hat and coat, this time so oblivious of the hat-check girl's blandishments that he didn't even hear her soft words, and descended the broad stairs to the street.

Two steps from the level of the ground he passed a man whose face was vaguely familiar. As he reached the door, remembrance came to him. The man was the servant who had let him into the Ames house earlier this evening, the butler. He stopped short and pursed his lips. Then he laughed at himself. Why shouldn't Rose Ames' butler, or any other butler, drop into Nirvana in his off hours? Only, Nirvana, with its three-dollar cover charge and its outrageous prices for food and drink, was a rather expensive luxury for a servant. But if that was how the man liked to spend his money it was the man's own business. So he stepped out upon the sidewalk.

"Sorry, Mr. Kernochan," said the starter, "but you'll have to wait until I can get a taxi."

Kernochan turned up his collar. The blizzard of the earlier day was less boisterous now, but snow still descended, and the street and sidewalks were covered.

"There's one," he said, pointing to a car at the curb.

"The gentleman ordered it to wait, said he'd be down in less than a minute," said the starter. "But if you'll wait I'll get you one all right. It's no night to walk."

"You're perfectly right," agreed Kernochan. He stepped back inside the door and was amusing himself by reading the effusive inscriptions on the photographs of actresses on the walls of the downstairs lobby when the Ames butler descended the stairs.

With him was Callie Curtis, and she was talking so excitedly, although in a subdued voice, that she gave no heed to the waiting man who was viewing the photographs on the wall. The couple passed through the door in heated argument and neither of them glanced toward Kernochan.

He looked after them speculatively. Rose Ames' butler was friendly enough with a hot-spot girl to escort her from the night-club. The girl whom he escorted had just been the table companion of Jimmy Pottery. Jimmy Pottery was the occasional jealous lover of Emily Trephon. Emily Trephon had been the last known sweetheart of John Ames.

The figures were all there, but how did one add them up? Kernochan was still asking himself this question when he reached his home on East Eighth Street, and was still reiterating it when he fell asleep. The question still bothered him when he awoke at what for him was the early hour of nine-thirty. His telephone rang as he was drinking his coffee. He heard the voice of Laurette Marks.

"Boy, you certainly take a friendly tip, don't you?" she greeted him.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that you'd better get started drinking again. I never heard of you looking for trouble when you were ginny. Sobriety certainly makes you tough. Why did you go against Jimmy Pottery?"

"WAS there a microphone by the table? I didn't know we were doing a broadcast," he said.

"Callie has been talking to me this morning. She knows you and I are pals—or used to be. She wanted me to give you a tip to ease out of town, and she was scared to death that Pottery would find out she was sending the warning to you. Laddie, you certainly have a way with you. Callie doesn't want you man-handled. For that matter, your girl friend Laurette feels the same way. Did you have to burn Pottery?"

"I guess I did," he chuckled. "One of those great primal urges. There was no sense in it, so it must have been instinct. And I'm not easing out of town. And don't worry about me, Laurette, my sweetheart. But you're a lamb to care what happens."

"I care quite a bit, Kernie," she said.

"Am I to take this as an immodest confession of your feelings?" he laughed.

"I hope some girl makes a monkey out of you and kicks you all over town," she cried. "The way you talk and trifle with a girl's affections—watch your step, will you, Kernie?"

"I'll do that," he said. "All for you I'll do it. Now do something for me. A man called for Callie at the Nirvana last night. Do you happen to know who he was?"

"That wasn't on Callie's broadcast. But I can easily find out. Shall I?"

"No, thanks, I can do it myself. I just thought if you happened to know—"

He hung up. So Callie Curtis was afraid that Pottery wouldn't take Kernochan's defiance lying down? Well, Callie ought to know her Jimmy. Kernochan smiled. Threatened men lived long even in these gangster days.

He'd been speculating enough. It was time for action, for the examination of those trifling details which might mean much. Lieutenant Kellerman had been in charge of the case against Rose Ames. He called up police headquarters and asked for Kellerman.

(To be continued next week)

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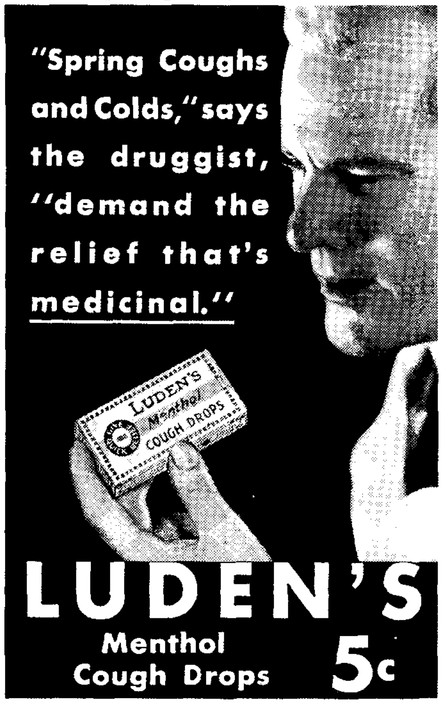
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Shock Tactics

Continued from page 15

to in a manner which reflects much credit on the devotion to duty displayed by the youth of the Empire.

The clocks were dealing in very small hours when Dawn was decanted from a car at the street corner and proceeded on foot to Mr. Underwin's house.

Dawn admitted herself with a latchkey, switched off the hall light and was about to go upstairs when the desire for a final cigarette persuaded her to enter the drawing-room. But for that impulse she would never have made the acquaintance of Tim Bowling.

The young man was so deeply engrossed in looking at the bust of Uncle Charlie that he did not hear her approach. Her startled exclamation, "Who are you?" cast him into a situation of the gravest embarrassment.

"Well—er—Tim Bowling, as a matter of fact."

Dawn eyed him coldly.

"Are you a burglar?"

"Right," said he.

DAWN stepped into the room and looked him up and down with the liveliest interest.

"Burglars don't wear evening dress and backless waistcoats."

"Ah, but how do you know it's backless?"

"It fits too well. I don't believe you're a burglar at all."

"That," said Tim, "is because you have never before come into contact with the heads of the profession—the masters of crime—who under the guise of gentlemen of fashion . . ."

"Shut up!" said Dawn. "If you were as good at it as all that you wouldn't have let yourself be caught napping."

Tim put his head on one side and adopted a debating society manner.

"But I have told you I didn't expect anyone. In my humble opinion three ac-emma is no hour for a young and respectable female to be stabbing keys at keyholes. At such a time sweet dreams should be her province."

"Tight and wandering," said Dawn, and nodded agreement at her own summary of the case. "Yes, you've had a few and somehow got in here by accident."

But Tim would not accept that explanation.

"Not so, old thing. It shows a very decent spirit on your part to give me an alibi, but I refuse to take advantage of any woman's credulity."

"But you must be drunk," she insisted. "Otherwise you wouldn't have stood staring at that bust of Uncle Charlie as if it were a landscape."

Tim recoiled as though struck across the face with a sjambok.

"*Uncle* Charlie? Forgive me, but did you say Uncle?"

"I did."

"Am I to understand that a girl so graciously endowed by nature has actual blood relationship to that piece of pork?"

"Not blood, thank goodness. He married a step-sister of my mother's, if you have to know."

Tim made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"Still it was a pretty near squeak. Gives anyone cold shivers to think of it."

Dawn pondered the problem.

Tim Bowling was silent. At long last he said: "Old thing, yours is a sweet and honest face and you have the kind of nose that never gets in the way. You wouldn't believe I am a burglar and you were right. I am not. I'm a first-class fellar-me-lad on vengeance bent, and if you want to know where the axe is going to fall, take a flash at the bust of Uncle Charlie."

"I know he is utterly vile, but what has he done to you?"

"That, my dear soul, is a long story."

Dawn threw a glance towards the door, then sat down.

"Tell it, but don't shout it," said she.

"Quite all right," he assured her. "He isn't at home and isn't likely to be."

"There are the servants, though."

It was then that Tim had a bright idea, inspired by the fact that Dawn was young, sympathetic and a bit of a sport.

"How would it be to tool up West to some dance place—do a brace of rhumbas and I'll spin the yarn over a few hot groceries? I can easily come back here later on and strip the joint."

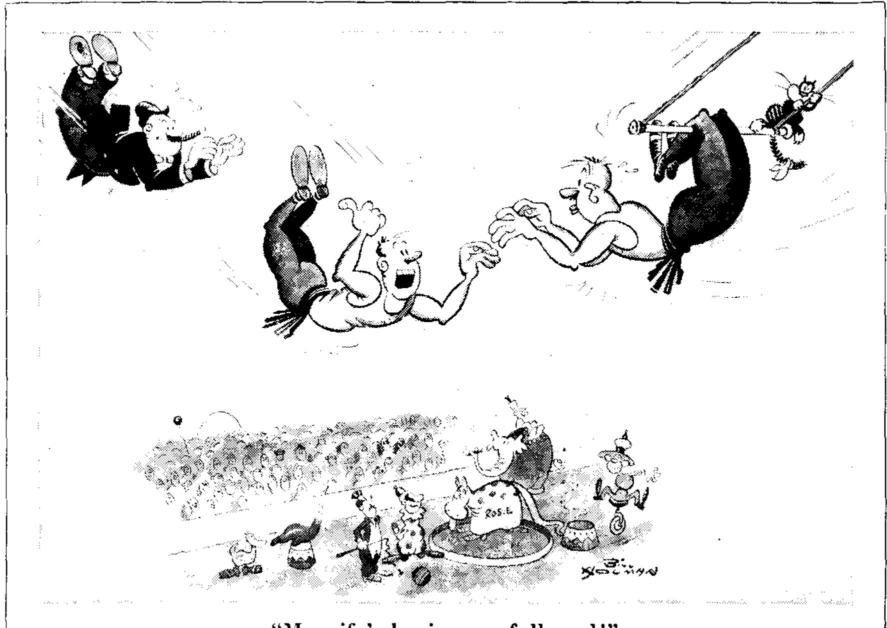
Dawn shook her pretty head.

"Every place will be shut by now. I saw lights out and the cleaners in at the last of them. You don't suppose *I'd* come back here a second earlier than I need, do you?"

Tim leaned forward and took her hand.

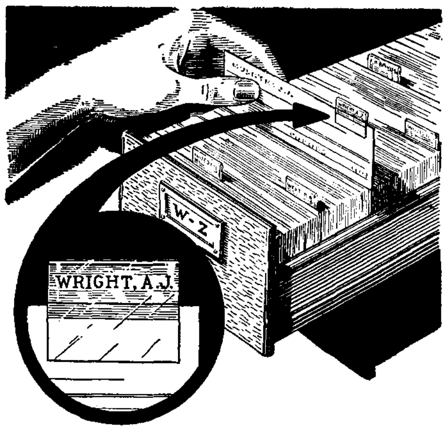
"You and I, sweet, are pals from the word go. Are you aware of the debased calling of the man you have referred to as Uncle Charlie?"

(Continued on page 56)



"My wife's having me followed!"

Bill Holman



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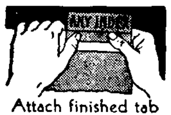

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"Old Town Boats"

(Continued from page 55)

Dawn was conscious of a thrill of excitement.

"He's something in the City, isn't he?"

"No, for that definition applies to many a good man and true. Charlie Underwin is a slug—a low gasterpod—who battens on the marital differences of unhappy couples. In other words he makes a living by running private detective agencies and obtaining evidence of infidelity for the side that pays him most."

The effect of his words was surprising. With shut fists Dawn leaped to her feet and stamped on the floor.

"So that's what he wanted me to put my money into! Oh, will he hear something when we meet!"

Tim held up an admonishing forefinger.

"Much as I approve your outburst," said he, "time compels me to remind you that it is my complaint and not yours to which we are giving our attention. When I tell you that at this moment he is probably concealed in the Euonymus bushes outside my sister's window, you will appreciate how deeply the spirit of vengeance moves me."

Dawn's eyebrows spread wings like birds in flight.

"Sister's? Do you mean your brother-in-law has hired my uncle to . . . to . . ."

"Just that. I regret to confess that Sam is not, in the true sense of the word, pukka. I can't help thinking, in an open event for septics, that he and your uncle would run neck and neck."

"Well? You are not going to let them get away with it, are you?"

"No. Hence my presence here. We've devised a plot of no small subtlety and. . . ." He stopped, smote his knee and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder: "Holy Crow!"

"Whatever's the matter?"

"An inspiration. You have no greater liking for Uncle Charlie than I have. We are both stirred by a common desire—to frustrate his politics and confound his knavish tricks."

"God save the King," said Dawn. "What do I have to do?"

"Trust me," said Tim. "Pop along to the fore-top mizzen, shove your nightie in a sponge-bag and come with me. Are you on?"

Dawn was not a girl to hesitate, nor was there in her nature any of that trepidation which erects barriers between wanting to do a thing and doing it.

"I'm on. Got a car?"

"Yes, at the first corner on the left."

"Right. I shan't be two ticks." She dashed upstairs and returned in a few moments. "We'll use the front door to go out by," she said. "It's less conspicuous than the window."

"No one will challenge us," Tim said, "for, behold, we shall be going forth with the master of this house to bear us company."

The hundred yards to the corner where his car was waiting proved to be the longest Tim could remember; for the marble bust of Mr. Underwin that he bore in his arms made up for its lack of beauty in bulk and weight. He dropped it with a sigh of thanksgiving on the back seat.

"Far to go?" Dawn inquired as she snuggled in beside him.

"Not very," he said, and they started.

MR. UNDERWIN, standing in the region of the car park at seven o'clock next morning, did not suspect that the meeting between himself and his client had been observed and reported by Tim to two excited listeners.

"Sorry to disturb your beauty slumber," said Tim, entering their room on the heels of his knock, "but the sights will be coming along any time now. Our friend Underwin is not alone, in fact. . . ." The unfamiliar sight of Dawn sitting up in the twin bed alongside of Nell's had the effect of distracting his attention. "I say! You look even better by daylight—positively."

"Here, cut that out and go on with what you were saying," Nell insisted. "Who is with him?"

Tim masked his eyes the better to concentrate.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Sam, as a matter of fact. From what I could see at the distance he seemed to be in mourning."

"If anything was needed to finish Sam for me it's this," said Nell. "Hop out of bed, Dawn, and give a hand with the props."

"Success to crime," said Tim, and retreated into the passage.

There was a well to the staircase with the accommodation clerk's desk at the foot of it. Gathered before the desk were three persons, Sam, Mr. Underwin and the manager, in a frock coat and pajamas. As Tim looked over the well he perceived that a conference was, evidently, just ending.

"Do you allow us to go up or do you not?" Sam was saying.

The manager shrugged his shoulders and stood aside.

"If he is the law, I say no more."

Tim had ample time to retreat into his own bedroom. Dawn was already there in a peignoir, pink as the break of day.

"They're coming now," he whispered, "sit tight and don't giggle, for the love of Mike."

QUIET footsteps in the passage outside stopped before the door of the adjoining room. Followed the click of the latch and a masculine voice declaiming "Ha!"

As Sam and Mr. Underwin made their rude entry, Nell was nestling among the pillows, wrapped, apparently, in sweet sleep. In the twin bed beside her, lay a human form with a sheet drawn over its face.

Startled into wakefulness by the exclamation, Nell sat up, rubbed her eyes and smiled incredulously at the tableau presented by the two men in the doorway.

"Well, this is a surprise," said she. "Where did you find the boy friend, Sam, in the filter—or is it a bit of pond life?"

Sam did not trust himself to reply. Instead he pointed a quivering finger at the occupant of the other bed.

"Who is your companion?"

Nell was not in the least embarrassed by the question. Indeed she smiled.

"We women are such creatures of habit," she said. "I got so used to having him trailing around me by day that the nights were lonely without him."

Mr. Underwin took a step forward.

"If you'll allow me, I'll settle this," and with a dramatic gesture he dragged the sheet from the sleeper's face.

With the aid of some grease paint and a little crêpe hair, the marble bust of Mr. Underwin had assumed a singularly life-like appearance. Its reality was increased by the loan of a pajama coat of Tim's.

For one second Mr. Underwin stared in horrified bewilderment, then staggered back with a hand before his eyes.

"No, no!" he cried. "It isn't me!"

"Who else?" shouted Sam, and added, "You damned scoundrel."

From Nell came the inquiry, "Don't you think he's rather sweet?"

But Sam was shaking his fist in Mr. Underwin's face.

"No man makes a fool of me and gets away with it."

"But a woman might," Nell murmured. "Won't this story be a riot at the clubs?"

"I'll wreck your business! I'll drag you through the streets by your hair," yelled Sam, working himself into a fine frenzy and, seizing Mr. Underwin, he shook him like a rat.

"But, sir, it's a plot—a dirty plot. That isn't me—it's my bust."

"Your bust be damned! It's you who'll be bust."

And then Mr. Underwin saw it all. Wrenching free he launched himself at the door of the adjoining room with a cry of: "Have a look who's here, then! Furnace Chester."

Seated on the floor beside the bed were Tim and Dawn, innocently engaged in a game of cat's cradle with the pink string from the parcel which had contained the grease paints. As the door was flung open Dawn threw a smile over her shoulder.

"Morning, Uncle! Come for our little talk?"

It is said that when the doors of oblivion open to a man a great peace descends upon him. Disaster and calamity withdraw as if by magic. The mind empties—the body ceases to function. So it was with Mr. Underwin. The shock from what he beheld was too great for any resentment—rather was it an anesthetic. The words "Dawn and the Honorable Furnace," were uttered with the sweet simplicity of a baby's good night. Then Mr. Underwin faded out into the arms of his client.

Sam let the body fall and turned to his brother-in-law with an expression that was positively ghastly.

"Be good enough to tell me what this means!"

Tim nodded. "It means, Sambo, that you've taken a resounding toss and come down heavily on your funny bone. It also means that you are whipping off the pack" (this with a nod toward Underwin), "squashing the case against our Nell, and putting yourself up as candidate for a seat in the divorce court."

"If you imagine just because . . ."

But Tim had no intention of being interrupted.

"Listen, sweetheart," he said dangerously, "this isn't the moment to dicker. By lunch time today the story will be rocking up and down St. James' Street, and the evenin' papers'll print it with banner headlines. Nor is that all, beloved. A libel action will certainly be pending. My pal, the Honorable Furnace Chester, has a non-conformist conscience and a right-hand punch like a kick from a Clydesdale. So there it is, Sambo, in a nutshell. And now, if you'll take my tip, it only remains to fold up your tent like an Arab and silently steal away."

"Yes, and take that piece of pork with you," said Dawn.

SAM cast a savage glance at the recumbent figure which was slowly coming to its senses.

"What do I want with the brute?"

Tim shrugged his shoulders.

"You brought it in and it's up to you to get rid of it."

"I will, too. This way," said Sam, dragging Mr. Underwin to his feet and kicking him out into the passage.

"Good idea," said Tim, planting a foot on his brother-in-law and cleverly converting a try into a goal.

"And that's that!" he remarked, as he shut the door after them.

Turning, he beheld that Dawn was looking at him with undisguised admiration.

"Well, you're pretty smart at cutting the Gordian knot," said she.

"That's nothing. Where I do move fast is when I'm splicing it."

And although he advanced towards her she did not retreat.

From the adjoining room came the voice of Nell.

"Break away!" said she.

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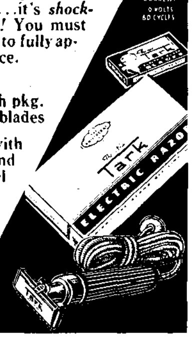

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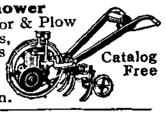

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Soft Answerer

Continued from page 28

Administration that sorrow rather than salvation is the most we can offer Europe for a while. It cleared the hot air.

The London fiasco also turned Washington's mind toward South America as a more likely field for economic expansion and coöperation. Although Mr. Hull was dubious of any achievements in view of existing wars, feuds and conditions below the Rio Grande, the President insisted that he head our delegation to the seventh Pan-American Congress at Montevideo. This was the lowest state of Mr. Hull's fortunes, personally and officially.

He had little time to think of that, however. He had met Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar, at London, and these two representatives of estranged nations had gossiped about business conditions in neighborly fashion, whereas his predecessors had studiously, and comically, avoided Soviet statesmen at Geneva meetings. Mr. Hull took charge of deliberations when Litvinov arrived here in response to the President's invitation. There was no atmosphere of ceremony, and no horse-trading, in the Hull-Litvinov discussions; they swapped ideas in a simple, friendly manner. Not until they had explored all Russo-American differences and Mr. Hull certified to the President that an agreement was in sight, did Litvinov skip across Executive Avenue to the presidential chamber. This accomplishment made Mr. Hull a little happier, a little more confident of himself.

On the eve of Montevideo, Cuba spilled blood across the doorstep of Latin America. Under most recent administrations such a sight would have meant a call for marines and intervention. But Mr. Roosevelt, then at Hyde Park, would not abandon his rôle of "the good neighbor." and in Mr. Hull he had a good Samaritan.

It was the Secretary of State who, by word and letter, resisted pressure of great American interests for intervention. Every decision was made with care not to wound the sensibilities of the Cubans or of the nations about to assemble at Montevideo.

No Dramatics

The conscientious execution of this policy prevented a fellow Cabinet member, the Honorable Claude Swanson, from making use of a dramatic opening. Swarming around the Secretary of the Navy as he did a double-quick into the White House one morning, the correspondents asked for corroboration of the report that he would stop at Havana on his voyage to the west coast. "Yes, yes," replied the Secretary, his vest swelling until it seemed that the highly strained buttons would burst. "Yes, yes," he repeated as he emerged from his talk with the President. "I am sailing for the scene." En route south the scrappy Secretary got word not to debark at Havana, but to keep right on going to Hollywood. It was tough on the civilian head of the Navy, but Mr. Hull never did go in for dramatics. Mr. Swanson went to Hollywood, Cuba went to work and Mr. Hull, a smile on his face, ambled down toward Rio.

At Montevideo he showed the sensitive, suspicious Latins a new kind of American Secretary of State; he was the embodiment of "the good neighbor." Other American statesmen had stood on their honor at these assemblages, awaiting in their suites the obeisance of rival delegations. It was Mr. Hull's idea that he was no more entitled to honors than anybody else.

He was genuine and neighborly. Hardly had he changed his shirt before he started on a round of visits—an unheard-of advance for an American Secretary of State. Without permitting his protocol nursemaid, Jimmie Dunn, to telephone a notice or to dress up, he grabbed his felt hat and sped from one suite to another, catching some delegates in the bath, some in bed, some at breakfast. "My name's Hull" was his naïve greeting, and, in simple, homely style, he told them: "We're a long way from home and the thing for us to do is to get to work and make this conference a success." He invited them to come and see him any time, and they came in droves at all hours.

He had a swell time, too. Some of the Latin-American names were too much for him, and he gave up in comic despair. He referred to the Chilean Foreign Minister, Mr. Cruchaga, as "Chicago." He called the Argentine Foreign Minister "Mr. Savannah," and when reminded repeatedly that his name was Saavedra Lamas, he smiled helplessly: "Well, I mean the Argentine fellow." His lingual handicaps became a conference jest which he enjoyed as much as anybody.

Good Will Takes Effect

He soon became a great friend of "the Argentine fellow," although Minister Lamas had been a severe critic of the United States in the past. Mr. Hull's Cuban policy, and his cultivation of friendly relationships at Montevideo, wrought such a subtle transformation in attitude that the Cuban representative's emotional attacks on the United States were a flop, whereas denunciation of our supposed spoliation of Cuban flowers and sunsets had been the most popular sport at the 1928 conference.

Besides his labors for peace and good will, he did some more heavy footwork for his tariff ideas. The conference adopted a resolution agreeing to negotiation of "bilateral, reciprocal treaties based on mutual concessions," and notified the rest of the world that the trade war had gone far enough.

Montevideo, in a personal sense at least, and perhaps ultimately in a wider field, made up for the London failure. It led President Roosevelt to say that "a better state of feeling among the neighbor states of North and Central and South America exists today than at any time within a generation," and "we can feel proud that so much credit belongs to the Secretary of State of the United States, Cordell Hull."

Whatever permanent results it—and he—achieves will be the triumph of a sweet, sincere, stubborn personality. Just as definitely as in the realm of domestic affairs, the Administration, through Mr. Hull, is embarking on a new diplomatic experiment. In the hour of his Latin-American success he was the same modest, unpretentious man that Capitol Hill knew for so long. Eating lunch on a veranda in Chilean wilds after the conference, he was reminded by a friend of a railroad junction in the Tennessee hills where passengers used to climb out for meals of old-fashioned Southern cooking. The Secretary of State recalled the place, but immediately lapsed into silence, presumably returning to contemplation of world problems still unsettled. After a ten-minute communion with himself, he leaned over and asked, quietly, deliberately: "By the way, what was the name of that fellow who ran the place where we got that fine food?"

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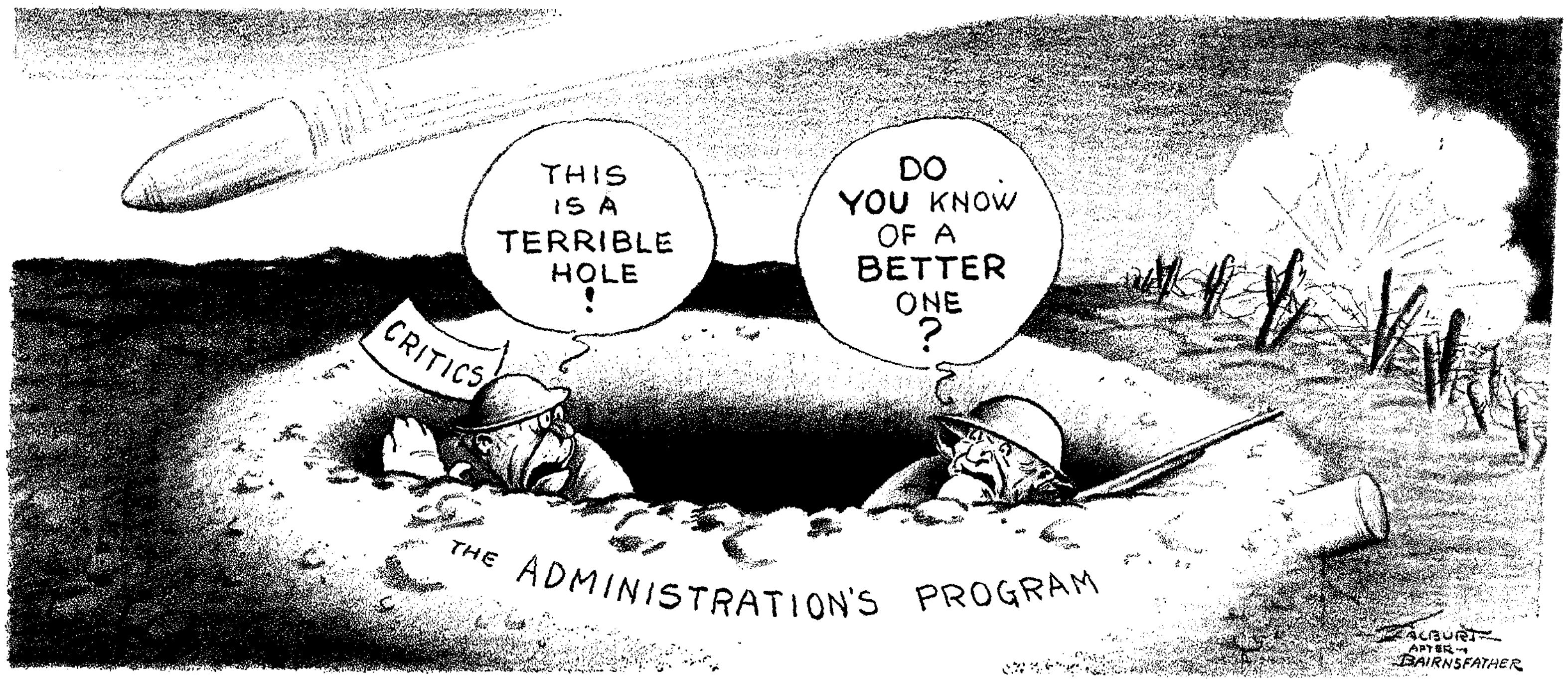
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CRITICS
THE ADMINISTRATION'S PROGRAM
TALBURT AFTER BAIRNSFATHER

The Answer Can't Be "No"

UP TO now criticism of the Administration policy has not followed traditional political lines. As many Democrats as Republicans have lined up with the opposition, which is not large in numbers.

Senator Carter Glass and Professor Sprague, brought by President Roosevelt to the Treasury as economic advisers, stood out against the Administration's money policy. Ogden Mills, Secretary of the Treasury during Mr. Hoover's last years, and John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1924, have been the chief critics of the broader social policies adopted by Mr. Roosevelt.

The Democratic Davis and the Republican Mills hit at the governmental control of agriculture. Crop limitation is an obvious target. Curiously, however, although they accepted it, neither President Roosevelt nor Secretary Wallace had themselves liked the regimentation of agriculture which the farmers had demanded.

The Administration accepted the Bankhead proposal for a rigid limitation of cotton marketing only after the majority opinion of cotton planters seemed to insist upon it. No obvious alternative policy was available. Consequently, strict control was accepted.

This lack of a strong alternative policy is the essential weakness of the opposition to the Administration program. It is useless to say that regimentation takes away the traditional liberties of the people when the people insist on having those liberties taken away. The farmers for the moment are more interested in profitable prices than in constitutional liberties. In a democracy no government and no opposition can successfully combat the clearly expressed wishes of a majority of the people.

Farmers insist on being forcibly restrained from planting larger crops than they can sell profitably. This is a new sight in the history of any people. It is an amazing development in this country. No group in the world has been more ruggedly individualistic than American farmers. Russian peasants, historically docile and complacent, rebelled when the Bolshevist government undertook to control agriculture.

The situation is strange. The Eighteenth Amendment has just been repealed because fourteen years' experience convinced a huge majority of the American people that the national government could not effectually prevent traffic in alcoholic beverages. Despite this example, farmers themselves are demanding a new kind of prohibition over themselves.

Of course the farmers can make a fine argument in favor of forcible prohibition against too large crops. Everybody knows that smaller harvests would produce higher prices. Conservatives, radicals and in-between fellows all agree upon that.

The practical matter has been to find a way to stop farmers from working so hard or the earth from producing so much.

When Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover lived in the White House, voluntary coöperation among farmers was the approved way out of difficulty. The weakness of coöperation, however, is that it is voluntary. Good and bad men, the selfish and the public-spirited, honest men and rascals, must all be brought together in the same organization.

Coöperatives could not compel adherence and so some of their members planted too much, hoping to profit by the sacrifices of others. Obviously another plan had to be tried.

The scheme first tried by the Roosevelt Administration was a subsidy to farmers who had restricted their planting. This, too, was voluntary. The farmer who reduced his acreage has been paid extra for the smaller crop. The money was derived from taxes imposed on the harvests actually consumed in the United States.

This method of crop control, like coöperation, has had a certain measure of success. As time passes it will doubtless have more success. It does not, however, completely control the crops planted and harvested.

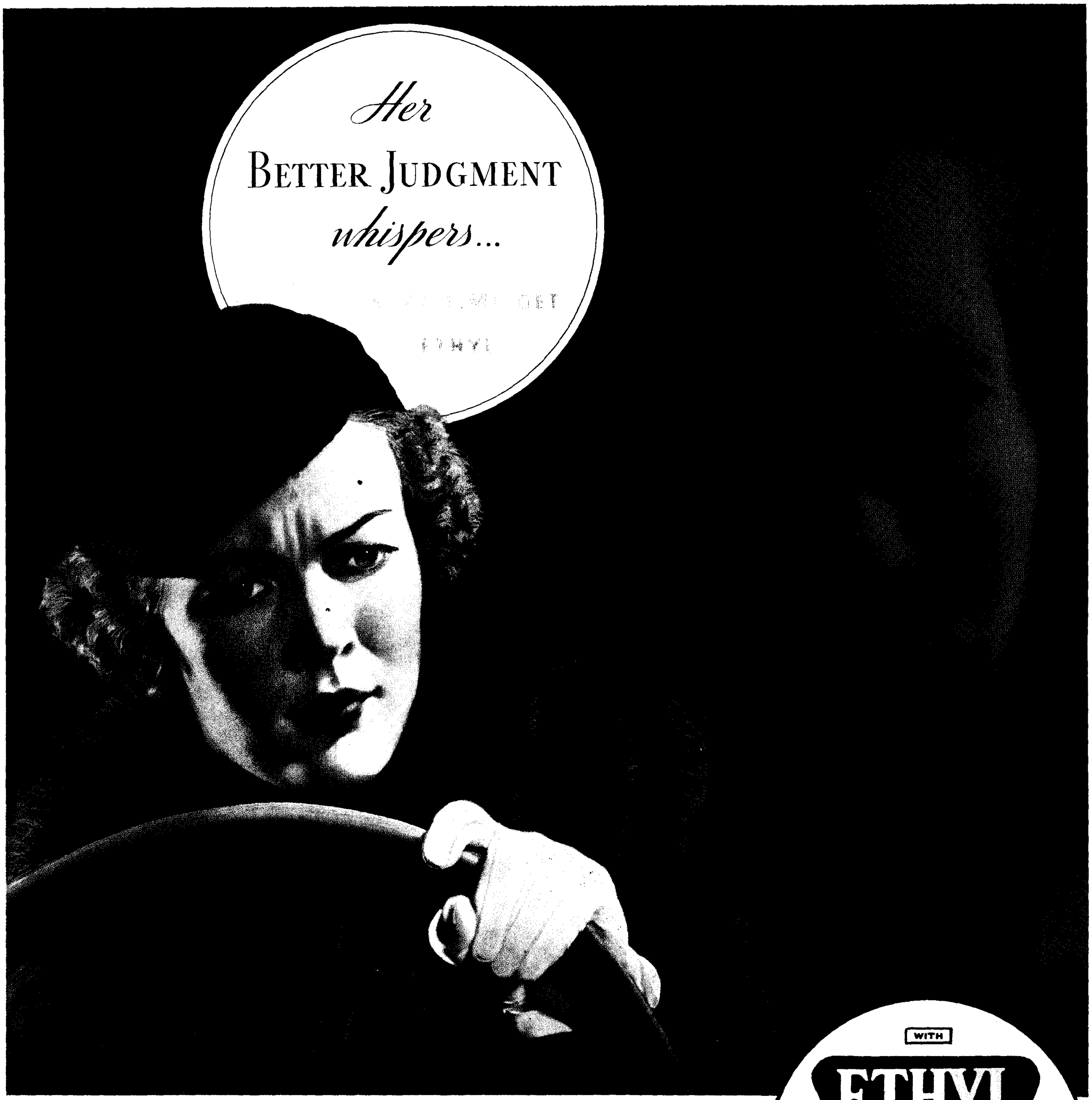
There is still room for the cheat and for the man who lives within the letter of the law but still manages to defeat its purposes.

So, not at the behest of the Administration but at the demand of cotton farmers themselves, we have these Bankhead plans for a strict governmental control of the cotton crop. Washington would fix the number of bales which would be ginned. If some obstreperous planter insists on producing more than his quota, he will be taxed heavily enough to bring him to heel.

The Administration also hopes to enlarge the export markets for American farm products by making reciprocal trade agreements with various foreign countries.

So we have the ironical picture of the American farmer, ingrained individualist that he is, demanding that his government restrain him—and especially his neighbors—from planting more than some economist at Washington guesses can be prosperously sold.

It is all very strange and interesting. Conservatives, or liberals either, for that matter, need not, however, waste their breath in criticism unless they have some better alternative to offer. The farmer, illogical though he may be, is looking for a larger share of the national income and a more generous helping of the fruits of our civilization. He seems not to care precisely how he gets it, but he knows what he wants. Maybe after his income has increased he will find a way of retrieving his liberty.



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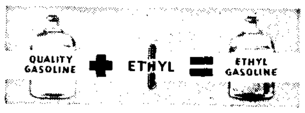

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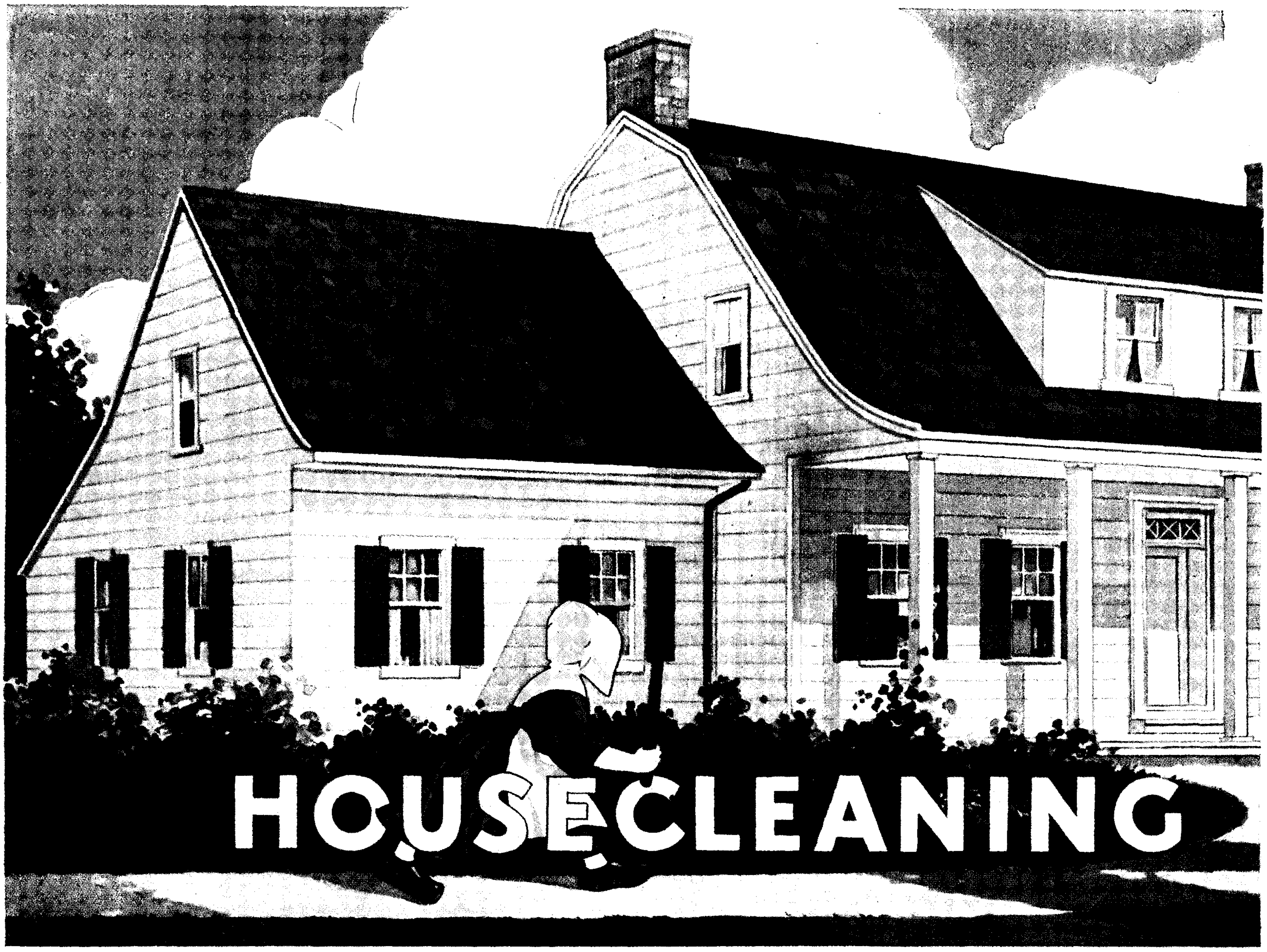

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Chases Dirt

Old Dutch Holders, in Color

Mail 10c and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. H222, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please find enclosed ...... cents and ...... labels for which send me ...... Old Dutch Holders. Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City____________________ State____________

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